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AVEDON

COVER: The soft-tie crêpe de Chine blouse—a must for fall—Karen Graham in Saint Laurent's American-beauty checks (shown full-length, page 41). Makeup, worked out with Elizabeth Arden's new fall colors: Softly Beige Flawless Foundation, Iced Wine Cream Rouge. Marvelous eyes—Bark Brown Powder Frost Eye Shadow in the crease, Wild Honey Powder Cream Eye Shadow under the brow—opens up the whole eye. The brighter mouth wears Raspberry Lamé Naturally Moist Lip-color. Jewelry, Jules van Rouge for Hattie Carnegie. Ara Gallant coif.

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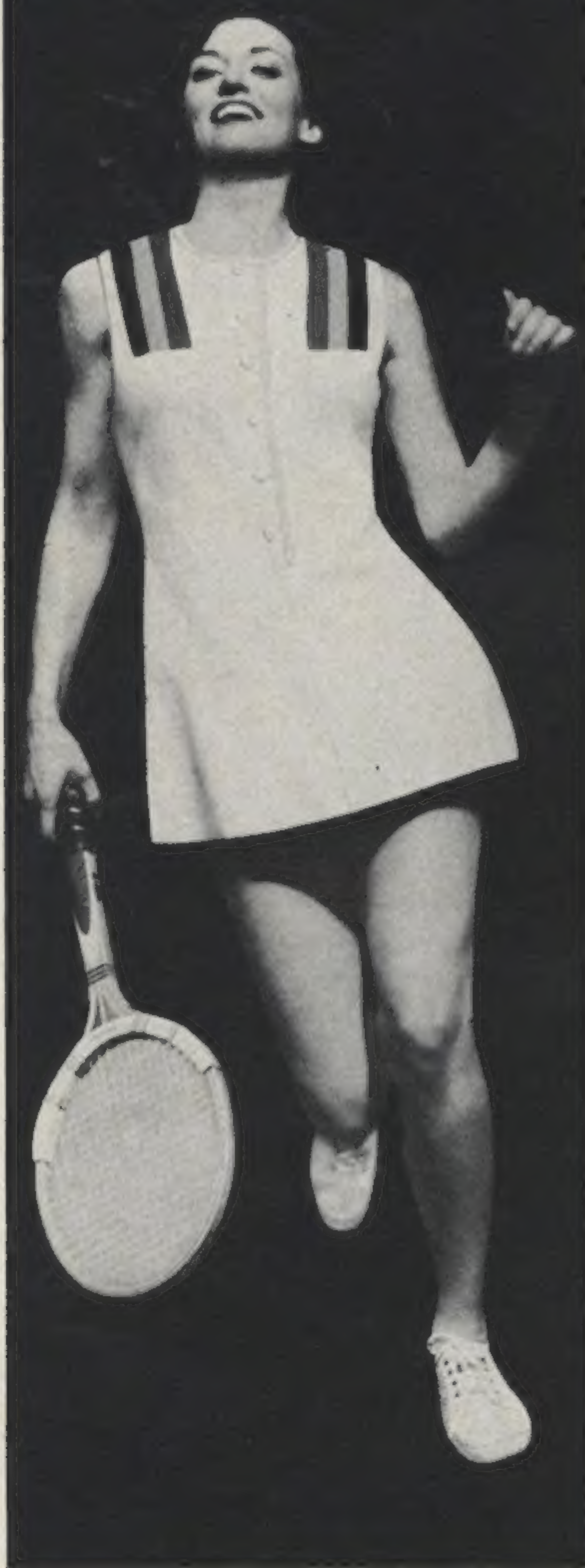
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Fast Talk From Far Places

Quick news from our European friends: people, music, theater, art, and what's coming up in films

BERLIN: by DOMINIQUE NABOKOV

Berlin is very lively and there is much to see.

CONCERTS: HERBERT VON KARAJAN conducted *Mahler's Fifth* with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (theirs is the most beautiful concert hall in the world, designed by the architect Sharoun who's half Finnish, half German). The god "K" officiated in a masterly manner (with the grand gestures of a toreador) and, naturally, after conducting the indecently slow movement (Visconti adapted it for his *Death in Venice*—can one ever listen to it without thinking of the *vaporetto* chugging in the first frame of the film?), had the audience at his feet—like a "Führer"—and was acclaimed thunderously at the end.

GHENNADI ROZHDESTVENSKY led the Moscow Radio-Television Symphony Orchestra and that was a different story altogether. They're good musicians, who unfortunately play such awful music so loudly and with such vulgarity that it's simply not to be believed. The Shchedrin arrangement of the Bizet composition is a monument of Soviet banality.

ZUBIN MEHTA (Zubin Baby)—the idol of the American female middle-aged crowd (read Board of Trustees)—also conducted the Philharmonic. The poor man had no luck. To impress his public, he'd decided to attack Mahler's Second without a score; and, though we were very taken by his youth and his outgoing manner, the Berlin critics really destroyed him. To ease the pain, Zubin Baby took off the next day for Tel Aviv where he's the music adviser of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra; while in the U.S.A., he is music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

I went to the Schiller Theater to take in a work by WITOLD GOMBROWICZ—Polish writer, emigrated to Argentina, died in France four years ago—who was totally ignored during most of his lifetime. His plays are now the rage of Europe—very much in the same vein as Ionesco's, but

even more violent and corrosive.

I went to a theater-cabaret (Off-Broadway genre)—this type of small theater is rampant all over Europe—just to see: 1. *Dracula*—not bad, but too much like Polanski's film *The Vampire Killers* 2. *La Vita Dolorosa*—Marguerite Gauthier's saga by Alexandre Dumas—a mixture of American revue and 1930's Berlin—very middling.

Social life has been extremely hectic—Berlin is filled with exciting people who are scattered all over this enormous city (although there's no "real" society). Amongst others: GÜNTHER GRASS—the most celebrated post-World War II German writer along with Heinrich Böll (Nobel Prize '72)—Grass's most famous books are *The Tin Drum* and *Dog Years*. He's now the head of Willy Brandt's braintrust and writes all Brandt's speeches. . . . BORIS BLACHER: German-Russian composer who was seventy this year and who's often played both in the East and the West. . . . The young avant-garde composer, ARIBERT REIMANN, who's finishing up a new opera to be given in Munich—*King Lear*—for baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. The libretto is by Claus Henneberg. Pierre Boulez will be conducting one of Reimann's works next year in New York (April, 1974). Reimann will be going for the summer to Aspen, Colorado, as composer-in-residence; he's thirty-seven and apparently the most talented of the young German composers since Stockhausen. He's going back to orchestral music. He's Blacher's pupil—and is also an excellent pianist. In that capacity, he's made a number of *Lieder* recordings with Fischer-Dieskau. . . . A Russian designer, ITA MAXIMOWNA, who's done opera sets all over the world (Met, La Scala, Vienna), now has a new passion—painting . . . and her favorite theme is "Decay". . . . The American sculptor GEORGE RICEY—he lives half the time in Berlin, the rest of the time in up-

state New York—is having a large retrospective show in Hannover this July. . . . ALAIN DANIÉLOU (French brother of the Cardinal)—famous expert on India—heads the International Institute for Comparative Music Studies and Documentation in Berlin. He's the specialist on ancient music and owns lots of authentic recordings of this music which is virtually disappearing.

. . . HELMUTH BECKER, director of the Max Plank Institute, is a specialist in child development and education and is an avant-garde Catholic. He and his wife keep open house in Berlin for all the young people and their problems. They'll also be in Aspen—sort of sociologists-in-residence. . . . CLAUS HENNEBERG—the chief dramaturge of the Berlin Opera—is working on the libretto for Reimann's *King Lear*. He's also in the midst of translating, from English, Benjamin Britten's new opera, *Death in Venice* (the Thomas Mann novella is decidedly an obsession with everyone!)—it's to be premiered this summer at Glyndebourne in England. In addition, he's working with Nicolas Nabokov on the libretto for his next opera, *The Last Days of Pushkin* by Michael Bulgakov.

I'll just mention the museums—of which there are many in Berlin, all very handsome. In Dahlem, the Art Gallery has the classic fine arts. Contemporary painting is to be found in the National Museum (designed by Mies van der Rohe). Die Brücke houses the German Expressionists; then there's the Archaeological Museum, et cetera. . . . The Akademie der Künste (Academy of Arts) has avant-garde.

Oh yes! there's a big artistic revolution going on here. They let a *soi-disant* avant-garde painter hang one of his huge psychedelic-colored canvases in the seventeenth-century Charlottenburg château—it's a little bit like having Andy Warhol hang one of his murals in Versailles's "Gal-

(Continued on page 108)



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BEAUTYCHECKOUT

To Soap or Not To Soap— Who Needs It and Why

All the pure facts to clear up the issue—
no soft soap in this story



Never has there been such variety in soap—from health food soaps to the sculptured soaps . . . like Bagoly's unique owl soap

Controversy still foams over the question of soap for the skin. Should a woman use soap and water to cleanse off her makeup or shouldn't she? One thing is certain: nothing is more refreshing than a good soap-and-water wash. But what are the facts? . . . Most dermatologists agree that although soap is not the universal cleanser, it is the most reliable. Claims that the alkalinity of soap is harmful or drying, or that a well formulated soap can cause skin damage in normal use, are grossly exaggerated. It is the alkalinity in soap that contributes to its ability to clean. Thus the question is not so much whether or not soap is an effective cleanser but which soap best suits the needs of which skin type and how often should it be used.

Some skin specialists believe that as a woman matures, her soap needs change. In the natural process of aging, the oil activity of the skin diminishes steadily so that for many women with oily skins soap continues to be an ideal cleanser; for others, it can be too drying and a milder soap, used less frequently and followed by a moisturizer to put back some of the oils, is recommended. Health is also a deciding factor in the cleansing habits. Glandular changes or changes caused by medication, adolescence, menopause, and pregnancy all affect skin.

The late Dr. Erno Laszlo was a great supporter and promoter of soap, stressing its importance in cleansing for all ages and skin types. To achieve the ultimate in surface cleanliness, Dr. Laszlo cited the surgeon's prolonged washing with soap before an operation—30 sudsings in hot water. He believed that a clean skin surface was the requisite to all beauty and that having beautiful skin would contribute to a total

sense of well-being. He constantly reiterated, "washing with cream, a skin can never be clean—not even with my cream." Dr. Laszlo's philosophy is carried on today by thousands of women—among them, Audrey Hepburn, Anita Colby, and Mrs. Wyatt Emory Cooper.

Nevertheless, for those women who still find the thought of soap and water too drying, there are, of course, the soaps-in-a-jar—to which water is added to lather. Estée Lauder's Pure Milk Creme Wash provides effective cleansing for even the most sensitive complexions. . . . **The best soaps are those containing lubricants (fats, lanolin, coconut oil, or palm oil.) that give even the driest skin a feeling of petal-like smoothness.** Cucumber is especially moisturizing, making it an excellent ingredient in soaps for dry skin. Carrot soap is full of vitamin A, as is the carrot. Lettuce soap is wonderful for a cooling, soothing splash on a hot summer day. All these health foods for your skin can be found at Caswell-Massey, 518 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C.—The Artra Beauty Bar is suggested for gentle yet thorough cleansing of black skin. In Altman's beauty department, you can find the Apothecare, devoted to soap of every type—from Almond Soaplets, for oily skin, to Butter Cream Soaplets, for dry skin. The Soap Opera (New York City and Southampton) carries soap and almost nothing but—as one might expect—and is a great source for Swiss Butter Milk Soap, a superb refresher for parched-from-the-sun skin. From "i" cosmetics comes Loaf of Soap with its own slicing knife, made from only natural ingredients, as are all "i" products.

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hair types, there's Love's Natural Essence Cucumber, Vinegar, and Protein Creme Rinse. For men: Aramis 900 Managing Formula, fortified with protein to make unruly hair a thing of the past. New Alberto ProCare 4, a protein-based treatment, is a total hair-care product to give you the benefits of a salon treatment at home. The makers of Neutrogena Soap—so unique that it was selected for use by the Skylab Space Team—added protein and some extra conditioners to produce a version to be used for hair, Neutrogena Solid Soap Shampoo . . . which brings us back to soap—and why not. . . .



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BEAUTYCHECKOUT

Know Where To Go To Improve Your Looks

Beauty stopovers all across the country—the places ready to take good care of you, North, South, East, and West

The best part of summer—and most of it *is* still to come—is the part that takes you away from it all. Whether you have a month, two weeks, or a long weekend of no-work-and-all-play ahead, you can use the time to improve your looks and your health. The secret's knowing the beauty places and services available and ready wherever you are. And if that's anywhere in the U.S., you can find them without really trying. Suggestions follow. . . . **New York or New England visitors are close to the Schuman—formerly the Hambletonian—Spa in Goshen, New York** (about an hour's drive from New York City). Just give the Spa people two weeks' notice—though you could be lucky and hit on a last-minute cancellation—and you can look forward to nothing but delightful pampering. The usual stay is six and a half days—long enough to shed a few extra pounds, tone-up listless muscles, and iron out your own particular weak spots. On hand—whirlpool baths, massages, facials, hair and scalp treatments, manicures, pedicures—the works. To reserve, write to the Schuman Spa, Old Chester Road, Goshen, New York 10924. . . . **Going South, there's a very cozy place—between Miami and Palm Beach. There you'll find the Spa at Palm-Aire**, part of a complex that includes hotel, apartments, villas, beach clubs. One of the few co-ed spas in this part of the world, it's equipped with everything both sexes could want in the way of spa facilities—not to mention four golf courses, six tennis courts, bicycling paths, horseback riding. As for food, the Spa restaurant cooks low-calorie and high- (not everyone *has* to lose). Another bonus: a line of special Spa cosmetics made from locally-grown organic fruits and vegetables. Write to the Spa at Palm-Aire, 2501 Palm Aire Drive, Pompano Beach, Florida 33060. . . . **Westward ho! The attractions of Denver these days are not only the mountains and dry, crackling**

air. Two top skin-care clinics are based there, making a trip worthwhile no matter where you start from. **Ilona of Hungary** has been in Colorado for a little over two years working with knowledge, technique, and special machinery imported from "back home." Treatments begin with a thorough cleansing and skin analysis. What comes next depends on the skin being studied (she's found 17 different skin classifications). Some treatments might include sluffing off dead skin cells with an electric brush, steaming, vacuuming to deep-clean pores, and a few jolts of galvanic current, which Ilona feels can calm too-active oil glands and rev up circulation. There are two lines of treatment products, one formulated for dry, the other for humid climates. Also available on the premises is help of a different sort. George Meszaros—Ilona's husband—is an expert at diathermy, the space-age version of electrolysis. It's faster, quite painless, and accomplishes the same end result—permanently removing unwanted hair. All the Ilona of Hungary products can now be ordered by mail and come with a brochure that tells you what to use and why. (Ilona of Hungary, 361 So. Colorado Blvd., Denver, Colorado 80222.) . . . **Good healthy skin has another friend in the same city—Jeunesse, Inc.** at 755 So. Colorado Blvd. Its guiding light, Ilse Friedauer, finds that Colorado women tend to have "thinner" skins. That and the very dry climate call for special care to prevent dehydration and premature aging—the kind of care even skins just passing through Denver will welcome and benefit from. Her three basics are cleansing, stimulating, and balancing. Hands do all the work here—massaging to ease tension, shake up circulation. Another important part of the treatment is the use of masques—usually three are recommended, with at-home follow-ups. Moisturizers and creams are prescribed according to climate,

accompanied by printed warnings about too much sun. Ilse feels that any time a woman is in the sun—even walking down a city street—a sunscreen should be applied. Plenty of sound advice here—and pretty makeups. . . . **On the West Coast, news of an essential nature: Essential Aromatherapy** at 332 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills—the **only place of its kind in the entire country.** It's a family affair—William Campbell, his mother and sister do all work which, for an aromatherapist, means a very specialized face and body massage (on nerve centers and pressure points), using pure aromatics and essential oils made from fruits, vegetables, herbs, and flowers. The massage soothes frazzled nerves, relieves tension; the oils help keep skin supple and smooth; their fragrance and individual properties have special effects—geranium revives tired skin, lemon grass curbs over-active sebaceous glands, lavender heals. An ancient art that made its way from the Orient to Egypt to Greece, then Rome, aromatherapy is enjoying a new-found popularity in Europe today (in one of the oldest medical books, twenty centuries before Christ, it was written that the Emperor Kiwang-Ti had already studied the psychological and physical effects of many essential oils). One of the best-known London aromatherapists, Micheline Arcier, not only trained the Essential staff but keeps an eye on the operation, adapting her famous essences to suit the Southern California climate. An hour at Essential is an hour in another world—wood-paneled walls, natural and earth colorings, pure relaxation. Your complete medical and life-style history is recorded to assure you of *individual care*. If you don't have the time—or are too far away—oils, essences, masques, cleansers can be sent. Also in the take-home department—plump little print pillows stuffed with 22 fragrant herbs and sleep-inducing teas.

Four self-reliant women tell why they rely on the American Express Card.



Gail Dessimoz

"I'm an account executive. I use the American Express Card both for business and for pleasure.

"Last year I took 3 months off and I traveled throughout Europe. I went to the Olympics and I used my Card constantly — for air fare, for my hotel, and for shopping for clothing.

"In New York, I use it all the time. I'm an impulse buyer, and I do all my shopping in boutiques that accept the American Express Card.

"I don't want to carry cash around, and it's a pain in the neck to write checks all the time.

"It's much easier to use the American Express Card. Then, when the bill comes at the end of the month, you just pay the whole thing.

"It's a lot more convenient."



Susan Wayne

"I am a film producer. I shoot quite a lot on location. I live in hotels, motels, eat in restaurants, and shop all over the place, because invariably I forget something.

"When I arrive in places where nobody ever heard of me, the American Express Card identifies me.

"For a woman it is particularly important because it gives her stature in the business world.

"Hopefully in a few years that will all be ridiculous, but, at this moment, if a woman has the American Express Card it gives her a certain amount of standing."



Jane O'Reilly

"I'm a free-lance writer. It's important that the people I deal with take me seriously.

"In a strange business like free-lancing, there are times when the American Express Card underscores my credibility. If I take people to lunch and pay with the American Express Card, I have produced a symbol that I am a serious person.

"It permits all manner of gracious businesslike gestures over the dinner table or on airplanes, or in stores for that matter.

"The American Express receipts help me do my taxes easily and send in my large and varied expense accounts. And it's the only Card with a certain cachet.

"It certifies that I'm a grown-up and a real person."



Lorraine Di Paolo

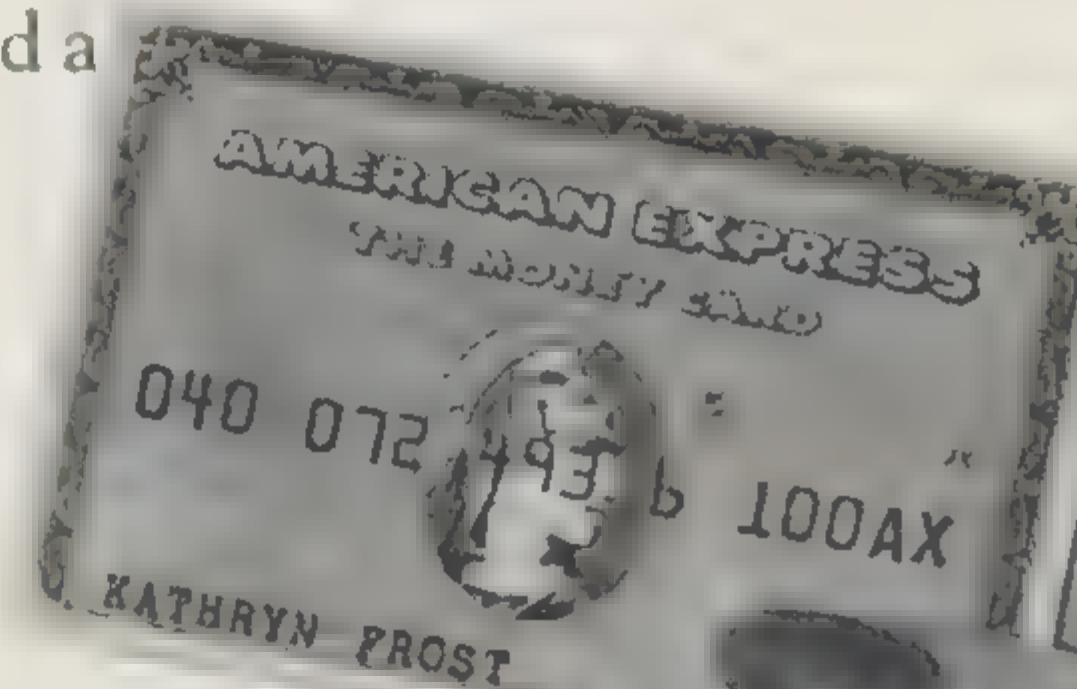
"As stockbroker, I entertain clients over lunch and dinner occasionally, and find the American Express Card to be an unobtrusive yet gracious way of entertaining a client.

"I can pick up the tab and not feel awkward about it, nor do my clients feel awkward.

"But if I pulled out cash, they surely would.

"When I'm going out, the most important contents of my evening bag are my license, registration, and my American Express Card."

AMERICAN EXPRESS



Two Girls: Both One Of A Kind

Two young girls (not) next door: Tatum O'Neal, an infant criminal; Carol Kane, a mouse-person bride

PAPER MOON is perfect in every detail, from Nehi soda to Fibber McGee and Molly on the radio. Kansas is wide, dusty, underpopulated, and in the midst of the Depression . . . so far, so good. There is even a marvelous new acting discovery, a child of nine with the face of an angel and the i.q. and inclinations of a Willie Sutton (the successful bank robber who was also a gentleman). This little girl is played by Tatum O'Neal, who is the daughter of the lead (Ryan O'Neal) in honest-to-goodness life. She is audacious, pugnacious, and has a wonderful openness, which *Paper Moon* does not have. It is over-plotted, sentimental, and unbelievable, straining for a surrealism that exists only on those large photographic canvases painted grid by grid.

The movie opens at the grave of the child's mother. She is standing there with a minister and two "good" ladies of the church. A stranger arrives, and the little girl is given to him to deliver to an aunt. Before they leave, the stranger, a former lover of the child's mother, throws a small bouquet of flowers into the grave: "Amen, Essie May," he whispers, "I just know your ass is still warm." The unlikely pair take off and take part in a series of adventures and misadventures; one is the selling of his own liquor back to a bootlegger, after which there is a merry chase (director Peter Bogdanovich's special) with the sheriff, who happens to be a relative of the bootlegger, racing after them.

The child becomes attached to the man; when he picks up a carnival dancer, played to the sexy hilt by wonderful Madeleine Kahn, the child figures out an ingenious way to get rid of her. Buñuel would have had a ball with this pair; but Bogdanovich, more in tune with *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, has treated his material with the saccharin sweetness of a Shirley Temple film.

WEDDING IN WHITE has a pop-eyed wonder of a victim in Jeannie (Carol Kane). She is a mouse person, sensitive but slow, a Kafka-esque being to whom everything is done and nothing explained. When her brother and his buddy come home on leave from the army, the brother's pal rapes her on the family couch where she has consented to sleep in order to give him her room for the evening. She is too frightened to tell anyone; and she is pregnant. A gentle creature, easily suppressed in the past, she is now despised and beaten by her authoritarian father (Donald Pleasence). To save face, he has her marry his best friend and drinking companion, an aging bachelor, not any young woman's desire.

Beer plays an ugly role in the lives of the men in this story; it is glugged down and regurgitated up, it remains the liquid asset most buoyant to immature male camaraderie, it lays men so low that others must pick them up, and it leaves Jeannie's groom out cold on their wedding day. There is no indication that she can escape her sterile environment.

This drab film deals with a working-class family who live in a small impoverished Canadian town about 1943-44. It is more a theater piece than a film; even the few outdoor scenes feel claustrophobic (like Ashcan School paintings), and the characters as written are so one dimensional that one is reminded of Simon Legree and Topsy. *Wedding in White* is so sincere, so eager to show us the terrible lives of these "poor" folk that one suspects one is being sold a bill of goods. Too bad, so many fine performances gone to waste. ■

Scandalous Ship, Throwaway Wife

Vogue rates new reading: liars in high places, a President's loves, the shocks in one woman's summer

★★★★ **THE LUSITANIA** by Colin Simpson (Little, Brown). "The Lusitania case was a damned dirty business," said Lord Mersey, head of the inquiry into the sinking by a German submarine of the fast Cunard passenger ship *Lusitania* off the coast of Ireland on the afternoon of May 7, 1915. That massive bubble in the ocean led to the United States' coming in on the side of the Allies in World War I. Everyone involved in the case lied—the British Admiralty, Winston Churchill, the American State Department, Robert M. Lansing, and President Woodrow Wilson. More than one hundred Americans' lives were among the 1,201 lost that day. Neutrality was a joke, unfortunately not told to the passengers of this secretly registered armed auxiliary cruiser carrying disguised contraband—explosives and other munitions.

The British anti-submarine warfare began with fantasy. Admiral Sir Frederick Inglefield, K.C.B., according to Colin Simpson, tried to train sea gulls to defecate on submarine periscopes. Others in the senior staff of the Admiralty of which Churchill was First Lord organized coastal motor-boat patrol, which had no other way of dealing with a U-boat, should they find one, than by sending out two swimmers: "one man carried a black bag, the other a hammer." If a periscope was sighted, swimmers were to dive in, seize the periscope, and after one man placed the black bag over it, "the other would attempt to shatter the glass with the hammer."

On the morning of the *Lusitania* disaster, King George V asked Edward House, Wilson's confidential adviser, "Colonel, what will America do if the Germans sink the *Lusitania*?" Note: one of the four British naval men investigating the sinking of the *Lusitania* was Admiral Sir Frederick Inglefield, the eminent sea-gull trainer. A fascinator.

—★ **AN UNTOLD STORY: THE ROOSEVELTS OF HYDE PARK** by Elliott Roosevelt and James Brough (Putnam). William Yeats wrote: "The secret of the world is so simple that it could be written on a blade of grass with the juice of a berry." Not by Roosevelt and Brough. Theirs is a snide, sleazy book, which Elliott keeps denying he wrote for money; he expands on President Franklin D. Roosevelt's two discreet but known infidelities, writes maliciously about his mother, and supplies his own blemishes.

★★★ **THE SUMMER BEFORE THE DARK** by Doris Lessing (Alfred A. Knopf). Brilliant, sure, closely written but not sparse, *Summer* is about a "woman with grown-up children and not enough to do" who, during one long summer, explores her mind and her emotions as though she had gone on safari. The book makes most of those "sensitive, perceptive" novels about women seem like old hot dogs, filled with meat by-products and binding cereals.

★★ **SPEAK TO ME, DANCE WITH ME** by Agnes de Mille (Atlantic-Little, Brown). This chunk of autobiography is earthy, graceful, sharp, and as distinct as the author's choreography. No one can mistake Agnes de Mille. She is pleasure. Although she thanks Edward Weeks for his editorial aid, he never noticed several mentions of Michael Arlen's *The Red Hat*, a best seller dramatized into a Broadway hit for Katharine Cornell. It was of course *The Green Hat*; and the famous street in London is Cheyne, not Cheyney. ■



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By Maria Elise Crummere July 1–July 31

Horoscope

If you were born when the Sun was in Cancer:

Your sensitive, emotional nature enables you to respond intuitively to the thoughts and feelings of others. This awareness is an enormous asset; and your quiet, generous ways make you effective in serving the public. On July 15, an eclipse of the full moon signals the beginning of a new cycle for you. Prepare for a new life, for Saturn, planet of responsibility, will enter your sign on August 2 to stay for twenty-eight months; you will assume a position of more authority. In this new role, your duties will be heavier; but the rewards will be greater. The fall months, especially October, will reveal the importance of your work.

Aries March 21–April 19

- Love:** When your romantic nature is stimulated, your energies are totally involved. Now, with your ruler, Mars, in your own sign all month and in harmony with three other planets in Fire signs, you may have more than one admirer. You may have to choose among them at full moon, an eclipse July 15.
- Work:** Initiate as many new projects as possible, activating them before the new moon on July 29; then ease up—don't oversell.
- Health:** You are feeling energetic; try not to pressure those you work with. If you do, their resistance may upset you physically.

Taurus April 20–May 20

- Love:** Your conservative disposition makes you wait for love to find you. Now your ruler, Venus, in Leo, urges you to seek the response you want from more than one admirer. The first week is quite exciting and the best time to look for love.
- Work:** Your sense of values requires that you also use the favorable influences now to press your claims for more money. Take advantage of all opportunities before full moon on July 15.
- Health:** You are forging ahead rapidly but should slow down the last week; the pace may exhaust your strength, make you weary.

Gemini May 21–June 21

- Love:** Your mind comprehends everything in flashes. During the first half of the month, you may be pursued by two or three new admirers; make no decision until new moon, July 29.
- Work:** Your ruler, Mercury, is in dramatic Leo but is retrograde—stops moving—after the first seven days, making the first week extremely important for advancement in your work. The rest of the month will depend on how you managed.
- Health:** Your optimistic disposition keeps you believing in continued good health, financial potential, love and the time to enjoy it.

Cancer June 22–July 22

- Love:** Your retiring nature may be overwhelmed in an atmosphere of extroverted love created now by four planets all in Fire (love) signs. Be patient; after full moon, July 15, you can take the lead, make a decision about a persistent admirer.
- Work:** You may feel overpressured by the pace of fellow workers; keep up, for the second half of July belongs to you. Make an important decision on your own at new moon, July 29.
- Health:** You should be feeling well except when change and decision making disturb your desire for a quiet atmosphere.

Leo July 23–August 22

- Love:** You are always ready to fall in love, to be in love, or to create a crisis with your love. Now Venus (social) and Mercury (communication) are both in your sign. Make love work before the full-moon eclipse on July 15, for best results.
- Work:** Don't waste an important period; get commitments now while Mars (the new) and Neptune (inspiration) support you. Planets in Fire signs will bring a fascinating proposal.
- Health:** Excitement stirs the glands, stimulation reinforces your well-being; your will supports your present strength.

(Continued on page 18)



Individuality.

Inside me there's a person. Who cannot stay inside me. A voice. Who must speak and be heard. A form that must take shape. In the form of something meaningful. Inside me there's a person who's depending on me. A person without whom I cannot exist. A person without whom I cannot be. Me.

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HOROSCOPE (Continued from page 14)

Virgo August 23–September 22

- Love:** You are so duty-bound in carrying out work assignments that you may forget to take time off for love. During the first half of the month, your ruler, Mercury, is close to Venus, both in Leo, the love sign: you may yield to romance then.
- Work:** The eclipse at full moon, July 15, may send you back to a situation that requires your attention; don't move too hastily—the new moon on July 29 may be the time for action.
- Health:** The social excitement early in the month may disturb your digestion; keep your diet and choice of liquids simple.

Libra September 23–October 23

- Love:** Your charm and good taste always attract others, especially now while your ruler, Venus, is in Leo, the love sign, and in a lucky aspect to Mars (action) and Neptune (inspiration); this situation should bring you love for the asking.
- Work:** Do not let your popularity keep you from the opportunities that those around you are offering; don't procrastinate, start to work on one of these projects the first week.
- Health:** Indecision makes you feel depressed; now, while prospects are bright, you should be feeling very cheerful and healthy.

Scorpio October 24–November 22

- Love:** Once your interest is involved, you display boundless energy. With your ruler, Mars, in Aries, a Fire sign, and in a strong aspect to Venus (love), you may turn your attention to romance. You will win if you persist until full moon, July 15.
- Work:** Use your self-discipline in applying some of your energies to your job during this lucky period; take advantage of the good aspects reaching a peak at full-moon eclipse, July 15.
- Health:** You have good recuperative powers; now with your ruler, Mars, in a Fire sign, you gain enthusiasm and strength.

Sagittarius November 23–December 21

- Love:** Your untiring good nature attracts those who would like to share your optimism. With Jupiter, your ruler, now in Air Aquarius, new friends extend invitations. Romantic influences favor you now; it may be hard for you to make a choice.
- Work:** Demonstrate your good judgment by selecting the most novel way to promote and publicize your efforts. The significant move now is to ally yourself with the right partners.
- Health:** Activity is at a high, making this a time of excitement; rest is important to avoid nerve strain and overtiredness.

Capricorn December 22–January 19


- Love:** Since your ruler, Saturn, is ending a transit in Air Gemini, you may have your mind on your career; but it might be wise to give some thought to those you love. When Saturn changes signs next month, entering Cancer, you will need their love.
- Work:** You need no advice about your job program; you are quite proficient and nearing the end of a cycle. After full moon, July 15, make a plan to begin at new moon, the 29th.
- Health:** Give yourself a restful holiday before launching a new project that will be less demanding and conserve your energy.

Aquarius January 20–February 18

- Love:** You like to fight for justice; but you would like to be loved, too. Now is an ideal time: Venus, love planet, and Mercury, good news, are in your seventh house of partners; and Uranus, your ruler, is in Libra—sign of partnerships and mates.
- Work:** Don't let social programs take too much time now while the search for business relationships is appropriate. Opportunities through others are significant up to full moon, July 15.
- Health:** Idleness can make you lackadaisical; this can be remedied by a stimulating partner after the full-moon eclipse, July 15.

Pisces February 19–March 20

- Love:** Your compassionate nature welcomes love in many fields. Now your ruler, Neptune, is in a romantic Fire sign and in a good aspect to Venus and Mercury, both in Leo (love). This is a fine time to seek love in whatever garden suits you.
- Work:** Employment conditions can be improved the first week; things will go your way if you cooperate with co-workers. Work on improving your job standing the first two weeks.
- Health:** When you can express yourself, you are healthy. With your ruler in such good aspects, you should be feeling spirited.



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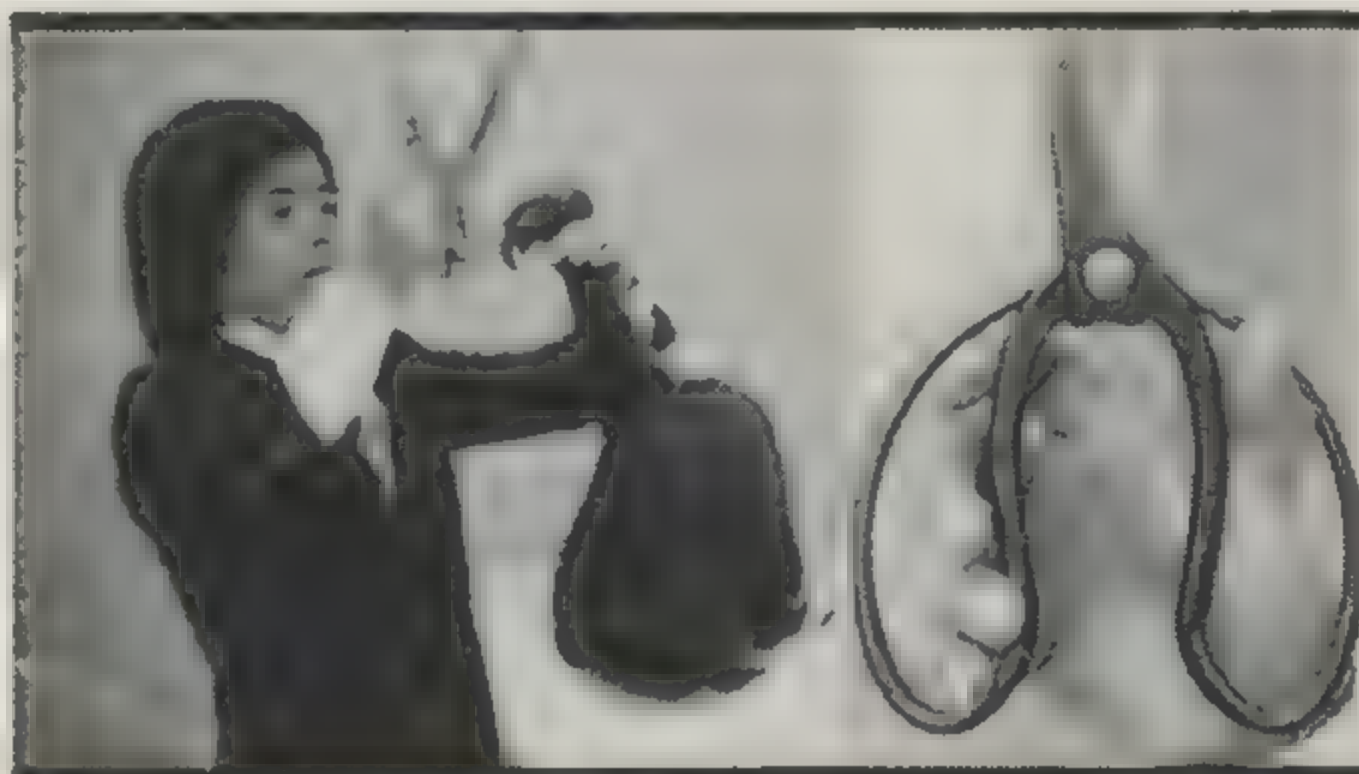
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READYBEAUTY

Hair Experts Making News

Chin and his Chinese scissors . . . “from flowers to fish to hair”

Chinese hair stylists are rare, but you'll find one at the beauty salon of Saks Fifth Avenue, in New York. Chin, a personable young man from Canton, has an artist's eye for shape and curve, a large and loyal following, and a pair of marvelous scissors that are unique in his work. Heavy, with big, gracefully shaped iron handles and short steel blades, they are the same kind of scissors Chin remembers from his mother's kitchen. “Chinese people have used them for centuries, for flower cutting and arranging. They were also used to cut up fish or meat—scissors were often used in the kitchen.” Chin bought his scissors in Chinatown, had them sharpened



*Chin working
chop-chop—
scissors
in action,
in close-up*

and tightened to work better on hair. He finds that because hair doesn't slip away from these sturdy blades, he can eliminate a lot of extra snipping and so can work with exceptional speed and precision. In Chin's hands, the scissors are fascinating to watch: a section of hair is lifted, ends lined up—“it's all in the angle”—then a flash of the blades. One snip, and hair falls to a smooth curve that stays smooth, stays together. Chin even successfully cuts his own hair, so coarse and heavy he says it's the supreme challenge. “If you picked up the snippings, the ends would cut your hand.”

Soul Scissors—for black women who “deserve better hair care”

Black hair is different from Caucasian hair, and should be treated differently. That fact gave Art Dyson—a black hair stylist with Seligman and Latz, and winner of fifteen national awards for his work—a great idea: to launch a group of salons aimed at the special needs of black women's hair, to locate them in convenient department stores, and to call them Soul Scissors. Art opened the first Soul Scissors early in 1972 in a May Co. store in Los Angeles, then four more in California. Now, he's moving east, looking for locations in New York, Washington, and southeastern cities. In each salon, explains Art, “cutting, coloring, conditioning, *everything* is geared specifically to the chemistry of black hair.” The Soul Scissors salons also have a training program that offers new opportunities to black operators—giving beginners a chance to learn, then work in one of the salons. **More hair news. . .** A new Vidal Sassoon salon overlooking the outdoor tables and parasols of General Motors Plaza, where Vidal has introduced a new line of products called Mahdeen for special hair care. Treatments include a clover-honey shampoo, a balsam rinse with collagen protein to strengthen and untangle hair, a conditioner that helps coloring and permanents. Vidal thoroughly tests all products used in his salons; Mahdeen, he calls “superior.”

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Helena Rubinstein



CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

from The Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Metropolitan Museum's new catalogue of distinctive and unusual Christmas cards and Christmas presents. ☆ Exact copies of rare early American glass in crystal and in colors: eighteenth-century Chinese porcelain, Meissen and Delftware: bronze and silver cats from Egypt: a Byzantine necklace of pearls and emeralds: dragons, rams, deer, eagles, and scarabs in precise replicas of ancient gold and silver jewelry: a unique barrel-shaped pewter tankard made about the time of the American Revolution: a Ming dynasty lion in a needlework kit: small medieval bells of silver and gold each with a sweet and individual sound: an illuminated manuscript made for a Queen of France: an album of Chinese paintings — mountains, rivers, and flowers: an Egyptian Magic wall calendar: and the spectacular new Museum engagement calendar, *Gardens: East & West* — more than one hundred imaginative, new suggestions for Christmas. ☆ The celebrated Museum cards include forty individual designs — an unparalleled selection of paintings, drawings, engravings, goldsmiths' work, stained glass, textiles and sculpture — and ten specially boxed selections ranging from details of the Unicorn tapestries to *art nouveau* graphics. The cards are priced from 10 to 35 cents each and the Christmas presents start at \$2.95. They are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon now to reserve your copy of the 88-page color catalogue to be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

G1

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READYBEAUTY

Onstage Makeup: Tricks, Tips

An expert who makes up the stars tells how she changes faces, improves them, gives illusions

"With this, I could make up the world," says Margaret Sunshine—a slender, attractive woman—as she puts down a hatbox-size case full of foundations, shadings, colorings, pencils, brushes. And if all the world's a stage, her statement is apt, since Margaret does the stage makeup for many stars of television, theater, and movies. According to her, each famous face has its faults and needs some help from makeup—in fact, every face is improved by it. Alexis Smith, shown here, has to have more emphasis on her eyes. "They're pale,



Backstage at The Women—Margaret Sunshine making up Alexis Smith

would fade out without a lot of shadowing." Prominent eyes like Bette Davis's need "toning down with dark shadow on upper lids, white under the brow." Joan Rivers needs width added to her jaw and cheekbones; Dorothy Loudon's round face gets slimmed, her nose narrowed; Anne Meara has "no mouth at all"—her lipline must be drawn fuller. Men have problems too: TV's Allen Ludden would be lost without eye makeup; John Cassavetes has five-o'clock shadow without a touch of beard-stick (orange color) over which goes skin-tone foundation. Another TV actor has his slightly cleft chin dimpled to Kirk Douglas proportions. . . . Margaret Sunshine accomplishes all this in amazingly short time. Working with little triangles of foam rubber, she uses three shades of foundation per face—one natural, one light, one dark. Light foundation is used to give more prominence—blended at temples and jawbone to widen a face, or down the center of a nose to make it longer. Darker foundation plays down a feature—when blended over the tip, it "shortens" a too-long chin or nose; it can also shade the sides of a too-wide nose. Margaret uses blushers to create more illusion, to tint and soften a face. Another good tip that all of us in the audience could use: "For a more youthful effect, draw everything *up*—eye lines, mouth lines, shadow lines. Also, your outermost eyelashes—curl them *up* as much as you can."

More on the "Anti-Bags" operation

Many readers are asking the name of the surgeon who did the Anti-Bags operation, described in our May issue. Vogue cannot recommend plastic surgeons, but we can tell you this operation was done in Europe, and it happened to an editor who prefers to remain anonymous. It was not the experience of our staff writer, Mary Kleve, who wrote the Do's and Don't's of cosmetic surgery which appeared on the same page. (To get the name of a suitable plastic surgeon in your area, you could write to the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, Inc., at 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60602.)

Summer Meals: Cook In A Flash

Short-cut heat, speed up steps—you can serve good hot-weather food in lightning time. Salmon's the cool investment; soups are for surprise

Bare legs are flashing under short, pleated skirts . . . sleek brown bodies flash through water . . . and summer flashes by all too fast. . . . So we want to cook in a flash . . . eat any old time . . . standing up . . . sitting on the grass . . . lying on top of a mountain. . . . We want food that will pack . . . dishes that will serve casual guests . . . or last a week with no more fussing in the kitchen . . . hearty food after swimming . . . delicate flavors for scented twilights . . . inexpensive dishes to offset the cost of summer rentals, extra kids, impromptu parties, the steady flow of white wine including those bottles and glasses that always seem to get tipped over into sand and grass. . . . For those of us who are stuck in town . . . or who love the bleached empty canyons of a summer city, their furnace heat clipped off like half a shriek by the vaulty chill of offices and restaurants . . . we, too, need to cook rarely but well . . . to shun the stove and make a beeline for the park, the roof, the stoop, the terrace.

Cold salmon is a boon in hot weather . . . one of the rare foods that tastes like its own delicate color . . . is basically economical . . . a serving rarely works out to more than one dollar for a hungry guest . . . fifty cents for a quick lunch of a half slice with lots of salad . . . twenty-five cents worth mixed with cucumber in a delicious sandwich. . . . It is better to buy a large piece, at least four pounds, which gives twelve generous servings, keeps a week in the fridge . . . has scraps that you can make into fish cakes. In New York, the king salmon from the Citarella Fish

Market (2135 Broadway) is perfect, might have come straight from the loch. Leave the skin on the fish; when cooked, the skin keeps the fish moist and preserves the tender grey fat beneath. The fat's creamy texture is the sign of freshness. The citrus poaching broth (recipe *below, right*) that I have concocted gives an added zip to the taste . . . the broth may be frozen and reused at least twice, but it should be strained of all fish fragments.

Nattie Abascal, a beautiful Spanish model for Valentino in New York, made a Spanish omelet (recipe *below*) for me that is equally good hot or cold, can be sliced and wrapped for picnicking after swimming or tennis . . . just make sure the potatoes are thoroughly cooked before mixing them with the eggs.

The Japanese products mentioned came from a Korean grocer, Sam Bok (2717 Broadway) in New York; but Japanese stores are multiplying. To me one of the joys of these preparations is their concentrated flavor and small need for refrigeration—which can be a help at a beach house or when the power breaks down. The many dried soup mixes can be mixed with boiling water in soup bowls right at the table—ideal for camping. In a way, one can have more fun with these unknown specialties if one understands nothing about Japanese cooking. The seaweed paste I used as a soup flavoring delighted a Japanese friend—though because its classic use is quite different, his first reaction was one of scandalized shock.

Tortilla de patatas a la Española

three to four servings

1 1/4 pounds Idaho potatoes,
peeled and thinly sliced
1 large onion, peeled, finely minced
Olive oil or Hain's safflower oil
4 eggs
Salt and pepper

Heat, on a low flame, enough oil to cover bottom of a round omelet pan. Fry potatoes and, when soft, crush with a spatula into a coarse paste; keep moving potatoes around in pan. Add onions and fry (or fry onions separately in another pan and add when cooked). Strain potatoes and onions to drain off excess

oil. Pour off oil in pan leaving but a thin coating. Beat eggs till fluffy and stir in vegetables. Season. Pour into omelet pan, on low heat; press down with spatula into a round flat shape that fills pan. Shake pan often; when tortilla slides easily, it is cooked on underside, which should be golden brown. Cover pan with flat plate and reverse omelet onto it; warm a little more oil in pan and slide back omelet to brown on uncooked side. Keep shaking pan until done; slide out onto serving dish. Serve hot, garnished with a border of tomato paste, or cold—slices can be wrapped for picnics, as they are quite firm.

Cold cheese soup

four to six servings

2 cups milk
5 ounces cheddar cheese, grated
1/2 green pepper, sliced, seeded
1/4 cucumber, peeled, seeded, cut up
Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon Major Grey chutney

This soup offers a change from the ubiquitous gazpacho, is quick and easy to make since it needs no cooking—just puree ingredients in an electric blender at medium speed; chill.

Seaweed soup

six servings

1 small can asparagus tips
3 cups chicken broth
1 tablespoon seaweed paste (Japanese: Edo-Murasaki or Nori Tsukadani)
1 packet Japanese soup base (Katsuo Dashi-no-mot)

In blender, puree asparagus, 2 cups water, chicken broth, and seaweed paste. Pour into saucepan; add soup base; heat. Serve hot or chilled. Cold, top with chopped parsley.



Salmon poached in citrus broth

twelve servings

1 whole piece salmon, about 4 pounds
1 cup dry white wine
1 cup Japanese vinegar (Mitsukan Pon-Su, contains citrus juice)
1 cup each prepared frozen orange juice and lime juice
1 tablespoon sea salt
2 teaspoons black pepper
2 allspice berries
4-5 dill branches

Boil up all ingredients in a fish poacher, except for dill; place dill on rack under salmon. Put in fish, lower flame, and simmer for 10-12 minutes depending on thickness of slice. Turn off heat; cool, still covered, until broth is barely warm. Pull rack out of broth and set it, with fish, slightly askew on poacher to drain for about 15 minutes. Reverse salmon onto platter; the dill branches, which preserve moisture, will have adhered to fish. Fish poached at 5:30 P.M. will be at serving temperature by 8 P.M.; just stand it in a cool place. To serve the next day, refrigerate when fish is cool.

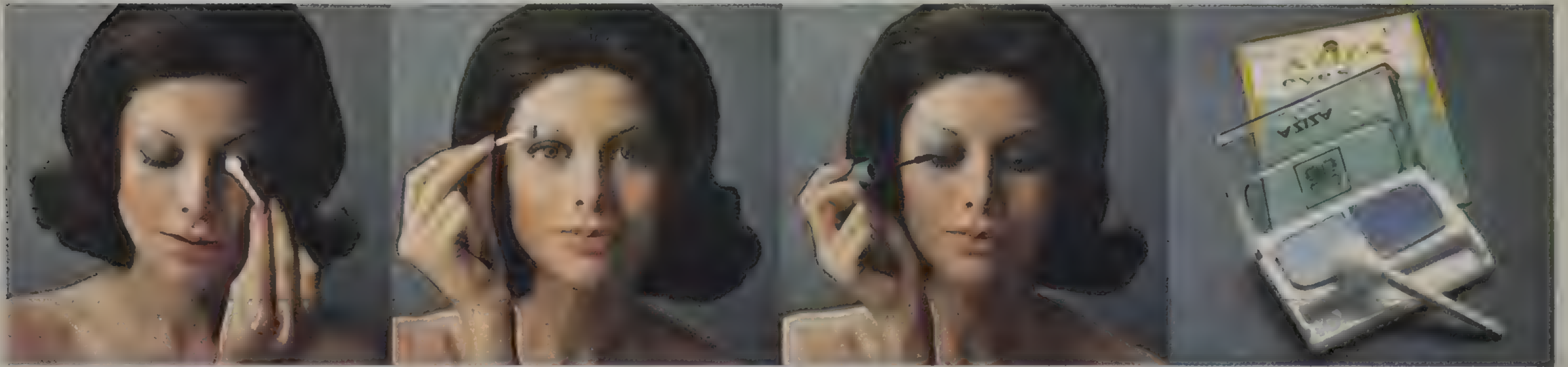
Shallot dressing

twelve servings

Peel and mince 6 shallots; fry in 1/2 cup oil until golden and crisp. Cool in pan. Add salt, pepper, and 1/3 cup vinegar. This dressing is good for any salad, cold asparagus, tomatoes, and avocados.

Aziza demonstrates how to conquer the blues.

(The greens, the pinks, the violets, and the browns, etc.)



1. Start with the Soft Touch Shadow Kit in two shades of blue. With one side of the foam wand, sweep the deeper hue all over the lid, almost up to the brow.

2. With the other side of the wand, stroke the frosty light blue directly under the brow for highlight. Smudge the two together where they meet. Be sure to smooth upwards, blending the darker blue into the lighter shade.

3. Now, finish with a flourish of Aziza Mascara in Blue/Black. Like all Aziza products it's pure, dermatologist tested.

But that's only the beginning of what you can do with blue. Brush some blue shadow over your brows. Accentuate with our Soft Violet or Soft Green Liner. Plant a beauty mark in a matching hue. And if you have enjoyed this Aziza demonstration, look for our ads to come. We're going to show you many other looks you can create.

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New Help Is On The Way

Baritone nurses...a truth-sleuth computer...blood when you need it...
get-smart pills...and how to listen while on the operating table

Easing the Pressure

Keyed-up, anxious, restless people often suffer from high blood pressure, says Dr. George N. Aagaard of the University of Washington School of Medicine in Seattle. Differing with Dr. Campbell Moses, medical director of the American Heart Association, who has said that a unique hypertensive personality has not been identified (as personalities prone to ulcers, colitis, or heart attacks have been) in an interview reported in May Vogue (page 153), Dr. Aagaard says he has found a distinctive emotional pattern among hypertensives and recommends these among other relaxation techniques: progressive muscular relaxation, autogenic training, Yoga, transcendental meditation. High-blood-pressure patients should remember that "hurry" is a four-letter word for them. Their proper watchword, says Dr. Aagaard, is "enjoy"—work, play, mealtimes.

Dr. Aagaard warns that high blood pressure requires a lifetime program of control. If high blood pressure is neglected or ignored, risk of heart attack, stroke, or kidney disease is greatly increased. Even if your doctor treats your high blood pressure and lowers it to the normal range, you need continuing care and follow-up.

Besides regular supervision by a doctor, the hypertensive person should follow special health rules, says Dr. Aagaard. First, stay lean—get thinner as you grow older. Second, restrict salt—don't use a salt shaker at all, don't add salt to foods when cooking. Third, exercise to keep fit; if hypertension is severe, follow your doctor's instructions regarding physical activity.

Since most people with high blood pressure don't know they have it—or aren't doing anything about it, the National Heart and Lung Institute, joined by a special committee of the American Medical Association, has started a drive to alert Americans to the risks of hypertension. One aim: to get all doctors and other health professionals—including dentists, school nurses, and family-planning counselors—to measure blood pressures of every person who reports for examination or counsel.

Honest CLAUDE, Lab-test Computer

Laboratory tests, such as those on blood or urine samples, give important help to your doctor in diagnosing and treating you. Sometimes, though, a lab test can give a false answer because the patient has been taking a drug or medication that interferes with test results. For example, explains Dr. Jane F. Desforges in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the presence of the organic compound phenothiazine can make any of fifteen different laboratory tests—including some tests for pregnancy—go wrong. The American Association of Clinical Chemistry helps doctors avoid lab-test troubles by making available a nine-thousand-entry listing of the ways different drugs affect various analytical procedures. The big computer printout is called CLAUDE (for Computer List of Anticipated and Unintended Drug Effects). CLAUDE also reminds you, the patient, to be sure to tell all to your doctor about any medications you take regularly, particularly when laboratory tests are being scheduled.

Call Your Nurse "Mister"

Men's Liberation is coming to hospital halls as more and more policemen and firemen train for second careers—as registered nurses. In New York City, Hunter College-Bellevue School of Nursing has "capped" its first big class—eighty-seven strong—of police- and fire-department members as fully qualified RN's. Because many of the men in fire and police departments reach retirement age in their early forties, they're keen on entering a new profession—and the healing arts are gaining new recruits.

All-purpose Blood

Everybody as everybody's blood donor? That's the aim of three Israeli scientists—Dr. Harold Flowers, Dr. Noam Harpaz, and Dr. Nathan Sharon. As we know, red blood cells occur in types A, B, AB, and O; and, to receive a whole-blood transfusion, you need donor blood of your own type—except that type O, or "universal," donors can contribute blood to all other types. The three Israeli doctors are at work on a process for converting A, B, or AB blood to the universal type for transfusion purposes. The differences between bloods, they say, involve certain sugar molecules attached to cell membranes; with the right chemical maneuvers—presto—everybody's gift blood will be compatible with everybody else's.

Can Pills Up Your Brain Power?

Ups or downs won't get you through exams: Dr. Donald M. Thompson, pharmacologist-researcher at Georgetown University Medical Center in Washington, D.C., doesn't recommend either tranquilizers or stimulants as aids to learning. "Low doses of either type of drug may not cause problems, but they do not help learning; in larger doses, they definitely impair it." Using animals, Dr. Thompson tested how accuracy, rates of learning, and overall activity are affected by the tranquilizers phenobarbital, chlordiazepoxide, and chlorpromazine and by the stimulant d-amphetamine. None of these helps with brain work.

Gossip in the Operating Room

Can you hear the doctors and nurses talking in the operating room while you lie on the table as the anesthetized patient? Dr. David B. Cheek of San Francisco says yes, indeed; and your response to what you hear can affect the outcome of surgery. What's more, he says, you can react under anesthesia to long-forgotten stressful events, such as your own birth. People who have had in early childhood frightening experiences with croup or pneumonia may panic, he says, when they find, under anesthesia, that they cannot use their regular breathing muscles because they have been given muscle-relaxant drugs. Patients need to be told in advance, says Dr. Cheek, that such drugs will be used but that extra oxygen will be given. Other pointers that Dr. Cheek makes to fellow physicians: Watch out for casual remarks in the operating room; the patient may assume the talk he hears is about him. Anesthetized people think literally, are easily worried, he says; they need positive, constructive directions throughout the operation.

Corsica—The Untamed Island

Made to measure for easy getaway from Paris or Nice



PHILIP VAN AVER

The large island of Corsica in the Mediterranean only seems remote—thirty minutes by plane from the hurly-burly of Nice, an hour and forty from the grey skies of Paris. During the sun-filled season, April to the end of October, avoid the crowds of August unless you are floating on a yacht.

In three days without pushing—stopping to swim, to photograph, to market for picnics, to case villages with pink stone houses, and to buy postcards and espadrilles with rubber soles—you can wrap up with pleasure the stunning West Coast stretch from Ajaccio to Evisa.

South of Ajaccio at Porticcio, the twenty-room Hotel Le Maquis, an old house that's been added to, is what you want on an innocent island. Cool, whitewashed rooms with terraces above the lap-lap of the sea; bare, tiled floors; bursts of flowers in a beamed lounge with fireplace and good food. Specialty: a large fish served whole with cheese croutons and a fiery pepper sauce.

On a rocky point close-by, the large Sheraton-du Cap with gardens, heated pool, and city-hotel comforts stays open all year. Handsomely installed in a Sheraton wing, the Thalassotherapy Institute has therapeutic sea baths and massages.

North to Evisa and back is a full day's slow drive over roller-coaster roads edged with beaches and cliffs. Isolated mausoleums stand in overgrown flower pots fenced in iron. In Cargèse, one priest conducts services at both the Catholic and the Greek Orthodox churches, separated by a cove. From Cargèse the road winds through Les Calanques, a diabolic spectacular of jagged, twisted, and tortured rose cliffs shooting up from the blue sea. For a wide-angle view looking down on Les Calanques and on the seaside resort of Porto, the routine stop is Piana, a high-up sunny village with cafés edging the square.

Following the road—no other alternative—to Porto, the smart thing is to shop for a picnic and head for the beach. Delicious specialties in the local markets: firm black olives; charcuteries—smoked, chestnut-fed pork sausages; black-bird pâté in tins; cheeses made from goat's and sheep's milk; good red island wine; crusty baguettes; and black-red cherries, peaches, and apricots.

Even people who aren't mad about scenery and nature are taken with the drive through the Gorges de la Spelunca to Evisa. The way changes swiftly from the beaches to bare rocks and *maquis*, the scrubby aromatic bush named after the French Resistance fighters; to green wooded valleys; to somber dappled forests of tall pines, glistening silver beeches, and enormous aged chestnut trees.

One turns back over the *déjà-vu* road, satisfied and relaxed, not knowing that the grand finale is still to be. Reaching Porto in late afternoon, one stops for an aperitif on the terrace of the Hotel Les Flots Bleus facing the gulf of Porto ringed with the weird pink rock formations, Les Calanques, and the crumbled ruins of a square Genoese fortress. As the day dies, the rocks turn from rose to satanic-red and smoulder like burning ashes long after the last sunray. ■

For more information about Corsica, write: Vogue Travel, Department F, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017

The leading manufacturer of the pill would like every woman to know about another kind of birth control.

If the same method of contraception were right for everyone, Ortho would make nothing but the pill. But some women can't take it. Some don't want to. And some have to go off it occasionally.

For you, we'd like to recommend Conceptrol* Birth Control Cream. We make that too. It's clean, light and easy. The nice contraceptive you can buy without a prescription.

And while no method of contraception is foolproof, Conceptrol is highly effective. Research studies conducted in 6 separate centers indicated that when used regularly by 100 women for one year only 2.1% became pregnant. Even when used irregularly, only an additional 3.5% became pregnant. If no protection were used, it is estimated that 60 to 80 out of each 100 women would have become pregnant.

Each pre-filled Conceptrol applicator supplies the correct amount of Nonoxynol 9*, an ingredient that's gentle to you—but medically proven to be an effective spermicide.

Conceptrol is uncomplicated. There's nothing to wear, nothing to remove and no douching. And you can use it up to an hour before, so there's no interruption.

Nice, easy Conceptrol. Another kind of birth control.

NOW BIRTH CONTROL IS AS EASY AS THE TAMPON.



Conceptrol, from ORTHO.
The world's largest laboratories devoted to family planning research.

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Drugstore, supermarket, the variety store—we all buy there

The Neighborhood SHOPPER

Hot weather, houseguests, and other threats to your normally sunny disposition can be overcome with little things that make summer living fun—new bids for beauty on blistering days, inventive guest ideas. For these and other breezy notions, slide up to your local air-cooled counters.

Frozen assets

Report from our man in the market (*grocery*, not *stock*) says that something called Egg Beaters is a delicious way to beat the cholesterol. This new substitute food has the taste and nutrition of eggs when you defrost, pour, and scramble. Hearing that the American Heart Association recommends a daily cholesterol intake of 300 mg. and the average large hen-product contains 275, our concerned citizen now eats breakfast with impunity. Egg beaters are Fleischmann's contribution to your supermarket's frozen-food section and your doctor's peace of mind.

Hidden talents



You thought baking soda was good only for baking, and maybe a little touch of indigestion, right? Wrong. American customers, who buy 32,000 tons of it a year, have a lot of other things in mind—from hair rinsing to (possibly) influencing the sex of an unborn child. Ecologists prefer it to strong cleansing chemicals in the home. Beauty-lovers swear by it as a skin-softening ingredient in the bathtub. A well-known hairdresser insists it's one of the better after-shampoo rinses. Dentists say it does a good tooth (or denture) cleaning job and acts as a mouth deodorizer. A little baking soda in the car ashtray snuffs out cigarette butts and absorbs odors. And on and on. As for the sex-prediction aspect, there's no proof. However, alkalinity does tend to improve the chances of the Y chromosome, which determines that a child will be male. Based on this, some doctors are willing to suggest that a douche with two tablespoons of baking soda in the water might enhance the chance of having a son and heir. Who knows? But the package does say, "If it's an Arm & Hammer product, you know it's going to work."

Hair with a saving wave

A bouncy, springy, well-waved hairstyle, that is. You *can* have hair that defies hat-crush and/or humidity, salt air and sea breezes. All you have to do is give it a permanent. Yes, you heard right. The permanent is back, doing for your hair what a foundation does for your skin: giving it a vitaminized, proteinized, treatment-oriented basis for any fashion look you want. The 1973 variations should correctly be called "body-waves"—designed primarily to give bulk and staying power. With them, you can blow-dry your hair, use electric comb or rollers, and choose any style you want. If you decide to give yourself one of these new permanent presses at home, investigate the many made by Toni (who've always won awards for the best-performing hair in town).



Hot-dog defense

An amusing bachelor named John A. Gould has risen in defense of the maligned frankfurter in a practical way. *The Great Little Hot Dog Cookbook* contains 100 recipes which make use of the American delight in unexpected, easy ways. (Examples: such edible insanities as Soufflé aux Chiens and Eggs Benedogged.) Sprinkled with ideas for seduction(!) as well as simplified cooking terms, this might be THE little gift for a bachelor with a beach house. Doubleday did it.

Stubbornly beautiful



Yardley continues to make English Lavender soap the way they did when they introduced it in—are you ready?—1760. It was natural, hard-milled, and full of pure essence of lavender a couple of hundred years before other people got all excited about beauty aids with "fresh ingredients." It still is.

Scentuous swab

If you don't own an atomizer, you might substitute a box of Q-Tips. Fragrance-mad woman we know dips one end of the cotton swab in her bottle of expensive scent, finds that it centralizes the liquid come-hither right where she wants it. After each application, she throws the still-scented sticks into a dresser drawer or suitcase. She also confides that Q-Tips drenched in perfume double as a sensible little device to give a lift to her coiffure. You know, instead of using those metal pronged gadgets to "break up" short, layered hair.

Trivia tip

Have you tried the gadget that reseals pop-top soda cans? Keeps the carbonation in your half-finished low-cal drinks. Called Stop-Top. (What else?)

Shopping-cart chic—hostess style

Beloved are those summer-home owners who think of everything. A sneak preview to the guest-room-and-bath of one of our entertaining friends produced these bits of bliss. On the dresser, a candy jar filled with lollipops—to wear, not to eat. They're Pond's Angel Face eye shadows, frosty powdered colors in containers that look like candy on a stick and are a blessing for forgetful lady guests. . . . On the same table, Mrs. Wonderful had put a fat container of *Make-Up Wipe-Ups*, great new moisturized tissues that pop up for easy makeup removal. Tussy's bright idea—70 cleansings to a container. . . . Next to the bed, a flashlight, small, elegant, and disposable, like those throw-away cigarette lighters everyone loves. This one lasts for months and is as handsome as it is reassuring; ask for *Super Lumijet*. . . . In the guest bath, the household schedule (meal times, etc.) was fastened to the metal cabinet by a magnetized clip called *Maggie*. Found out later the same device held notes on the refrigerator, reminders in the workshop, and road maps on the dashboard. . . . Final helping of happiness was *Calgon Bath Oil Beads*. Contents made water and skin feel sinfully soft. Back panel of box was full of amusing directions for things to do while tubbing . . . like "Float mint sprigs in tub," "Sip café brûlot and relax with haiku poetry," and (our favorite) "Relax, empty-minded, for twenty minutes."

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VOGUE BOUTIQUE

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"sarong" wrap...).

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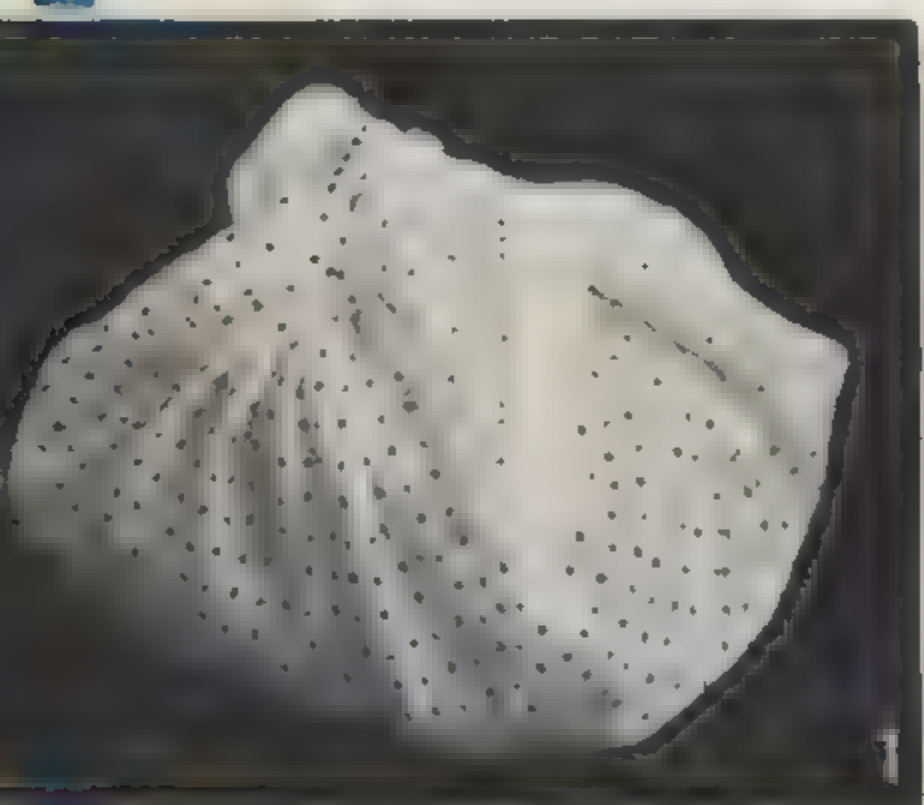
Seattle: Arabesque.

Nantucket, Mass.:

Nantucket Looms....

Chicago: The Crate
& Barrel....

Pittsburgh: The
Studio Shop.



1. "Suitease": a
cotton scarf filled
with lengths of
Indian cotton, silk,
batik; scarves of
chiffon and cotton,
and there's room
for bikinis
and T-shirts!



TIE A BRA

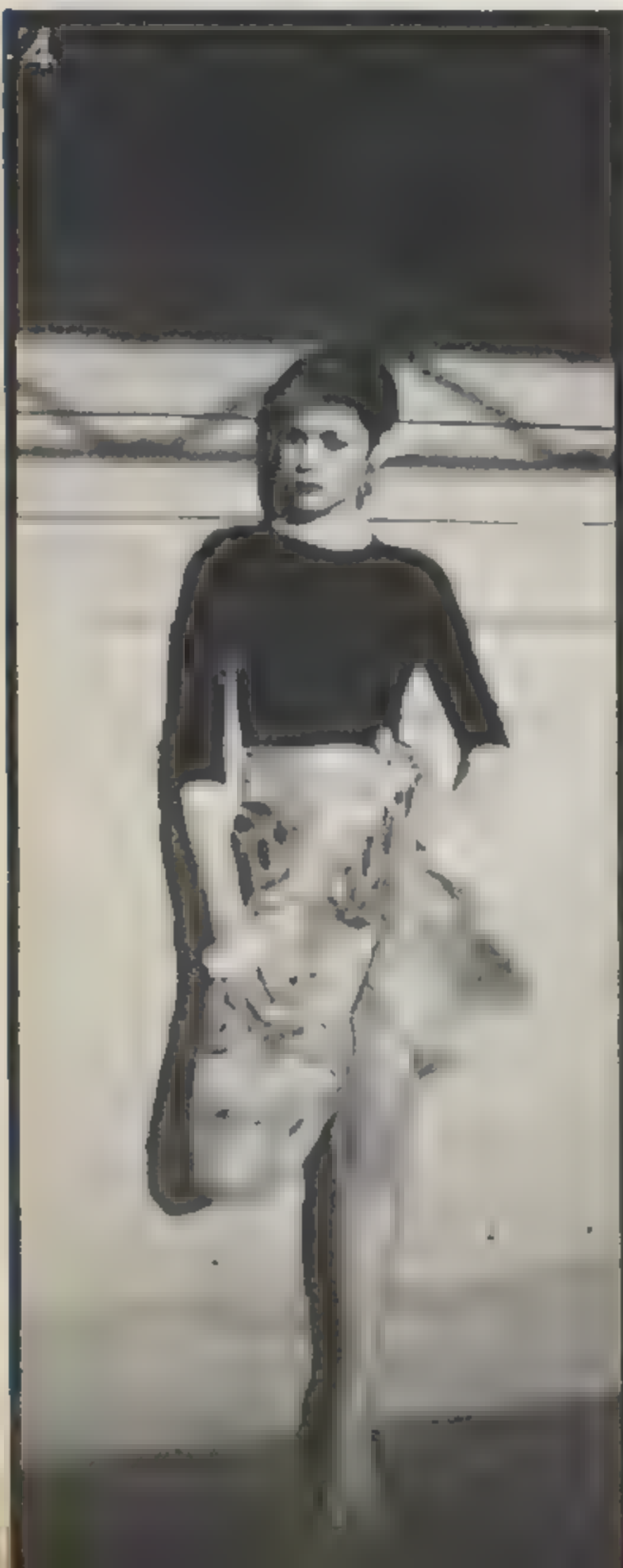
3... over your jeans instead of
a T-shirt. Here, black-and-white
Indian batiste scarf, Far Eastern
Fabrics, 171 Madison Ave., N.Y.

IT'S A ROBE

2. Wrap a sarong of blue-and-
white Indian cotton instead
of a dressing gown to breakfast
in, after a shower, a
pretty way to look pre-sleep.

WRAP A SKIRT

4. A short width
of Paisley silk
sarong wrapped
at the waist
over a T-shirt—
for summer
lunching, instead
of trousers.



WRAP YOUR HEAD



7. A tiny bikini, a tiny neck
scarf for "sun-protection"
(it's the look on Italian
beaches this summer)...

BEACH FLIRT



BEACHING

5. How to look sexy
on the beach...
scarf-bra, day-sarong
of Indian cotton
(your dressing gown!),
lots of breeze....

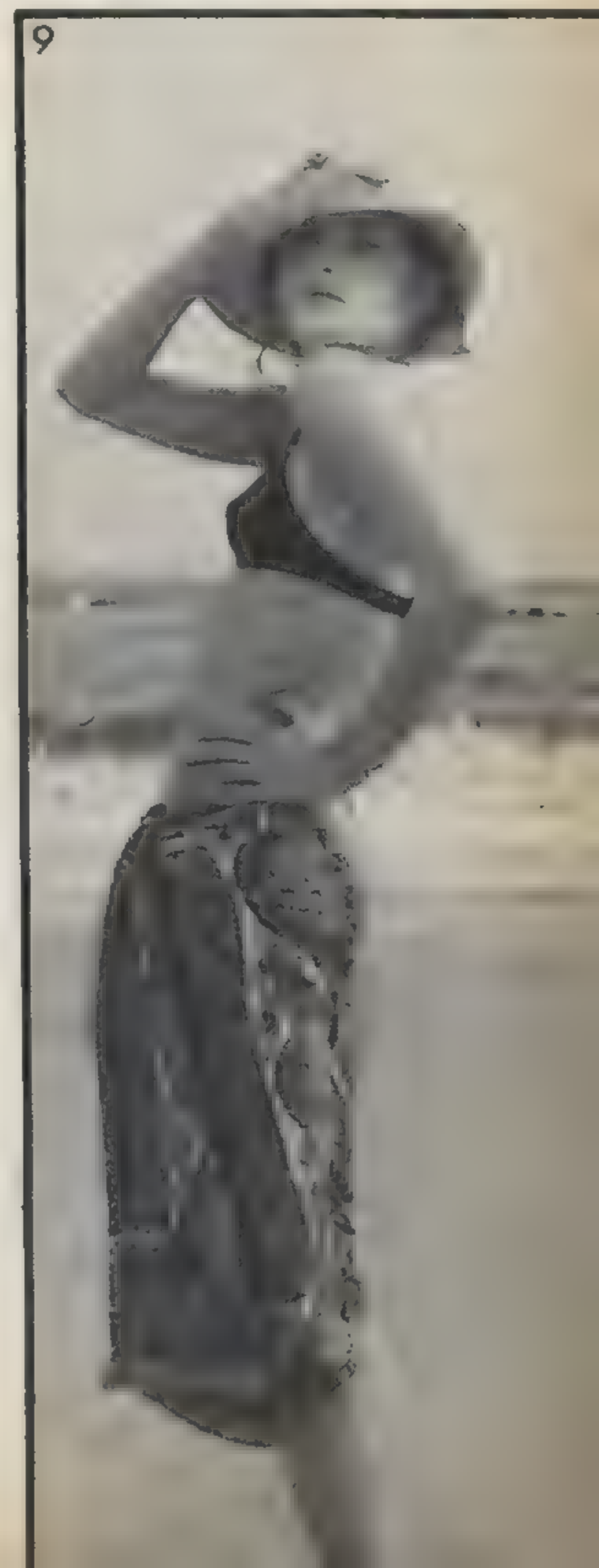


EVENING

8. A bra of a black
chiffon scarf, a black-
and-white Indonesian cotton
sarong, arms of silver bangles,
ear hoops, barely-there
sandals for summer dancing.

BIKINI WRAP

9. A beach skirt of
a length of French
Provencal printed cotton
from La Provence de
Pierre Deux, New York.



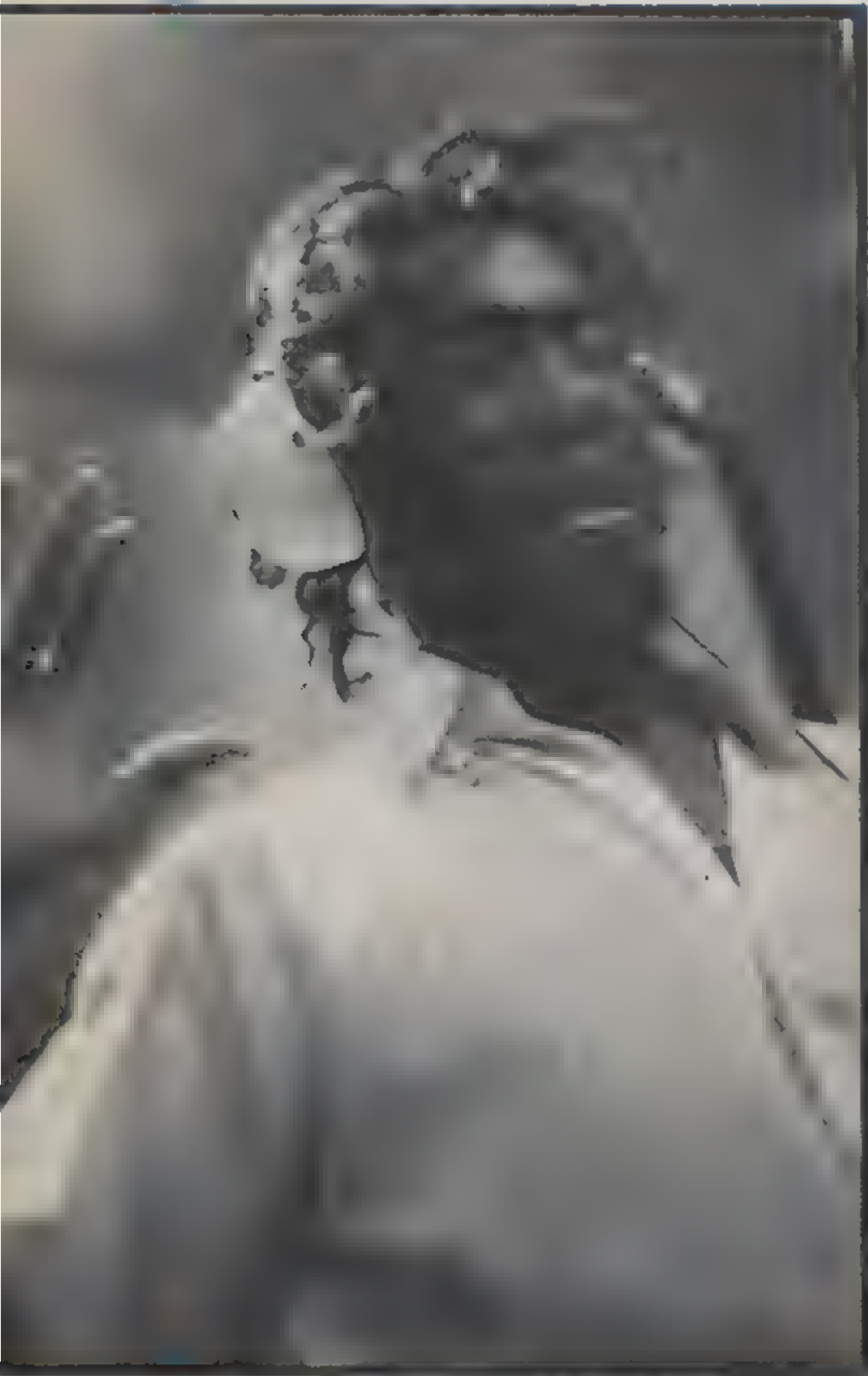
Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR. IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKESSON, 1971



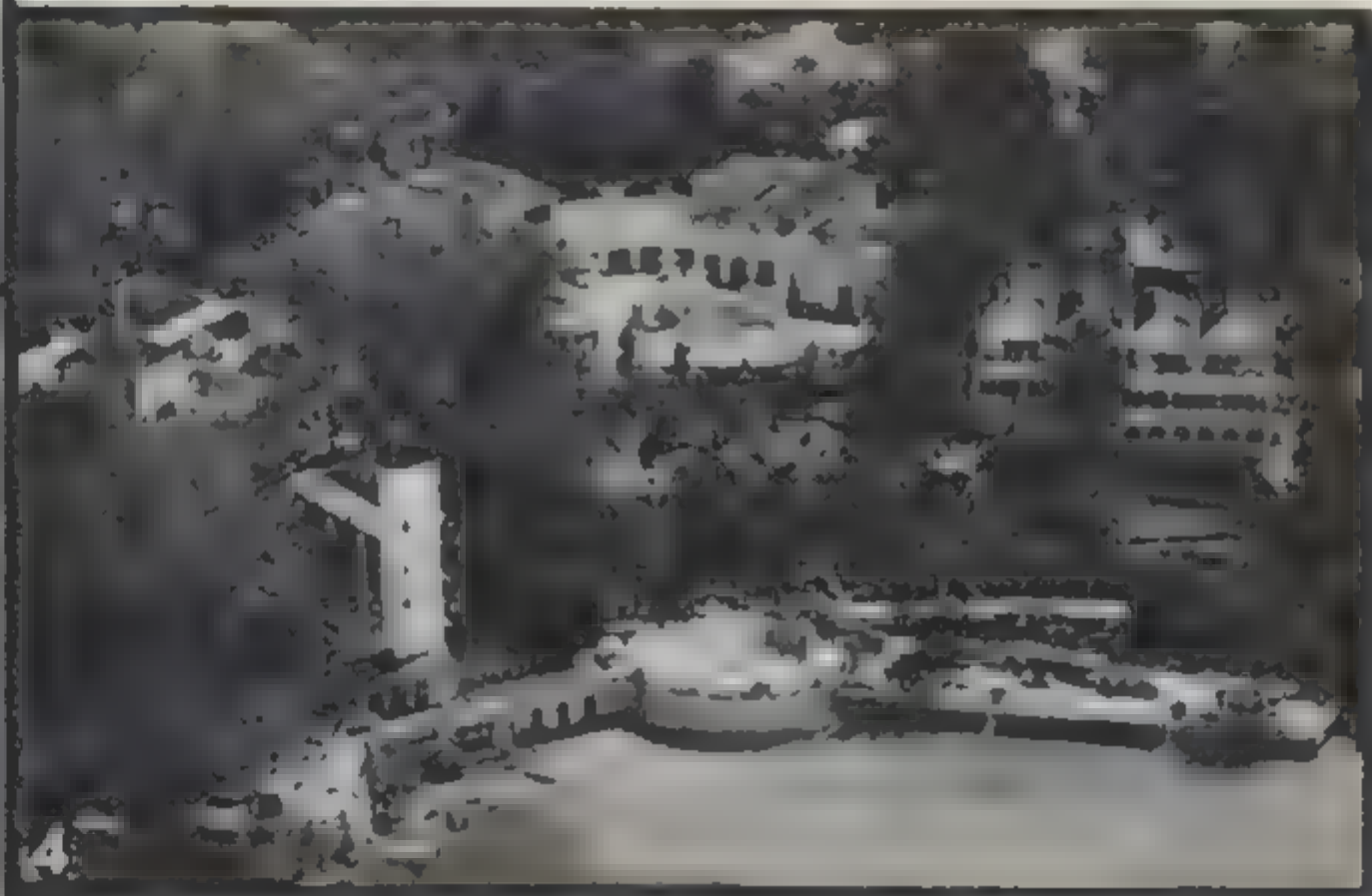
The gown was created for Liquore Galliano by Galitzine of Rome.
Actress Greta Vayan was photographed along the Appian Way.

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS



SUMMER FLASHES!

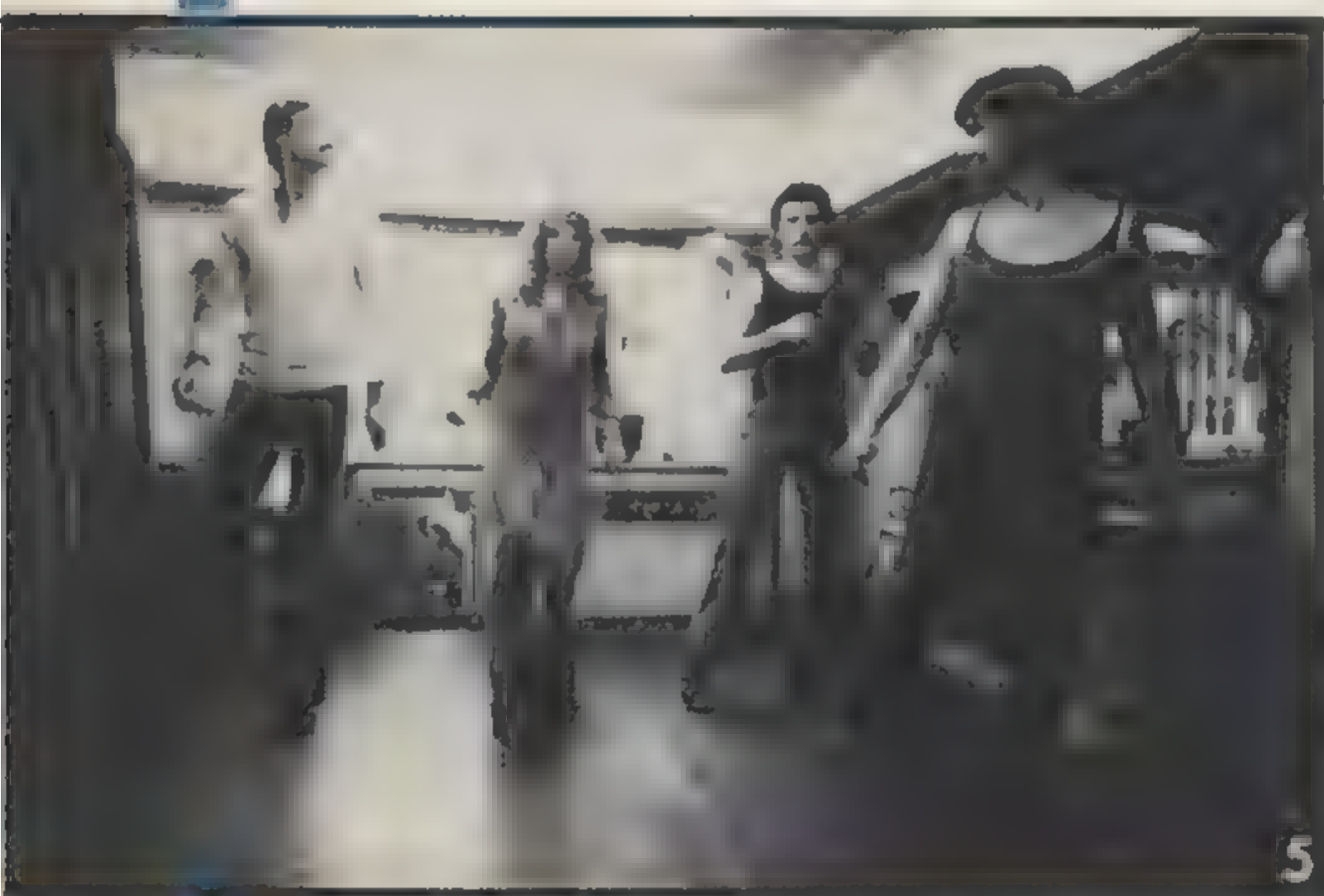
The 1973 Sound . . . Reggae. The Star . . . Big Youth. The Album . . . *Screaming Target*. It's primitive, earthy, off-key, rough, and when you hear it, you can't sit still. . . .



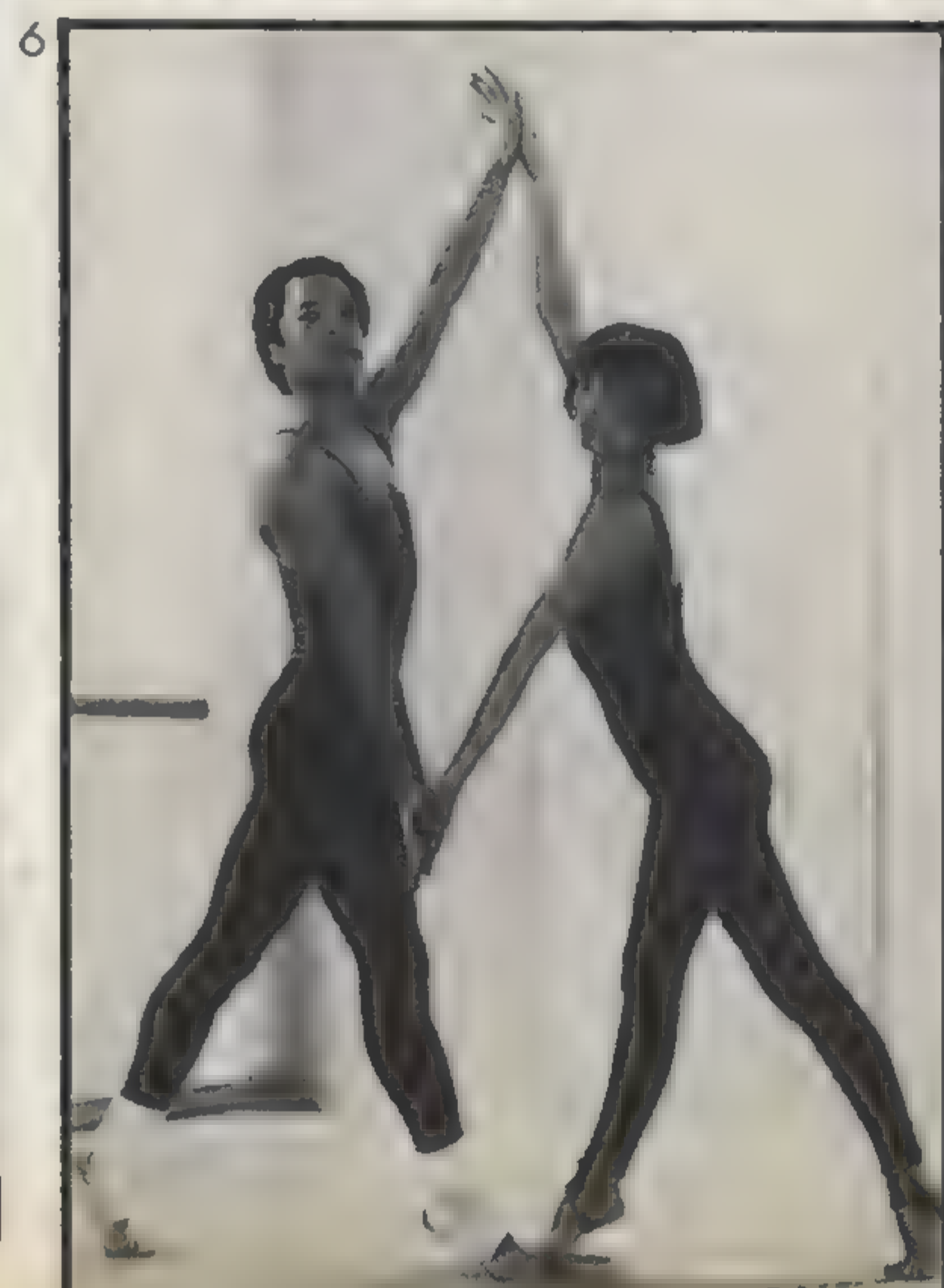
Jamaica: REGGAE! . . . It began here with Johnny Nash's "Rain" . . . gained recognition with Jimmy Cliff's film *The Harder They Come*, *The Harder They Fall*. It's native Jamaican sound, the music of the Rastafarians (Jamaican hippies who wear long twisted braids topped with brightly colored pomponed crocheted caps). 1. *Big Youth* is THE Rastafarian, a local disc jockey whose album, *Screaming Target*,

is a collector's item even now! **Reggae**, hard body-beat music, originated in the Jamaican hills at country dances—bass, drums (conga), organ. Among Reggae musicians, the status possession: an Ace Ninety motorcycle. . . .

Big Youth's dance, "The Ace Ninety Skank," is the craze—like riding a bike, moving your hands up and down as if you were on handlebars, starter . . . watch for it! The result of Reggae . . . Jamaica is the new recording center of the pop-music world (Roberta Flack, Cat Stevens, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Johnny Nash, et al). . . . **IF YOU'RE A BASKET COLLECTOR**, and the "world" is (chic-basketry limit—in Rome, *Marella Agnelli* has had her Fiat fitted with a basket atop for grocery shopping!) . . . nothing better than Jamaican straw markets! 2. Ronald's Floating Straw Shop, Jamaica. 3. **THE PERFECT SUMMER SUITCASE**—flower-embroidered straw case that has survived even the baggage compartment of a plane! 4. The place to stay—Sans Souci, Ocho Rios—instant Paradise, super-private (discovered by the Jagers, Steve McQueen, and other "privacy-seekers" who like a good dose of luxury with their aloneness).



SUMMER IS FOR DANCING!



NEW WAY TO KEEP BEAUTIFUL . . . **London:** It's tap dancing! (Some say it's fantasy-fulfillment . . . a dream to dance down Pall Mall one summer morning. . . .) 5. **Noel Tovey** giving **Pattie Harrison** lessons at L'Odéon Art Decor, Fulham High St. . . . **Rome:** 6. **Bob Curtis's** modern-dance classes for the likes of **Monica Vitti**, **Audrey Hepburn**, endless Roman beauties of fabulous body-fame!

OVERSIZED AND SEXY, IT'S THE PERFECT SUMMER OVER-ANYTHING JACKET—YVES SAINT LAURENT'S MAN'S SAFARIENNE IN THIN COTTON—CREAM, RUST, OR NAVY. \$116. YVES SAINT LAURENT HOMME, N.Y. ANNE HOLBROOK'S TRICK—BUY IT LARGE TO WRAP OVER BIKINIS, JEANS, A PLEATED COTTON SKIRT.





The sky's your limit

Bright sky overhead and your kite's a symbol of what you want to be—a free spirit, flying with summer through sun and sand and surf.

And that *is* you, because of Tampax tampons.

Right from the start you've depended on them every month.

Tampax tampons let you run and swim and forget

that the word "worry" was ever invented.

They are made so that you can enjoy every day confidently protected. And with Tampax tampons, you get a choice of three absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super or Junior.

Your world is the beach, bounded only by sea and the sky. And the only thing you really want is to live free every day of the month. That's why the protection you choose is Tampax tampons.



The internal protection
more women trust

TAMPAX
tampons
MADE ONLY BY
TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

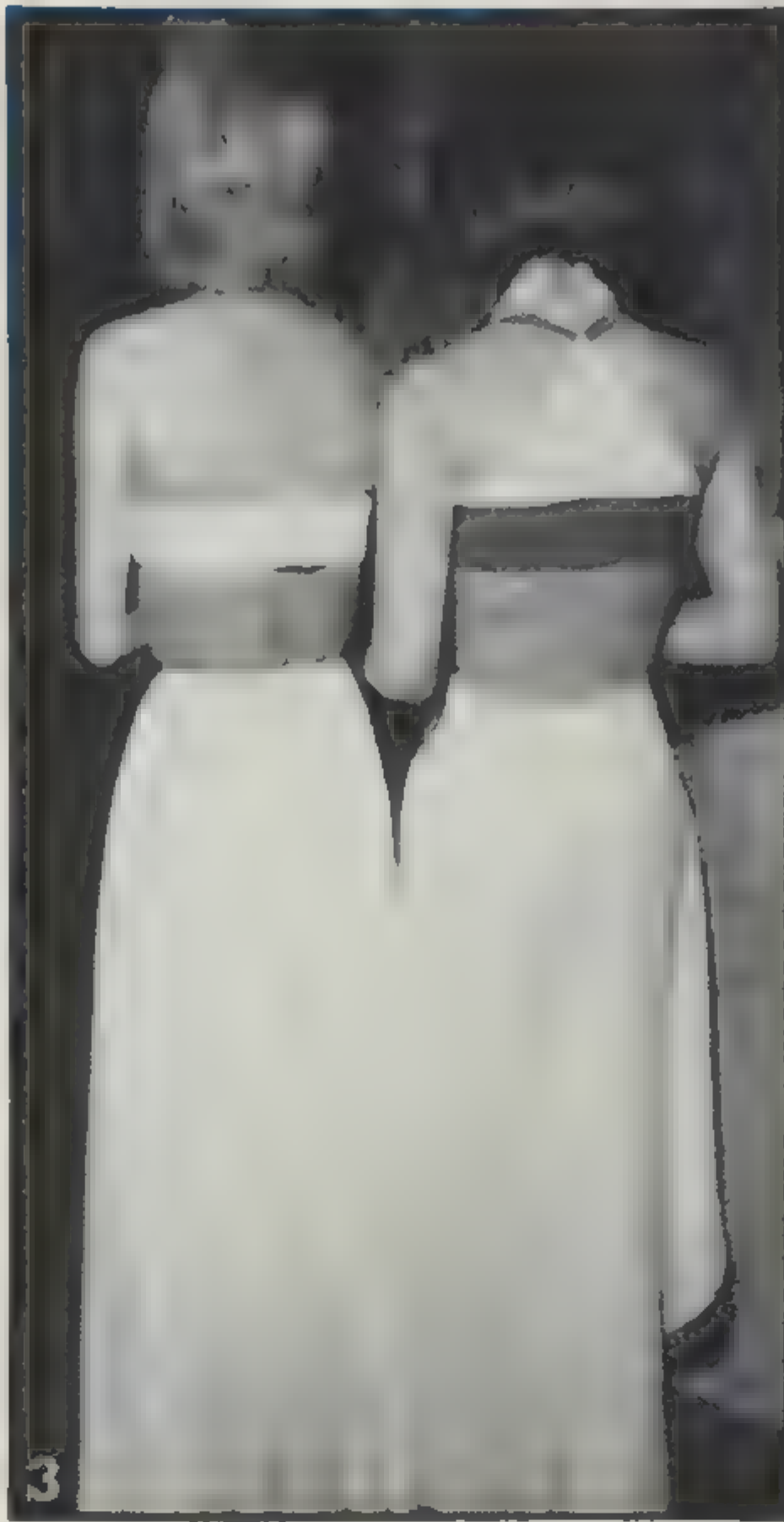
MIDSUMMER EVES . . .

SUMMER CHINOISERIE

Last month we told you about the new rage for Kung Fu films (in New York, they're standing in line to see *Fists of Fury*), Chinese martial arts in Aspen, etc. . . .

More Chinese influence—**NEW YORK REDISCOVERY:** Chinatown and tiny shops for the new summer way of dressing, "cheong shams" (those traditional super-sexy Chinese slit-to-the-thigh dresses). . . . A pretty New Yorker in an antique cheong sham, unearthed in a shop in Hollywood, was the "star" of a recent London party! **SAN FRANCISCO:** The shop is Great Eastern Trading Co. in Ghiradelli Square, filled with Asian treasures and incredible cheong shams of panne velvet on chiffon from the 'thirties (found by Rita Chan, the owner, in an old Chinese merchant's trunk!) **1. Barbara Trent** at the Bal des Saisons—her antique Chinese

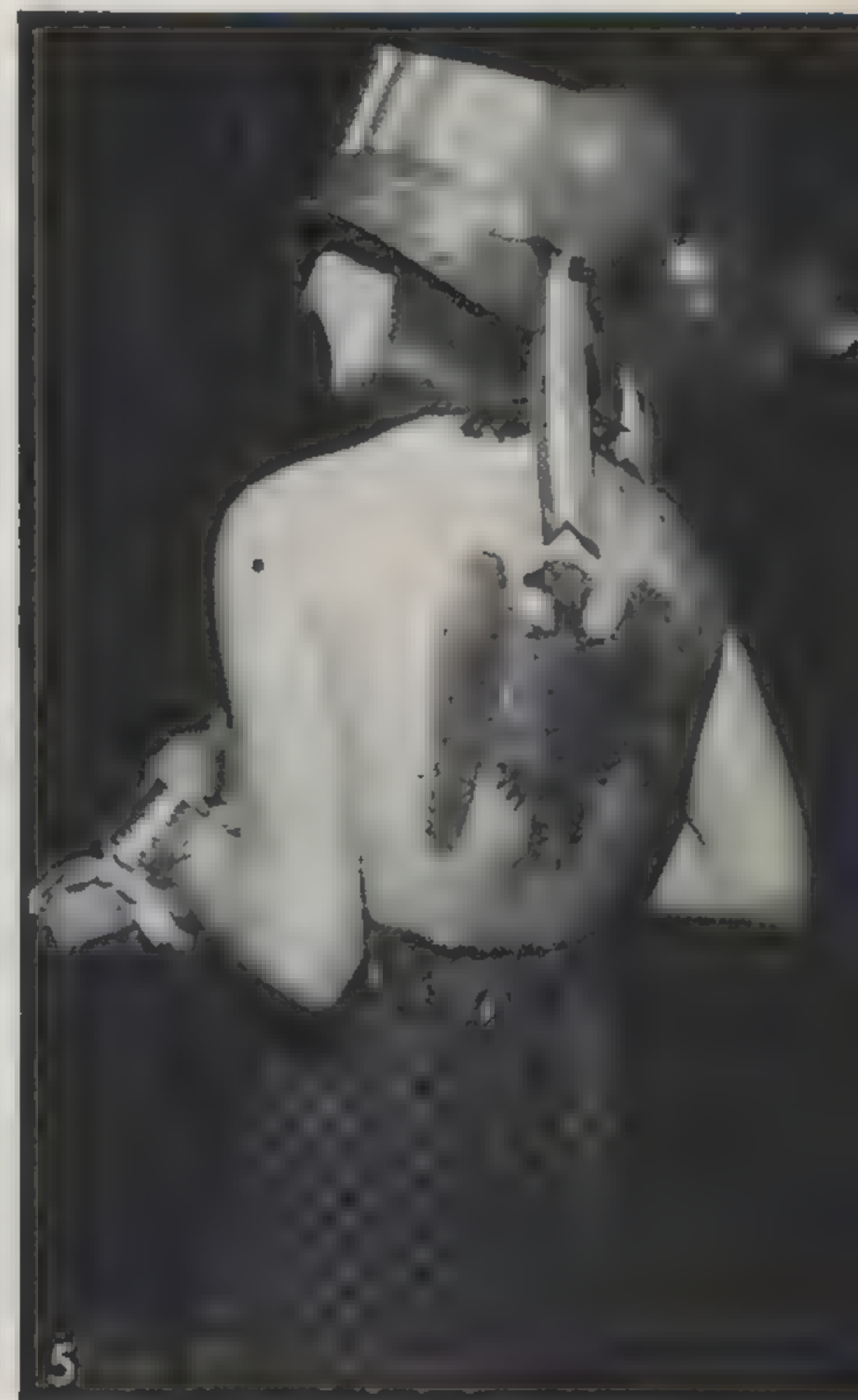
robe from Propinquity, 125 E. 17th St., N.Y. (The way to wear it . . . white crêpe de Chine shirt, trousers!) **2. Helen Bransford** (Nashville jewelry designer) in Willie Woo's beige raw silk "Shanghai shirt," a version of a "hac gow chow," the jacket worn by Chinese "amahs" (nannies). At Henri Bendel.



3. At the J.O.B. Ball, the look was bare, white, and sleek. Nan Kempner and Chessy Rayner and two of the best backs in town!



4. Zandra Rhodes' "Ariels" . . . her fantasy collection of pale chiffons, very Botticelli ROMANTIC! . . . These three "Graces," and others, at Henri Bendel.



5. Pat Beard at a recent N.Y. party, her painted-bird back—or what to do when backs are "in" and feathers are de rigueur. . . .

OLD HORRORS REBORN



Frankenstein and Dracula are back! **Paul Morrissey** and **Andy Warhol** have recently completed their film versions in Rome, comedy take-offs of the originals . . . the clincher—**BEAUTIFUL EROTIC MONSTERS!** . . . **7. Gorgeous and blond, his name is**



simply Sergio . . . he plays the Frankenstein monster! (the film's in 3-D). **Monique Van Vooren, 6, and Udo Keir, 8, are Baroness and Baron von Frankenstein (he is Warhol's Dracula, too).**

FRANKENSTEIN '73

ORIENTAL

. . . **LONDON:** The place to go (and more than once by those who know . . .)—the Red Buddah Theatre at the Roundhouse for Chinese mime—a trove of Asian sights, sounds, and color—not to be missed! . . . Michael Chow's new Chow Game for Yakitori (lemon-flavored, charcoal-grilled game and poultry) . . . jasmin and sandalwood from Floris to sprinkle on lightbulbs for super-Oriental atmosphere . . . rooms filled with woven baskets spilling with flowers and china eggs. . . **NEW YORK:** More on Chinatown . . . Chinese stationery shops for wonders of lacquer-red envelopes, notebooks bound with hand-painted silver-flowered paper. . . Hand-painted wooden clogs that are too pretty to wear! . . . Chinese L.P.'s of "meditation music." . . . **Perfect summer food**—N.Y.'s Pearl's lemon chicken and Yuk Sung (pork with bamboo shoots and watercress to roll in a lettuce leaf).

YOU CAN GO ANYWHERE IN YOUR HAC GOW CHOW!



**"Girls who are
tomboys very
often turn
out to be
the most
feminine
women."**

Dr. Joyce Brothers



A girl who starts out skinning her knees on trees, can often grow up attracting whistles.

CALIFORNIA GIRL designs the pants suit for the tomboy who grew up curvy. It's soft, sexy, care-free knit: Stehli's subtle, stone-grey heather of 100% Trevira® polyester . . . in both shirt jacket and cuffed pants. Along for the ride, a striped knit pullover. Be the most feminine tomboy in town.

TREVIRA
makes it easy

The California Girl pants suit at these fine stores: Chas. A. Stevens and Co., Chicago; Joseph Magnin, California, Nevada and Denver; Maas Brothers, Florida; Gidding Jenny, Cincinnati; Davison's, Atlanta.

THE BIG

PREVIEW

STARTS HERE

Vogue takes you backstage where it all begins to show you THE NEW LOOKS, THE NEW MOOD, and the special details that make them work for a long, strong new run of fashion and beauty

This season's a fooler. It looks easy—the **sweater is the take-off point for everything**, and the mood of the moment nonchalant... low-key. Watch out. Low-key can be just plain inaudible—or a spine-tingler. **Depending. Not just on the clothes you wear, but how you wear them—that's what fashion is about** this year. Visualize, for instance, a hip-covering sweater-jacket and skirt to about **mid-knee** (the going length). Make them charcoal—or green (we're coming into a forest of deep, moody colors), and visualize with them: 1) loose, pretty hair; a pretty makeup; an earring with size and shine; a light, sexy, high-heeled shoe and see-through stocking in the same tone. Soft blouse. Then 2): Re-think the same clothes with scraped-

back hair, no makeup, no earring, heavy shoe and stocking, and (since we're stacking the deck anyway) a strict shirt underneath. CLONK.... We have news for you: no clothes are totally undemanding. **Dark colors** can have depth and luxury, but they need all the light they can get to be friendly—**light on the face**, around the face; lightness on the leg and foot.... It's why makeup is going ivory-and-roses. Why hair is going softer. Why we're seeing **the best accessories in years**—marvelous, light-throwing earrings. Clips. And finally—at last—really **beautiful shoes**.... All these things make clothes work—they bring allure to a look that could be, with a little neglect, a bit too comfy for comfort. Remember, you're going to be in sweat-

ers day and night. Coats, dresses, pants suits, tops—anything that can be knitted is. Anything that can't, can be a sweater by osmosis (the sweater that's going to blow your mind: a little throw-on-and-go fur cardigan). **Go for the sweater that feels like a sweater**, no matter what it's made of. Avoid extremes: a tight, flat knit looks hard; too loose is flimsy—you can feel it unraveling before your eyes. Stay clear of big, hulky sweaters (unless you want to put on 20 pounds fast). **Stay out of tight sweaters; get into lean ones**—small-shouldered, touching somewhere on the body—bosom, waist, especially the hip.... Flash! The world is not a ball of yarn. The slip-over-all **balma-caan** is on its way (Continued)

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

VOGUE'S REAL-LIFE HEROINES	Karen Graham
(ALPHABETICALLY, WHO COULD CHOOSE?)	Lauren Hutton
PHOTOGRAPHER	Richard Avedon
EDITOR (WHO KEEPS GETTING IN THE ACT)	Polly Mellen
HAIR WIZARD	Ara Gallant
SCENE	Avedon's Studio
TIME	Fall '73

EVEN THE

NOW

THE BIG PREVIEW

(Continued) in loden, tweeds ... the straight-cut man's overcoat-coat in herringbone. All that hands-in-pockets ease you want in a coat. And small, feminine things under it—slim, matching skirt; fuzzy white pull barely sleeved.... The suit that could catapult everyone into a suit: lean skirt; shaped, slight, one-button jacket—a **tailor's suit on the brink of seduction**. But you have to push it a bit. It takes glamorous hair, legs, feet. In grey flannel for day—with a soft-tie crêpe de Chine blouse. Black at night—nothing underneath.... **Watch black go**—day or night. It's a star! ... The short black dress at night. Soft, sensuous. With lace. Glitter. Marabou.... There's a lot of allure around. Often more sensed than seen, and all the more alluring for it. **Lacy black lingerie**. Glimpses of black lace slip when you unbutton a few buttons on a shirt-dress. A sexy, wispy black lace bra that doesn't show. It doesn't have to. It's just part of your attitude about yourself, fashion... that shows.

SCENE I

What gets the
show
on the road

SUPER HAIR, SUPER CUT, in one just-above-the-shoulder length. Lauren's blown and brushed by Ara. Karen's smoothed back. ... **A PRETTY MAKEUP**. Pink and rose on ivory foundation. Emphasis on eyes, mouth. ... **FOR SOFTNESS AND ALLURE, LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT**. A narrow scarf. A wispy veil. The fashion? The deep-forest color, the sweater-knits—more of both in the pages ahead. Lauren's wool pullover: Ralph Lauren, about \$65. Late July, at Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Neiman-Marcus. Karen in Kasper's fur-collared sweater-coat (full-length, p. 44). Accessories, next to last page. The location, Avedon's studio, scene of another preview on the next 22 pages: a sampling of the celebrated photographed over the past 27 years by Avedon. All of the studies will be part of a retrospective at London's National Portrait Gallery and at the Kunsthalle in Düsseldorf next year.







SCENE ■■■

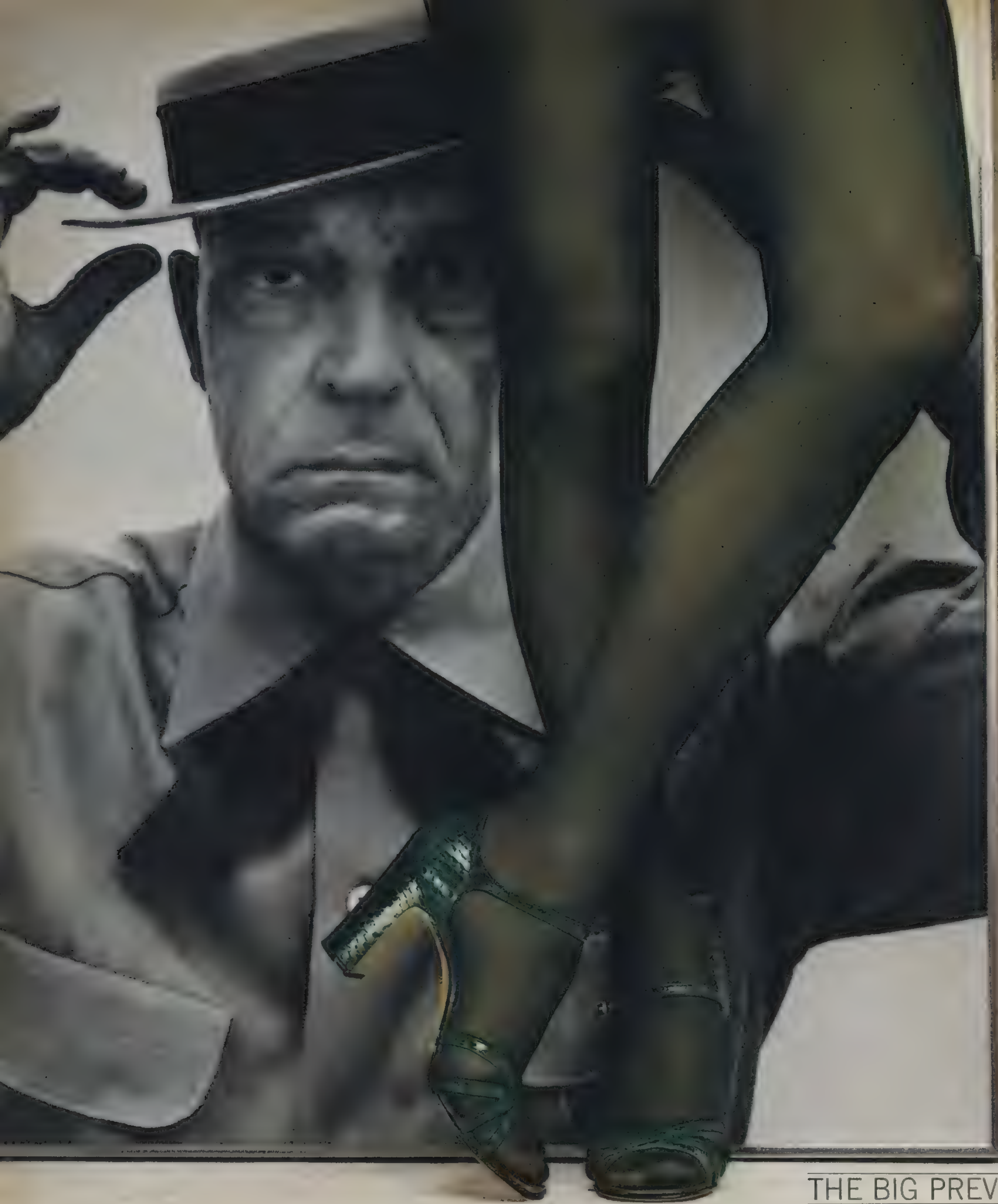
At the root of everything this year there is a sweater

Sweaters have gone beyond themselves; they're ultra-sweaters. Longer, leaner, knittier—they can make everything look new. It's all in the putting together. . . . **THE PANTS SUIT LIKE A SWEATER**, left: Lauren in the longer, leaner wool cardigan in grey; grey wool Shetland pants. Terrific way to look for dinner: with a white crêpe blouse, silver-fox boa, marvelous earrings and makeup . . . with no-colors, makeup needs brightening. Eyes especially—bangs help (Ara shapes Lauren's here);

so does silvery shadow (like Coty's double-headed liquid Silkstream Eye Shadow in Silverpiece and Baby Bisque). Turnout, Blassport. Acetate-and-rayon blouse, about \$66; pants, about \$80; sweater, about \$50. Late July, Saks Fifth Avenue; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Kaufmann's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Boa, about \$550. Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

THE SHIRTDRESS LIKE A SWEATER, this page—soft,

body-following, so simple it shouts. Worn—by Karen—collar open on bare skin and a gold chain; with the dash of a red hat, red clips (as Polly has added); with shoes that make legs and feet so pretty you want to be in skirts again. By Geoffrey Beene Boutique; wool, angora, and nylon (Conell fabric). About \$170. At Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Halle's-Cleveland; O'Neil's; Jacobson's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Hair by Ara Gallant. Accessories on the next to last page of this issue.



THE BIG PREVIEW

SCENE ■■■

accessories after the fact

WITH LEGS REALLY IN THE PICTURE THIS YEAR, above, there are great-looking shoes to make you glad to have pretty legs again. Like these green snakeskin sandals—closed in back, open enough to keep

them alluring, and set on a high, neat heel for balance. To keep the color going—a thin-ribbed stocking just sheer enough to reveal what's inside. Herbert Levine sandals; \$55. At Bonwit Teller. Tights by Belle-Sharmeer, of Monsanto texturized nylon; \$4. At Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Halle's-Cleveland; L. S. Ayres; Marshall Field.

FORGET ABOUT UPTIGHT

SHIRTS AND TURTLENECKS, opposite, what you're going to want now is the softest, prettiest blouse. By itself. Or under a sweater, a jacket—it's a whole other look. Especially in these new colors from Saint Laurent. Lauren, left, in black-on-black checks, all buttoned up. And Karen, right, in American-beauty checks—opened, the poetic tie looped once—the same blouse, two ways. Silk crêpe de Chine;

each about \$135. August, at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.; Joseph Horne; Swanson's; Sakowitz; May D & F; I. Magnin. Karen's black pants by Ann Tjian for Tjian Sport, of wool and polyester. Accessories, next to last page. . . . The makeup that goes with it—soft but emphatic. Estée Lauder's Coral Peach Re-Nutriv Lipstick for a gleaming mouth. For eye dazzle, Terra Cotta shadow, from the Palazzo Eye Collection.





SCENE IV

The big change—
the look of
legs and feet
for day

With the length—with the mood
—of the new clothes, a rust
suede slingback version of **THE
SHOE THAT MAKES ALL
THINGS POSSIBLE**, this page:
slim, high heeled, lightlight-
light on the foot, plus a same
tone, see through stocking—it's
the lift of the year. The
glamourmaker. The have-to-
have thing. This slingback, by
David Evins. \$50. At Delman
Shoe Salon; Sakowitz;
Nordstrom. Burlington
tights, of Caress nylon.
At Bloomingdale's.

**THE PERFECT SHOE FOR
PANTS**, right: David Evins' neat
little monk-strap flat in rust
suede—as country-casual as
you can get. But light. Pretty.
That's the point. . . .Tights in
nut-brown checks. The pants—
talk about perfect!—trim beige
whipcords from Calvin Klein. . . .
Shoes, \$55. Bonwit Teller; Stix,
Baer & Fuller. Hanes tights,
Bloomingdale's. Wool pants
(Hamburger Woolen fabric),
loomed in America; about \$60.
At Altman's; Joseph Horne;
I. Magnin.



THE BIG PREVIEW



SCENE V

Is there no end to the things a sweater can be?

None—whatever in the world you could possibly want to put on your back this fall, a sweater is all of them...**THE SWEATER IS A FUR-TRIMMED SUIT JACKET**, worn by Karen, far left. Long, lean, green with fluffs of ruddy raccoon (so becoming, these long-hair furs—like light around the face). Green tweed skirt. Rust challis print shirt. Kasper for Joan Leslie. Wool sweater, collar of dyed raccoon; wool-and-polyester skirt; rayon shirt. Suit, about \$285. August, Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Harzfeld's; Neusteters; Joseph Magnin.

On Lauren, left, **THE SWEATER AS A COAT**—the slightest little stringbean of a cardigan you could hope to fall into. Knitted in black—a color you're going to see a lot of this year—bound

in black leather. With brick jersey shirt and pants. Ilie Wacs turnout. Coat, of Orlon; shirt and pants, Jasco Fabrics wool jersey, knitted in America. About \$260. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.

THE SWEATER AS A TWO-PIECE DRESS, right—belted overblouse, pleated skirt in navy jersey—very easy-breezy and open, and just snugged over the hips (watch this line; it gives a certain subtle allure to the new clothes). Karen wears it. Dress by Damon Sport, of Dacron-and-wool jersey (Jerse-line fabric). Top, about \$80; skirt, about \$60. Late July, Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Jacobson's. Hair, Ara Gallant. Accessories, next to last page.







AVEDON

SCENE VI

Your coat is a
sweater,
your fur is a
sweater

... *everything* is. At left, for one seductive example, Lauren in a flirt of veiling and **SILVER-FOX CLOUDS ON A COAT THAT'S JUST ONE SMALL, SOFT SWEATER OVER ANOTHER**—a matching skirt in nubby pepper-and-salt knit. Calvin Klein; acrylic. Coat, about \$365; skirt, about \$56. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's; Marshall Field; Maison

Blanche; Balliet's....Two versions, above, of **THE FUR WITH THE SOUL OF A LITTLE CASHMERE CARDIGAN**. Which is how it's lined—edge to edge—and how it feels on. Only luxier, cozier. Better. No question: if you owe yourself something special, this is it—the Ultimate Sweater. . . . Lauren's, left, of natural Canadian marten, \$1,800; Karen's natural

unplucked nutria, \$800. By Viola Sylbert for Alixandre. Henri Bendel; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Swanson's. I. Magnin. On Lauren, makeup in the mood of this tawny understatement: warm color polished with gold—skin, nails, lips, especially eyes. These unbrassy gleams, from the new Ultima II Art of Gold Collection, by Charles Revson. Accessories, next to last page.



THE BIG PREVIEW

SCENE VII

The sweater is
a jacket is
a shirt is
the longest
sweater

What this year's sweaters are is lightweight with a definite line to them so the shape of the body always comes through. Sweaters that call for lean—not tight—skirts, pants that are slim and straight to keep the proportion in tow. . . . Far left, Lauren in Chester Weinberg's heathery oatmeal **SWEATER-JACKET**, opened to reveal a perfect beige shirt and camel wool skirt. Wool sweater by Chester Now, about \$70. Early August, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Stanley Korshak; Maison Blanche; Dayton's; Foley's.

Left, Karen in a cashmere **SWEATER-SHIRT**—this year's sweater to own, worn alone or under another sweater. Here, in deep cranberry, a color that goes with anything—camel, grey, black—worn over camel wool flannel pants. . . . Don't miss the small, soft hats, the shoes and stockings that pick up the color and keep the line going—that's what it's all about. More color news not to be missed—SoftCare LipColor, filled with vitamins C and E, in Strawberry; by Helena Rubinstein. Jaeger sweater-shirt, about \$70, and wool-and-cashmere pants, about \$56. Both, Jaeger International Shop; O'Neil's; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

THE LONGEST SWEATER, this page: lean, trim, close to the body. Great with pants—like these in supple camel suède. With a knitted cap, knitted gloves rolled back. Wool-and-silk knit sweater by Bonnie Cashin for the Knittery, about \$70; pants, by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills, about \$150. Both, at Lord & Taylor; L.S. Ayres; Jacobson's. Pants, also at Hutzler's. Accessories, next to last page.





THE BIG PREVIEW

SCENE VIII

The way you put yourself together at night

GO WITH THE MOOD OF A BEAUTIFUL SHIRT, left—don't just look, listen. This Saint Laurent black silk jersey on Lauren practically tells you how to wear it: when a shirt falls open so perfectly, feels so soft, sensuous—how else but unbuttoned? With thin, thin chains of rhinestones, light as tinsel against the skin. With a glittery clip (the jewel to own). With its own short skirt. Other skirts. Pants. Night after night—this is one of those low-key thrillers that can take a lot of going-around. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche shirt and skirt, about \$355. Late July, Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin.

Accessories, next to last page. Hair combed by Ara Gallant.

THE SHOE THAT MAKES YOU WANT TO BE IN A SHORT DRESS AT NIGHT, right: high-heeled, delicately heeled... lighter than shoes have been in years. Prettier. Sexier. And stockings in the same glamorous mood... Here, on Legs Lauren, David Evins' black silk open-toe pump... sheer black tights... and a tantalizing glimpse of marabou hem on Saint Laurent's short black silk jersey dress... Shoes, \$65. At I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Round-the-Clock tights, at Altman's; O'Neil's; Hudson's; J.W. Robinson.



The culture of
being
in black at night

WHY A SEXY, PRETTY, LACY
BLACK SUIT?—well, perfume?—
it's a good idea, isn't it? But then
again, why not? Well, you do as
much for the sake of your own
pleasure as for the
pleasure of others? Think about
it. The wind of allure on
Lauren, left, nylon lace, \$5.
Trousers, and the lacy black nylon
suit, right (\$4), by Vassarette. Lord
& Taylor; Wanamaker's, Phila.;
G. Foxwiltz; Bullock's....
Remember the one-button suit
Bill Brass did for summer—
narrow shoulders—nothing
under the jacket? Every other
woman in the country wanted
that suit; it ran out of the stores.
So will his **NEW ONE-BUTTON
SUIT IN BLACK GABARDINE**,
right: small, shaped, unstiff.
And worn by Lauren, with pretty
hair, pretty legs, pretty feet;
nothing underneath. It's a suit
you bring a little something to
and then—it's a killer. All,
Brassport (the silver-fox boa,
too—and it gives a lovely light).
Suit, about \$200; Anglo Fabrics
wool, loomed in America. At
the Elizabeth Arden Salon,
New York; Garfinckel's, D.C.;
L. S. Ayres; Gus Mayer;
Harzfeld's. Hair, Ara Gallant.
Fur and accessory details, next
to last page this issue.





THE BIG PREVIEW

SCENE X

The things
that go
on at night

A look, a mood, the difference between underwear and lingerie, left: **THE SLIP THAT'S PRETTY ENOUGH TO BE SEEN OUT AT NIGHT**—delicious lacy glimpses of it at the plunge of a neckline, the slit of a skirt. This one—on Lauren—in deep-brown jersey with black lace edgings. By Bill Tice for Royal, of Qiana nylon (Blue Ridge-Winkler Textiles); \$60. Bonwit Teller. . . . On Lauren (with bangs), right: **THE BODY-UNDERNEATH DRESS**—like wrapping yourself into a marvelous piece of soft, silky red jersey; it just clings where it touches and slithers on. If you're in shape, it's fantastic; if you're not, it's worth the effort. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, of rayon matte jersey; about \$165. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's; J. W. Robinson. Hair, Ara Gallant. Accessories, next to last page.







THE BIG PREVIEW

SCENE XI

The short dress
at night—
with lace—with
glitter

Just in case you thought the thrill had gone out of shirtdressing, here's Karen, opposite, in Adele Simpson's metallic-striped gold on black, **WITH A BIT OF LACY BLACK SLIP SHOWING UNDERNEATH —IT'S A WHOLE NEW LIFE FOR THE SHIRTDRESS.** This one, of viscose and metallic thread; about \$225. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; O'Neil's; Hudson's; Stanley Korshak; Harzfeld's; Balliet's. Vassarette slip, of Enka Crepeset nylon; \$16. Saks Fifth Avenue.

HOW ABOUT THIS TWO-PIECE BLACK LACE DAZZLER on Lauren, left—so cobwebby, it just skims the body and moves like a dream, jewels flickering, scallops flirting around the leg—and makes us all long to be in a black lace dress again. By Hubert Latimer for Mollie Parnis, of viscose and polyester; about \$635. Mid-July at Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Kaufmann's; Maison Blanche; Neiman-Marcus; Swanson's. Ara Gallant coif.

Accessories, next to last page.





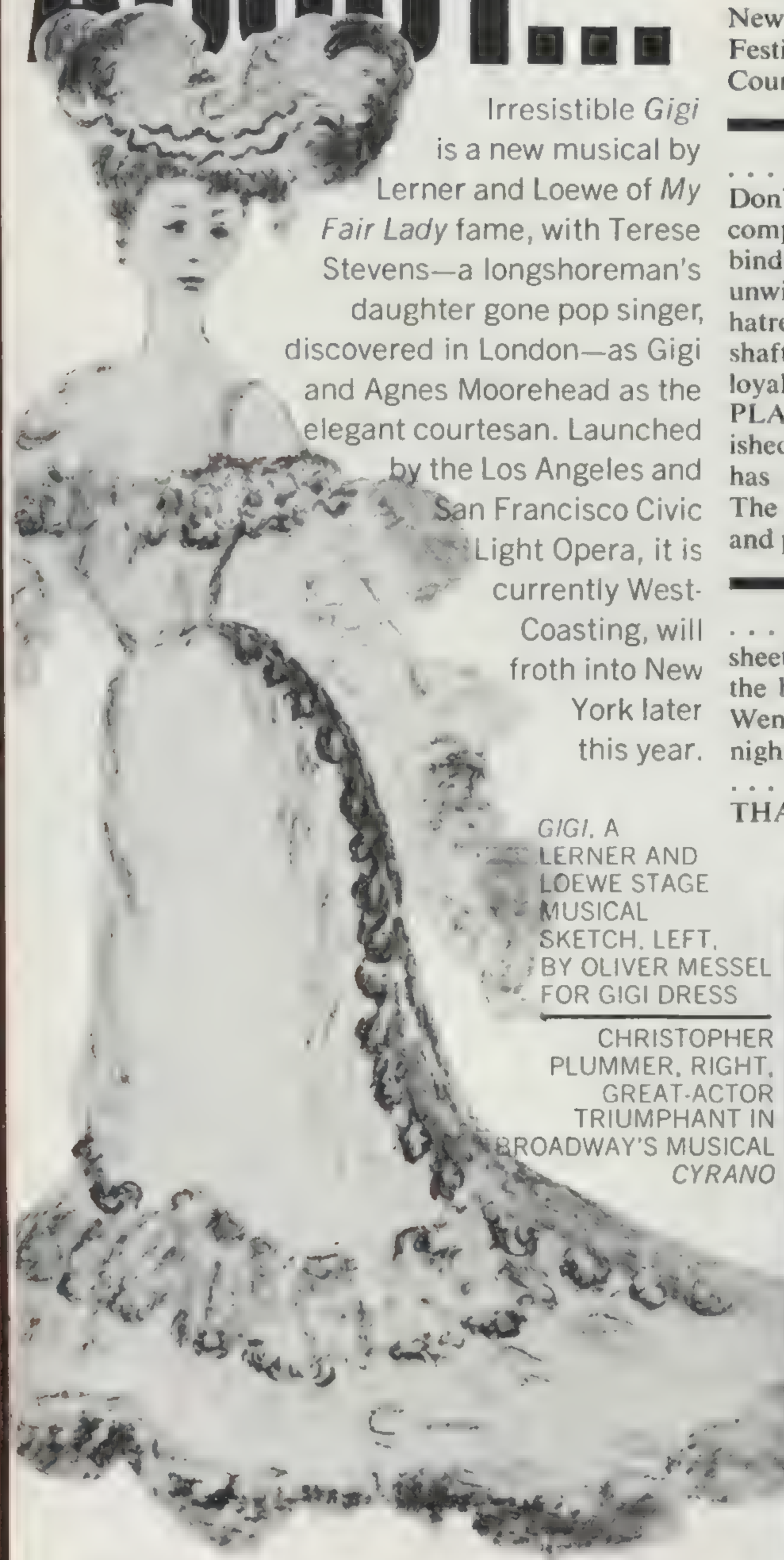
THE BIG PREVIEW

SCENE XII

The prettiest
new thing for your
hair—bangs

REAL BANGS—LONG, FULL, SILKY—they put the focus where it should be this year: on eyes. Making them bigger... making the whole face softer, more seductive. Anything that can do that for you, does Everything. It's why you want a **REALLY GOOD EYE MAKEUP. AND GREAT EARRINGS. AND THIN RHINESTONE CHAINS. AND MARVELOUS HAIR**—gleaming, shoulder-clearing, all-of-a-length, soft-around-the-face hair. All those little facets of allure that turn lights on the face... On Karen, opposite: K.J.L. rhinestone hoops, at Bonwit Teller. Lauren's rhinestone earrings, below, by Eisenberg Ice, at Henri Bendel. The master hair-touch here, and on all the preceding pages —Ara Gallant's.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



Irresistible *Gigi* is a new musical by Lerner and Loewe of *My Fair Lady* fame, with Terese Stevens—a longshoreman's daughter gone pop singer, discovered in London—as Gigi and Agnes Moorehead as the elegant courtesan. Launched by the Los Angeles and San Francisco Civic Light Opera, it is currently West-Coasting, will froth into New York later this year.

GIGI, A LERNER AND LOEWE STAGE MUSICAL SKETCH, LEFT, BY OLIVER MESSEL FOR GIGI DRESS

CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER, RIGHT, GREAT-ACTOR TRIUMPHANT IN BROADWAY'S MUSICAL CYRANO

Plumes, swordplay, and the grand swirl of capes are as nothing to **CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER'S** performance as Cyrano, played with virile wit, lusty comedy, and shades from rough to tender in his unexpected readings of the familiar lines in this old warhorse, lately brushed up by Anthony Burgess. Plummer is plainly the actor of his era, a master of craft disciplining, emotion.



... The ultimate, not-to-be-put-down will to survival and justice in the oldest democratic republic in the world—Us. ... AT&T's decision to honor credit-card and collect phone calls from here to the People's Republic of China. ... The intellectual biographer whose book was late to hit the review pages and his friendly comment: "Oh well, they're not really interested in anything but the female orgasm now."

... In Italy, MARIANGELA MELATO, the star-bright movie girl who's being compared by everyone to Monica Vitti. ... "Julius Caesar, William the Conqueror, and You"—the pitch by letter and brochure from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEINSTER inviting one to purchase twenty-five square feet of Sussex (just right for a tea basket on the green?); \$675 for this "corner of a foreign field that is for ever England." ... In New York, the windup of the Newport Jazz Festival, often the best part—with the Duke, the Count, Cab Calloway, and newcomers.

... Owl bumper stickers saying "Give a hoot. Don't pollute." ... William Humphrey's potent, compelling novel "PROUD FLESH," about the binding ties of family, how the skeins tangle and unwind in a time of crisis, still leaving old hatreds brewing, disputes unsettled, with brief shafts of light splintering the murk of Texas loyalties. ... Molnar's spiked comedy, "THE PLAY'S THE THING," vintage 1926, refurbished for Broadway by P. G. Wodehouse who has given Neil Flanagan, the actor who plays The Actor, a whole Michelin Guide to swallow and pour forth in the heat of passion.

... Sir Noël Coward—*His Words and Music*, sheet music and lyrics bound in paper, twenty of the best, including "Nina," "World Weary," "I Went to a Marvelous Party," and, for very late nights, "Some Day I'll Find You"—total bliss. ... The dance-mad kids flocking to the MARTHA GRAHAM Dance Company to see her



HERBERT ROSS—PRODUCER-DIRECTOR OF BIG CHILLS



LINDSAY ANDERSON AND MALCOLM McDOWELL IN *O, LUCKY MAN!*

great *Clytemnestra*—Mary Hinkson brilliant in the original Graham role. ... E. G. MARSHALL, ONE SWELL ACTOR who deserves something better than the soft stuff given him to play as Ogden Nash in *Nash at Nine*. ... All those people resurrecting old campaign buttons and making up slogans for 1976.

... "L'AMOUR," the new Andy Warhol movie, in which two young slob, Jane and Donna, are Paris-changed to "elegant"; after a go at the sweet and sexy life, one goes back to the U.S. to get her high-school diploma. ... Warner Bros. pushing the luck of "Dueling Banjos" with an oompah record of "Dueling Tubas." ... KLAVAN IN THE MORNING on New York's WNEW (radio) tuning in the hearings on Dr. Isobar, his weatherman, with Trevor Traffic, the helicopter cloud scout, refusing to answer questions "on the grounds."

"FACING THE LIONS," a novel by Tom Wicker, sometimes thought of as the Peck's Bad Boy of *The New York Times's* Washington Bureau; full of the excitements, the hunches, the bloody hard work that makes a newsman's Washington scene; as hard to put down as his informed, clear-headed, clean-punching column accurately jabbing at the sag and soar of politics.

Moviemen in India are in all their various heavens if they can sign on the "Twinkle-Toed Charmer;" **HELEN, QUEEN OF THE NAUTCH GIRLS**, right, who has made roughly five hundred films — mostly four-hour melos, very toff with song-and-dance routines that prove Busby Berkeley suffers not a jot in translation. Sleek, supple, gorgeously succulent Helen can do them all, with flames and belly-flips of native passion thrown in. Swiveling down a curved staircase, she's a knockout . . . spangled for flamenco, she yells "Holé!" . . . in a gold mini-skirt with her guy in a striped T-shirt, a Manhattan backdrop, she's the *West Side Story* of the East. Watch for her—in the new Merchant-Ivory short of Helen film clips—with a whole chorus dancing on the keys of a red-and-white typewriter.

JATIN MISTRY



INDIA'S TOP NAUTCH

Motion pictures and the big return of **THRILLERS**,

with shaggy, crag-faced **HERBERT ROSS**, left above, all set to plunge into *The Last of Sheila*, screenplay by—of all people—Stephen Sondheim (without music and lyrics; those are in *A Little Night Music*) and actor Anthony Perkins; lots of yachts and things; the whole deal is a switch for Ross whose previous work includes *The Owl and The Pussy-cat*. . . . **MALCOLM McDOWELL**, star, and **LINDSAY ANDERSON**, director, both left below, who have made *O Lucky Man!* a great, splashy movie, wonderfully human and vexing, as irrationally funny as life, destroying the "work-ethic," smacked with stars, spliced with terrific music by Alan Price. . . . **ELIZABETH TAYLOR**, left, in *Night Watch*, a suspense flick complete with deserted house and banging shutters, just in back of the luxed-up London pad where Liz lives and, incidentally, sleeps in silk tea gowns wearing a ruby ring the size of an overgrown quail's egg.

LIZ TAYLOR GOES SPOOKY



FRONTIER AMERICANA AT THE WHITNEY

At the Whitney Museum, from now until mid-September, New York's first major **"FRONTIER" EXHIBITION** records the whole brave, reckless, wonderful push to the West — both myth and image — as it is laid bare in eighty-odd nineteenth-century canvases. Some famous; many more little known—for instance, *The War Path*, left, done by Bavarian-born Johannes Adam Simon Oertel, who also did the ceiling decor for the House of Representatives in 1857-58. Scouts, greenhorns, Indians, gamblers, pioneers, the discovery of the Comstock lode—a true slice of American history.

. . . The movie **"BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY,"** an honestly affecting tearjerker about pro-football, with Robert de Niro excellent as a dumb, unappealing jock. . . . **"ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL"** by Dr. James Herriot, the animal book everybody's after now because it's loving, funny, and never cute in spite of a mad cast of characters.

. . . The Watergate drink, an oldie revived: rotgut on the rocks. . . . **"THERE GOES RHYMIN' SIMON,"** the new album released on Columbia's label to coincide with Paul's first solo tour coast to coast. . . . **UNCLE TAI'S HUNAN YUAN**, one of the latest in New York's pell-mell of Chinese restaurants—the light is ghastly, the food is delicious, all degrees of spicy.

Borne on the breeze — invented on the spur — or just takin' the living easy

Summer Pleasures

★ Getting away, turning loose, peeling down to sandals or Keds and your most congenial shirt and shorts. . . . Not getting up in the morning—or rising with the rosy-fingered for a dawn walk on the beach, a swim before breakfast. . . . A long sail with drinks and dinner after you drop anchor, then a late swim off the boat. . . . Scotland in late August, when "the nights are drawing in" down South. . . . Taking a house in Provence. . . . Playing the Longines records *Golden Memories of Radio*, with *Easy Aces* included. . . . Auctions—and you might have a look at *Country Things*, a big paperback assembled by *Antiques* magazine; astonish your friends by knowing your stuff even if you're only along for kicks.

★ *Ecology*: Discover your own cause now when the world is in full flux and flower; emotion does not "blur intelligence" in Anne W. Simon's thoughtful, loving book. *No Island Is An Island*, about the recent fate and viable future of *Martha's Vineyard* where commerce has changed character, as it may well do in other places of repose if no one bends to the effort of compromise and preservation.

★ *Food*: Ratatouille—chunk up everything fresh from your own garden or a country market, cook till liquid all but evaporates; serve hot with cold jumbo shrimp to be peeled at table and dipped in a sauce remoulade; pour a chilly white wine. . . . Easy cucumber soup—cook one package frozen chopped spinach, run through blender with chopped cucumber (unpeeled if you can get it unwaxed), cream of chicken soup; add salt, onion salt, milk to taste. . . . Tomatoes, garden-fresh and ripe, sliced on a white plate, sprinkled with salt, coarsely ground pepper, a little sugar, just plain cider vinegar. . . . Prosciutto with figs.

★ *Beach and Country Reading*: By Rex Stout, *Three Trumps*, *A Nero Wolfe Omnibus*—never a dull moment, especially when Nero Wolfe breaks precedent to go to Albania; *Breakfast of Champions* by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. who delivers laughs and comments well and truly on good and evil; *Play Poker to Win* by "Amarillo Slim" Preston with Bill G. Cox—no guarantees, but there are those late summer nights when the chips are up or down; John Braine's *Queen of a Distant Country*, an almost distinguished novel about a writer's loophole to fame; *Those Swiss Money Men*—gnomes and all—by Ray Vicker; *Sex Goddesses of the Silent Screen* by Norman Zierold—Clara Bow from Brooklyn and all that, for gilded lovers of the silver screen; scads of new paperbacks about *herbs*—more in than ever, and Helen M. Fox offers *The Years in My Herb Garden*; adventurous nuts can try *The Weed Cookbook* or, better still, *The Flower Cookbook*. . . . Hefties are a good holiday deal, too—War and Peace with a proper map, preferably oldish, and a condensed (*condensed?*) history of Russia; Proust; or a stack of Dickens—all because you need big gulps of time to dive deep into these and take in their octupine clutches of characters and locales.

ON MY MIND

Living in Two Places Shows Us Ourselves

By Hortense Calisher

EDITOR'S NOTE: A wife who can find delicacies in the tiniest village, a cook whose parties glow with literary and musical lights, Hortense Calisher is a college professor and a writer of stories, articles, reviews, and novels. The earliest novel was *False Entry* in 1961; the latest, *Eagle-Eye*, is planned for next fall.

I live in two villages. Each peculiar unto itself, as villages almost always are. One is an apartment house on West Fifty-seventh Street in New York City. The other, a commune that for some fifty years has served artists of all kinds, where I live as wife of the director, is in New York's Saratoga County, one hundred and ninety miles away. Two main roads between—the Taconic State Parkway until snow comes, the New York State Thruway until it goes—have become local to us. We know the unchristened mountain shapes that pass us and greet each oddity among them, like the neat factory complex that lyrically calls itself Star Mountainville (does it make zippers or something sinister and electronic?—I would rather not know) or BAMBI MANOR—a farmhouse with a chalet front added perhaps thirty years ago, I dream each time I see it, by some Hitler refugee or maybe by two from Manhattan who had read that book.

What living in only one village at a time never quite taught me is that when you don't know the local facts but must invent them, you always dream these the same way. In like wise, as we become connoisseurs of all the skylines, rockfalls, and remarkable Catskill rains between our two regions and are asked at each end, as always, to report one to the other, we realize even more poignantly what is being taught us. Living in a single village or city, as I have done with equal passion, one gets to know very well, as a hurricane eats the riverbank or the lights go out in a million parapets, how dependent man is on his local "weather." Living as we do, between two points distant enough to differ, we get to see how subject the world is to the weather *between*.

"What I discover, migrating between my two houses, is a permanence that both of them share"

You must understand, of course, that we actually live, consecutively and consistently, in both these places. Neither is the weekend house, nor are we summer or winter people only. At first, like some weekenders, we did attempt differing clothes and personalities; but as our two villages equalize, these become inextricably mixed and even cliché-reversing: the dress I give up in New York as too formal is just right for the gala at the Queensbury Hotel in Glens Falls; the rough-cut sweater returns to the city to walk around SoHo. Where once we brought gourmet foods north only, now we bring to New York the Basmati rice, obtainable on Second Avenue in small, rare quantities, which we can get in Albany in five-pound bags. We still stock the Saratoga freezer with Ninth Avenue meat; but the butcher, getting into our swing of things, comes north to us to fish. Meanwhile, daily, the two habitations begun so variously—the darkish city brown study at helicopter level, and the glassy lake level, open equally to sky and woodchucks—grow more and more alike. We know why, of course—their

common denominator is us. What we did not expect is that the combination would begin to teach us so much about who and what we are.

Yesterday at nine in the morning I sat in the Fifty-seventh Street lobby with my bags. Never was a knapsack person; now I know it twice—but there is more. As I sit, Mr. W. comes to chat with me of Imperialist Russia and Nazi Germany, both in his books, and to tell me a moving story, from his thirty-five years' residence here, about a tenant I have merely greeted for ten. The H.'s pass and salute, in a whiff of theater air. I see several friends, more acquaintances, and as many worlds. Of well over a hundred families here, perhaps twenty have been in our flat; some I will never know, and some are village characters; two or three are "close." If struck ill in the night, I have people to phone. Yet I can be blessedly, fearfully alone here. I was an apartment-house child. No summers away could ever change that psyche. I love its reticences and know its terrors. At fourteen, when I first saw the bare walls and boards of the flat which for all my sentient life had been us, I was limp with grief. (Was it then I became the nest-clutcher, cleaving to the idea of only one, either in my grasp or over the rainbow—the one true Star Mountainville?) My children, when we gave up the house in a village of three hundred people where they had grown up, would feel the same. The city, village is—only faster in its transiency. What I discover, migrating between my two, is a permanence both share.

For, about three hours later, I am in "my" house. Although it is separate and very private, the sense up here is as of a feudal estate, some four hundred acres, on which all of us are artist-tourists, in residence for a time. One can be very alone here; the place is designed for it. Yet one's bellyache is known within the hour to all. One may love the place deeply for its meditative beauty, under the release that no one may ever own it, alone. Like the others, we live here as visitors whose only certainty is the work we bring. The peculiarity of this place is that one's transiency is aboveboard and well known. Otherwise it is a village like all the rest.

What have I learned, then, that even travel never quite taught? When we leave New York now, we say we're going "home." Our friends there nod wisely, saying, "Ah, you've left us. We always knew you would." Leaving Saratoga, we say the same and see in the others' faces, "Ah, if you leave us, you're not really ours." They are both of them wrong and right. We live with our socks and our souls in both places, inextricably mixed. Traveling between, seeing my cranky little habits all the clearer for it, I learn not to choose too hard, how to watch the triumph of the personal over any real estate.

Each of my two "places" is so settled looking, yet having both has taught me what the Bedouin must know about the tent—that the relationship between the transient and the permanent is constant and carried about with one for life. That the village, no matter its extensions into town, country, or desert, is the metaphor we make, must make, anywhere. Underneath all the moving-about, all the settling-in, the life-pools are only as wet as ever, the roofs only just as safe and dry, in the very same substratum we lived in as children, when, even at a pinch, we managed to be welcome everywhere. ■

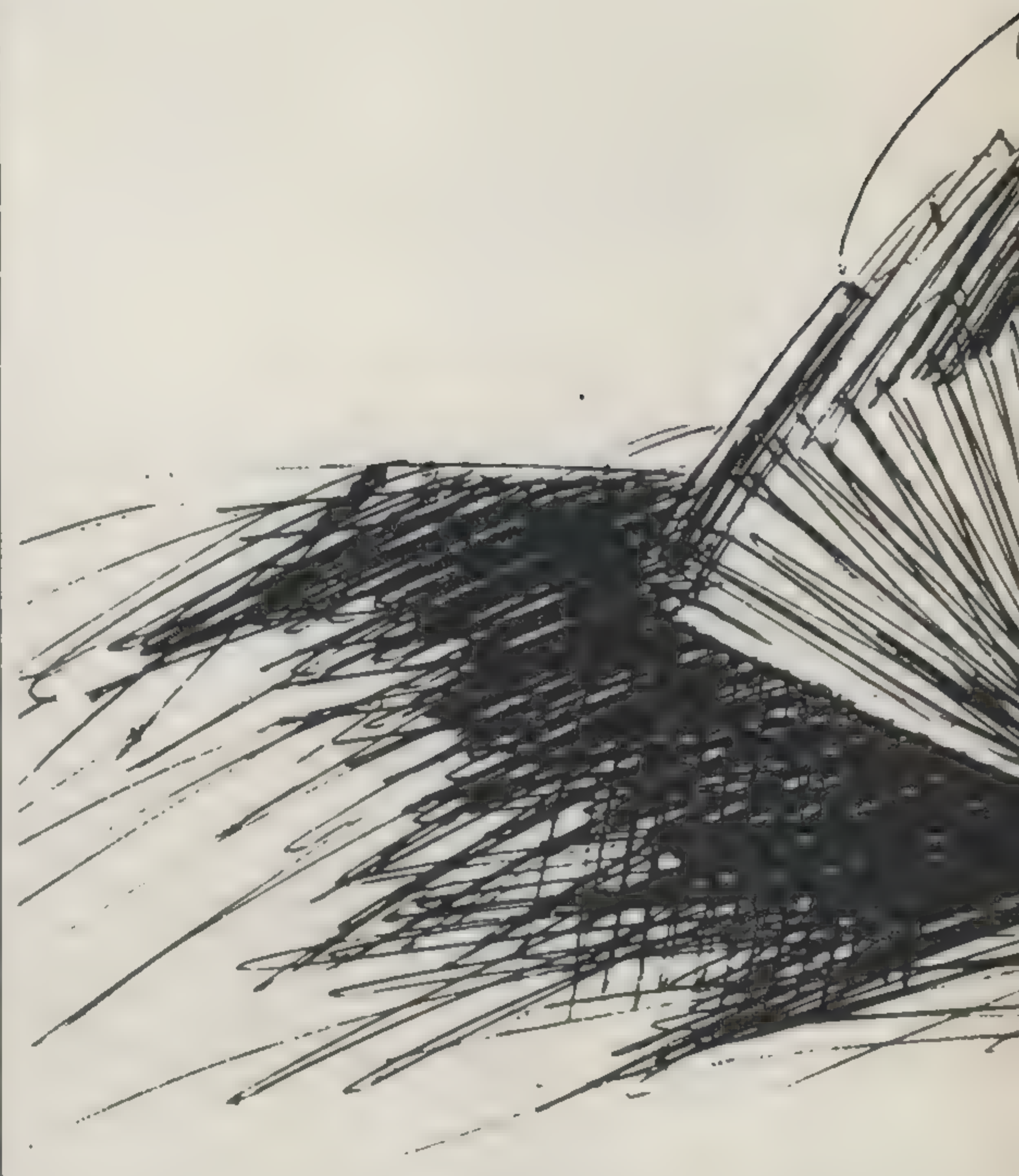
EDITOR'S NOTE: Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., whose outrageously funny and unflinchingly serious books—the newest is *Breakfast of Champions* (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence)—have made him a youth-culture hero, presented this essay as a speech at 139-year-old Wheaton College in Norton, Massachusetts, as part of an anniversary celebration for Wheaton Library.

I congratulate this beloved college for having a library. If a teacher forgets something, he or she doesn't have to pretend he or she still knows it. He or she can come to the library and look it up, or he or she can force a student to look it up. Nobody has to fake facts at Wheaton, unless he or she is too lazy to live.

The burning of the library of Wheaton would not be the intellectual catastrophe that the burning of the library of Alexandria, Egypt, was. There were no duplicates of many of the books at Alexandria. Our civilization has since developed a mania for duplication. Because there are so many duplicates of everything, our culture can be said to be fireproof.

I think we can say without fear of contradiction, too, that our books are not as full of baloney as many of the lost books of Alexandria were. People in those days believed all sorts of things which simply were not true. Those were pitiful days.

The Alexandrians believed that the World was the center of the Universe. They didn't know that teeny-weeny little animals and unhappy childhoods caused a lot of disease. They fought with knives. That's all in your library here—what those people were like. We're in there, too.





CHRISTIAN PIPER

America: What's Good, What's Bad?

By Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

A half-century old himself but heard loud and clear by the young, the writer of "Slaughterhouse-Five" scores our past and future

New books about us arrive every day. What are we like? We are a mixture of good and evil.

I am fascinated by the good and evil in myself and in everyone, and I can't get anybody to talk about either one any more. People are embarrassed for me.

I am fascinated by the good and evil in your library.

As for goodness: Members of my generation in America had the illusion of being very, very good during the Second World War. This was because we were engaged in a just war. Most people never have that exhilarating experience. Almost every war ends, properly, with its veterans feeling deceived and pointless and gullible, with their being persuaded that all participants were equally vile. It wasn't so with American veterans in World War Two and British veterans and Canadian veterans and Australian veterans and Frenchmen who had fought on our side—and so on. We would have said the Nazis were evil in any event, since we had decided to fight them. That has always been the style in war, until very recently, anyhow: to declare the enemy evil—in order that we can be frenzied on the battlefield. Imagine our surprise when we discovered that our German enemies really were satanic this time. They had been accused of making soap and candles out of human beings in the First World War. They really did it in the second one. We had fought something which was totally obscene.

This was very bad for us. We were empty-headed children in that war, as all ground soldiers are. Anything could be put in our heads and we would believe it. And one idea that was put into our heads was that our enemies were so

awful, so evil, that we, by contrast, must be remarkably pure. That illusion of purity, to which we were entitled in a way, has become our curse today. And I celebrate your having a library because it is the memory of mankind. It reminds us that all human beings are to a certain extent impure.

To put it another way: all human beings are to some extent greedy and cruel—and angry without cause. Here I am, due to become fifty years old two days from now. I have imagined during most of that half century that I was responding to life around me as a just and sensitive man, blowing my cork with good reason from time to time. Only recently, with the help of a physician, have I realized that I have blown my cork every twenty days, no matter what is really going on. I become cruel—and I become angry without cause. This is the evil in me. Lest I make some of you nervous, let me assure you that Vesuvius is not due to erupt for another six days.

I am not pure. We are not pure. Our nation is not pure. And I insist that at the core of the American tragedy, best exemplified by the massacre of civilians at My Lai, is the illusion engendered by World War Two: that in the war between good and evil we are always, perfectly naturally, on the side of good. This is what makes us so unrestrained in the uses of weaponry.

That is the most troubling thing about us: the ease and naturalness we have in contemplating weapons or even owning them. They should give us at least a mild case of the superstitious heebie-jeebies. They are, after all, man-killing machines. That's all they are. But a lot of people collect them: man-killing machines.

My father collected guns. He kept them oiled. He traded them with other gun nuts—those man-killing machines. This was his way of proving to Indianapolis, Indiana, that he wasn't a pansy, even though he was in the arts: he was an architect. I simply left Indianapolis, which is a big improvement on spitting into corners and collecting guns. And what does this have to do with the library at Wheaton? Well, among other things, there are a lot of gun stories in there, both history books and novels about the creative use of explosives and firearms.

It may be that such mind-rotting histories and novels have as much to do with American character flaws as did World War Two. I am not competent to represent historians who have focused on the evolution of human violence, on how wars were lost or won. I can represent fiction writers, though, and I want to apologize for all of us. We have ended so many of our stories with gun fights, with showdowns and death, and millions upon millions of simpletons have mistaken our stories for models for modern living. We have ended our stories with showdowns and death so often because we're so lazy. That's no way to live—but it's a peachy way to end a tale. It became more than the end of story after story to Lee Harvey Oswald and Sirhan Sirhan and Arthur Bremer, to name a few. To the likes of them, it became the most compelling myth, most ennobling moral lesson of our times.

What other damage have storytellers done? Well—again—they did it innocently, and they were simply trying to solve certain technical problems inherent in their (Continued on page 64)

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.: In America, life often imitates art; our fiction writers are responsible for shoot-outs, slaughters

(Continued)

craft. The shoot-out was a way to end a story, a hard thing to do. Another thing that was hard to do was to hold the attention of a reader or watcher for any length of time. It was discovered that audiences had an easier time of it if they didn't have to care equally about all the characters in a tale. So storytellers provided plots with characters whose destinies mattered a lot and other characters who were as disposable as Kleenex tissues. This, too, was taken as a model for life by certain dumb bunnies. A heartbreaking example of this confusion of stories with real life was the indiscriminate butchery of bit-part players during the prison uprising at Attica, New York. All leading characters were elsewhere, so State Police with automatic shotguns could be sent in without harming the play.

What other crazy ideas have we accidentally put in people's heads? A lot of dumbbells think we put sex in there. We are innocent of the charge. The blame belongs elsewhere. I name no names. My mother-in-law wrote me a long time ago from an apartment house for moderately prosperous widows in Indianapolis, where she lived. She asked me to stop putting dirty words in my books—on economic grounds. She said she understood that I hoped to sell a lot of books because of the dirty words, but that exactly the opposite effect had been achieved—in her apartment building, at least. The dirty words were keeping her friends from buying my books. In the book she was talking about, I had had American soldiers talk as American soldiers talk, and I was glad to be free to do so.

On some level, I suppose I enjoyed the freedom to shock a few old ladies, too. And, ten or more years ago now, when students and some authors were insisting on the right to use any damn words they pleased, this was perceived by many easily frightened people as a form of assault. They were right. The primary wish of many free-speech fanatics was, I am certain, to bop prudes around. That's always fun. But something beautiful came out of the legalization of all the funny, endearing, ugly little words. We were not only free to mention any part of our bodies we damn pleased, thus improving our mental health and our understanding of ourselves to the extent that we are machines. We were free to discuss anything! When I learned politeness at my mother's knee—God rest her soul, God rest her knee—I learned not to offend anyone by discussing excretion, reproduction, religion, or a person's sources of wealth. We are free to discuss all those things now. Our minds aren't crippled any more by good taste. And I can see now all the other more sinister taboos which mingled with sexuality and excretion, such as religious hypocrisy and ill-gotten wealth. If we are to discuss truthfully what America is and what it can become, our discussion must be in absolutely rotten taste, or we won't be discussing it at all.

I suppose that writers have squirreled away communistic ideas in your library here and there. They'll do that, given half a chance. They'll hide them around like Easter eggs. I myself want a fairer sharing of work and wealth. "From each according to his abilities. To each according to his needs." What could be more beautiful than that? What could be more puritanical than that? It would be a perfectly appropriate

message to carve into Plymouth Rock.

But I am not a Marxist or a Maoist, either. I am in the arts, and my closest friends are in the arts, and under either Marxism or Maoism, or under any sort of monolithic dictatorship, we would all be creamed. I do not want to be creamed. Unlike some of my colleagues, I don't expect America to cream me by and by. This is a conservative nation. It continues to do what it has always done, for good or evil. It will continue to treat non-white people badly. It has always done that. It will continue to let its writers run free, no matter what they say. It has always done that. It's lazy about change. I'm lucky to be the color I am and to do what I do. This is the place for me.

As for schemes to make America better than it is: this much I've figured out: large families in stable neighborhoods take better care of their members than the government can. As for this last election: I was on McGovern's side, and we deserved to lose.

It isn't the end of the world here. It could be the end of the world in Vietnam. I think every human being has a potential for greatness. It seems entirely possible to me that Richard Nixon, as a lame duck, can become a great man. He must suppress the evil in himself, which is to say his unconstitutionality. So must we all.

William F. Buckley said in a recent column that I would be overjoyed by this political defeat, since I had made a career of despising America. That proves he hasn't read me much. He said, too, that I made money out of talking of love. Actually, I am highly suspicious of love, and any honest biography of me would bear that out. If somebody says, "I love you," to me, I feel as though I had a pistol pointed at my head. What can anybody say under such conditions but that which the pistol-holder requires? "I love you, too." The hell with love, and hooray for something else, which I can't even begin to name or describe.

About good and evil again—and your library. The books and the films and the records and the tapes and the pictures you have in there have come from the best parts of human beings who have often, in real life, been contemptible in many ways. The best example I know of goodness from vileness is the body of humane writings produced by Louis-Ferdinand Céline, a French physician and novelist, who was a convicted war criminal after World War Two. Louis-Ferdinand Céline was his pen name. His real name was Louis-Ferdinand Destouches. He was the son of poor people. He spent most of his adult life as a badly paid physician who treated the poor. I read his early novels without knowing anything about his vicious anti-Semitism. He kept it out of his early books. The internal evidence of those books persuaded me, and many others, too, that I was in the presence of a great man.

I was in fact in the presence of greatness in a man—the goodness he could find when ransacking himself. So be it. He is dead now. I love the good part of him. He died of natural causes. He died on July first, 1961. Curiously—Ernest Hemingway shot himself on the very same day.

Thus ends my speech. I thank you.

ON MY MIND

Women Still Get a Raw Deal in the Movies

By Eleanor Perry

Some sexist scenes behind those sexist scenes you see in movies—made by males

EDITOR'S NOTE: Eleanor Perry's screenwriting career has included the scripts for *Diary of a Mad Housewife* and *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing*. Warm and concerned, Ms. Perry has had some chilling encounters with male moviemakers, can vouch for the authenticity of the following scenes.

SCRIPT CONFERENCE

Producer: First thing we've got to decide is when he fucks her for the first time—

Woman Writer: It's a love story. You mean when he "makes love" to her for the first time.

Director: How about he fucks her after the other guy rapes her?

Associate Producer: Terrific! He fucks her after the rape!

Woman Writer: I think that's sick!

Producer: What do you know about it? That turns some men on.

Woman Writer: Anyway, I took the rape out of the script.

Associate Producer: Put the rape back in—

Woman Writer: I want her to fight off the rapist. That's truer to her character—

Producer: Rewrite her character.

STUDIO PHONE CALL

Operator: Who's making this call to New York?

Woman Producer: I am.

Operator: Whose secretary are you?

Woman Producer: I'm nobody's secretary.

Operator: Then what's the name of the man who's going to speak on the call?

Woman Producer: I'm going to speak on the call.

Operator: I'll have to ring my supervisor and get this call approved.

CASTING

Director: She's got something! She's got that cool, ladylike, hands-off look, you know? That's the kind of broad you'd like to knock off her pedestal and dirty up—bang her till her ears fall off. Let's screen-test her!

AGENCY MEETING

Agent: Look honey, I know you've got a contract that says you and he are fifty-fifty partners on this project—

Woman Producer: Don't forget I found the book and brought it to him!

Agent: Okay, so he's got a big office with paneled walls and a thick rug and great furniture and you're in the last office down the hall—

Woman Producer: It's a dirty cubbyhole with plaster patches on the ceiling and a broken air conditioner—next to the john.

Agent: Sure, I understand, your feelings are hurt—

Woman Producer: Is that what you'd tell a male producer?

Agent: Honey, call up "Maintenance" and request a new air conditioner. You'll feel better.

STORY CONFERENCE

Producer: Just be sure you put plenty of sex in the script—

Woman Writer: I didn't see much of it going on.

Producer: You kidding? All those studs and chicks jammed together on a boat for a week!

Woman Writer: Mostly they were looking for human connections—for relationships with some meaning. They were lonely people—

Producer: Losers huh? Who the hell wants to see a movie about losers?

Woman Writer: Winners don't go on singles cruises. I want to put it down the way it really was—

Producer: I don't give a damn how it really was. You just put plenty of sex in it. Or don't you dig sex? ■

I Was a Secret Shopper

By Blair Sabol

Shopping addiction grips millions of American women (only credit-card companies know their names). Can these happy compulsives be cured? . . . or should they just enjoy their hang-ups?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A New Yorker* born and brought up in Philadelphia, Blair Sabol at twenty-six writes for the unsquare downtown newspaper *The Village Voice* a column called "Outside Fashion." A good-looking, articulate, funny, likable girl who makes sense even on television talk shows, Blair Sabol has one infirmity: she's a shopping freak.

I used to keep it quiet. After all, it was an addiction not unlike booze, barbiturates, cigarettes, and—in some cases—sex. Somehow I felt I alone must deal with it. It was my personal hang-up and not something I'd like to hang out like dirty laundry for all the world to see. That is, until I realized that almost everyone is virtually hooked on the same "stuff." We are all shopping addicts. Whether we actually buy or browse, each of us has a particular store or supermarket or discount drugstore that we feel a need but have no reason to visit three times (at the minimum) a week. For some of us, the habit may be so bad that we become totally unaware that we have been benignly barreling through the first floor of Bonwit Teller at every lunch hour for two weeks straight. (And this isn't around Christmas but on the "off seasons.") Or what about that quick-slip visit to Woolworth's on the way to the dentist which by some strange time-warp kept the dentist waiting forty-five minutes for our arrival?

All marketing analysts, Vance Packard and his "Hidden Persuaders" aside, I know we are a nation of consumers. I know we are all "filling a void" and that possessions mean status. But consuming and status aren't even the issue here. I'm talking of that devastating desire, that gnawing need, that horrendous hunger to check in compulsively at certain seductive shops.

I first became aware of my particular addiction in high school, when every day after school I'd hit Leof's drugstore. Of course, every day I found excuses to go. After all, a drugstore, like a supermarket, is an easy addiction because of the vast product assortment. A package of gum one day, a daily newspaper, a deodorant for my mother, Preparation H for my father. (My drugstore habit kept me in such strong communication with my family and their needs that my mother still has a closet filled with unused anti-perspirant sprays and my father has a lifetime supply of hemorrhoid ointments.) Unlike many high-school drugstore addicts, I never went to socialize at the soda fountain or stooped to become a "drugstore cowboy." Even then, I was a serious buyer/browser. There was always *something*. A novel little breath mint looked so tempting in a Day-Glo display by the cash register, so why not throw it into the tally along with four new Pentel pens, an entire rain outfit packaged in a three-by-five envelope, six packets of travel towels, and two tubes of lavender-flavored toothpaste. Naturally, all of these goodies would go untouched and eventually be given away to friends.

Later, when I moved to New York City, I realized I had to find a new store to haunt. It was certainly easy enough in the Big Apple to acquire a big addiction to Bloomingdale's. Now, every day (that's right, EVERY day), I pay my respects to "Bloomies." Since it is located five blocks from my house, it automatically became a "geographical desirable" and the sole reason for taking a daily walk or at least a "walk-through" shortcut from Lexington Avenue to Third Avenue.

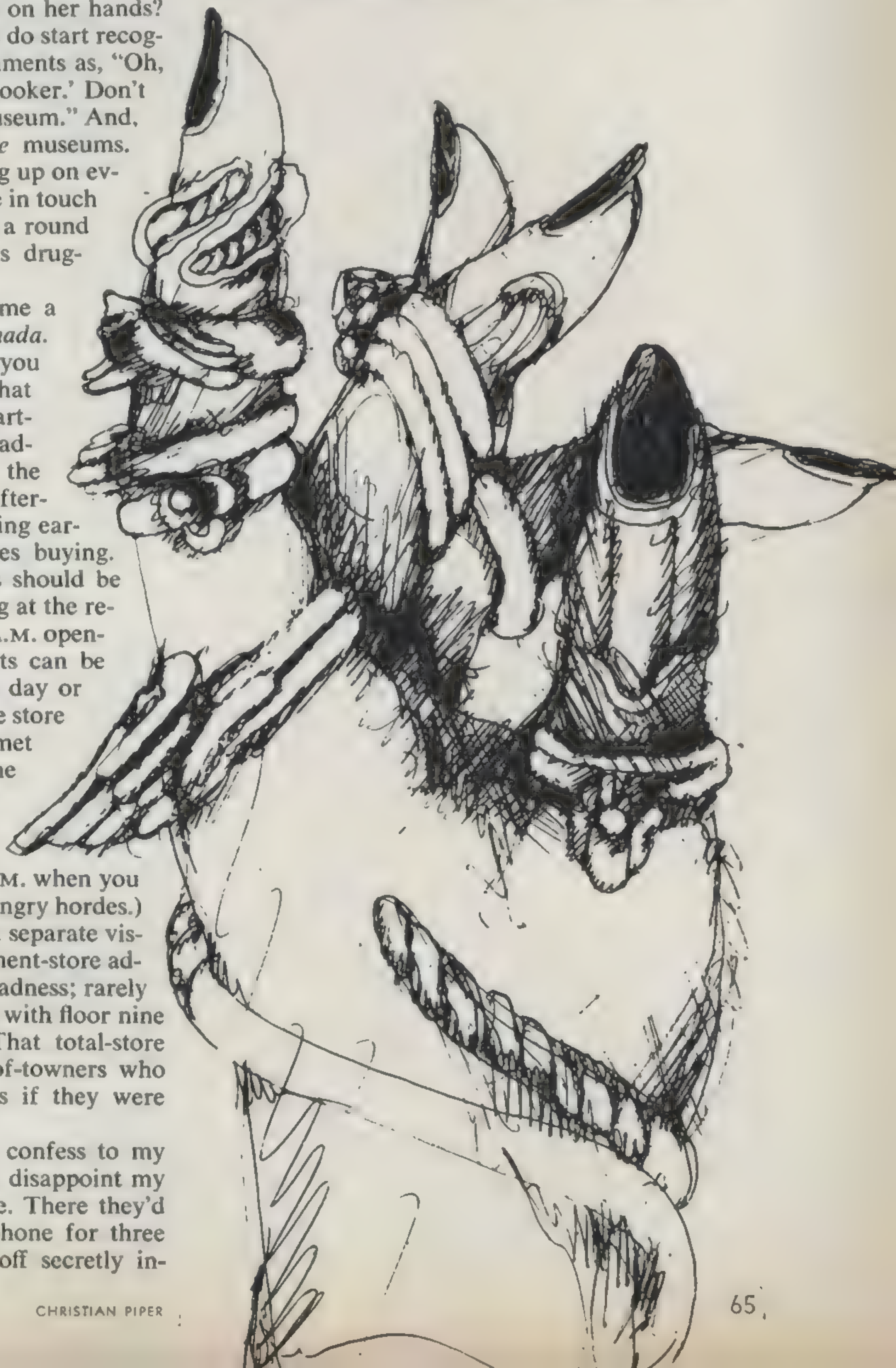
My Bloomingdale's addiction first led me into the shopping addict's usual pangs of "salesgirl paranoia." It's a neurosis acquired over the thought that maybe the salesgirls recognize your daily visits and are wondering what you are doing. Are you a store employee? A company spy? A shoplifter? A very wealthy manically depressed wife with too much time on her hands? And it's worse when the salesgirls do start recognizing you and making such comments as, "Oh, here she comes again. The 'just looker.' Don't wait on her; she thinks this is a museum." And, in a way, department stores *are* museums. "Just looking" is a way of keeping up on everything. Somehow you feel more in touch with the times after you've done a round of Saks Fifth Avenue, Whelan's drugstore, and the A & P.

It wasn't long before I became a bona fide Bloomingdale's *aficionada*. Being a shopping addict makes you aware of what floors to visit at what times on which days. Most department stores are "off limits" to an addict during lunch (except for the main floors) and on Saturday afternoons. All morning visits (including early Saturday) are legit for clothes buying. Stockings and cosmetic counters should be approached the earlier (be waiting at the revolving door for the store's 9:45 A.M. opening) the better. Shoe departments can be handled in the latter part of the day or best just before closing time (if the store is open till 10:00 P.M.). The gourmet and all food shops should be done between 9:00 and 11:00 A.M. or from 3:00 to 4:30 P.M. (Never do the markets at lunchtime when you're starved or at 5:30 P.M. when you get all the "on-the-way-home" hungry hordes.) The furniture section should be a separate visit altogether. You see, we department-store addicts do have a method to our madness; rarely will you see us starting at the top with floor nine and working our way down. That total-store technique is only used by out-of-towners who must "do" department stores as if they were landmarks.

As I said, I never wanted to confess to my Bloomingdale's fix. How could I disappoint my friends and their fantasies of me. There they'd be trying to reach me on the phone for three hours and figuring that I was off secretly in-

volved with a *séducteur* in some smoky-rose restaurant corner when all the while I was crying for help from the depths of some dirty dressing room trying to stuff my thighs into a pair of tight jeans.

But what about the other addicts? I have a few friends in California who insist their habits are far worse because of the shopping centers. And shopping centers have become a necessary part of living and breathing, not only in Los Angeles but in the nation's suburbs. After all, you can leave the kids there (centers have cinemas, playgrounds, and even day-care services), park your mother-in-law on the bench because she loves to watch the passing parade, and go off on your own to a wide range of Korvette's, shoe stores, record shops, anything (Continued on next page)



(Continued)

and everything all in a temperature-controlled vacuum. But it's because of the shopping center complex that most Los Angelenos haven't become single-store addicts. Yet in San Francisco most of the people, I found, were hooked on health-food shops, bookshops, and plant stores. And recently, in the Bay area (and in some of the country towns in Vermont and Connecticut), there is the popularity of daily garage sales. Frisco friends said the garage fiends have gotten so bad that one morning they awoke to find a quartet of middle-aged ladies combing through their garage garbage cans and tool closet—and my friends hadn't even thought of, let alone announced, a sale. Actually, the garage fiends are in the same league as the antique-store addicts, the thrift-shop snoopers, and the junk-store junkies. In a way, these people are excused of being addicts since all of them seem to be seriously looking for a necessary functional bargain or a meaningful work-of-art. This is totally different from the case of the addicts like me who wander down the aisles of hardware stores six times a week fingering the latest pliers (when I already own ten pairs) or getting high by sitting in the seat of a model lawn mower (which is weird, considering all the lawn I have outside my one-room apartment is the pavement with a single dog-stained decaying maple). Or what about those of us who blitz-buy all those desk trinkets of rubber stamps and "While you were out" tablets in office-supply stores—when we not only don't work in any sort of office, we don't even work.

Psychiatrists have lots of fancy answers for the motivations behind the shopping mania. Dr. Roderic Gorney, a psychiatrist at UCLA, insists that there are fewer addicts among men and children and more women addicts. That's because, whether a woman is cruising or consuming, "she is often unconsciously insuring herself against scarcity and insecurity." Other given reasons have to do with the usual frustration releases like "Husband Revenge." He accidentally left the freezer door open one night, so she goes off to Lord & Taylor the next morning armed with his charge card.

Then there is the depression factor. Sure, when people feel unloved or down, they hit the nearest store and drown themselves in racks and rows of goods. But even when I'm in the height of happiness and love, I'm still hysterically hopping my way about Bloomingdale's basement.

Each of us knows why she is a shopping addict. Obviously it is a form of escape—and what's wrong with an escape now and then? For some, it's a hobby to push through those marked-down racks or basins of rejects and discover the "find" of the year. For others, it's a ridiculous round-robin game to see how much they can buy in one day and return the next. And a store's crowded atmosphere can work positively in two ways. For the younger or middle-aged addicts, it's a marvelous means for getting lost spiritually and physically by not having to relate to anyone except an occasional sales person, while for the older genre it can be a cure for loneliness and a time passer. A daily visit and a brief chat at the corner candy store gives them reason to get up in the morning.

So why should we even consider "The Problem" of shopping addiction. It's not a problem at all. For some of us it's just a fact of normal everyday life. My only problem is when I go vacationing to a tropical island (even with all its open markets), I immediately start to shake, go weak at the knees, acquire dry mouth and deviated vision. They say it's Consumer Cold Turkey. All I ask is: Doctors, will there ever be such a thing as a shoppers shot? ■

ON MY MIND

Progress Can't Make Black Women Hard or Cold

By Charles Wright

**"The light of soul burns within
American Black women: knowledge of loving, giving, sharing"**

EDITOR'S NOTE: A Black man—a writer for New York's Village Voice whose third book has the not-so-reassuring title *Absolutely Nothing To Get Alarmed About* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) and deals with alarming darkness: drug, poverty, rage—Charles Wright turns to the light when he writes about American Black women.

Like a country garden in late May—liberation, flowers. I think this is simply grand, although liberating "scenes" are nothing more than the decade's club soda. But the late flowering of American Black women is the real thing. These descendants of slaves, of serfs from cotton fields or from Miss Ann's kitchen have paid heavy dues and endured. Physically and mentally raped by white America, they forged hope from a sea of despair and stood by their men. They understood the nitty gritty of existing from day to day. The majority of them never lost the God-given trait of being female. Progress did not make them cold, hard women.

I know a young Black actress, intellectual, elegant as Baccarat crystal. Traditional domestic chores bore her. Yet, Women's Lib is a joke: "Why don't they stop the surface jazz? Years and years of the easy life have produced frustration and boredom." Indeed: I second the motion. Only women who have had the noose of history dangling before their eyes are capable of facing life, Right On. The American Black woman had nothing to fall back on. The past was a century-old horror story. Frequently, we Black men could offer little comfort. It was all so black and blue. One thinks of the legend of the Southern mammy. Yeah: such warmth, understanding. Mother Earth, comforting other women's children and her own. There was always mama, grandma, Aunt Susie, and Miss Bridie down the street. These women were humane enough never to castrate their men. We men were never threatened, our masculinity splattered against the wall. We were, and still are, members of the same underground army. I have a relationship with the Black maid in my basically white hotel that I could never have with a maid of another nationality. Our past, the texture of our hair, the color of our skin unite us as leaves to a tree.

After years of exploitation, American Black women suffer no sexual wounds. They have endured pain and have come to terms with the hell of living from day to day. Above all, they know their men. The hotel maid in the sky-blue uniform, the Black doctor's wife in the Pucci print dress are sisters of my favorite female, Lena Horne. The glorious light of the soul still burns within them. It is the knowledge of loving, giving, sharing—an extremely difficult art. In the process, my sisters have become themselves. Free, confident. Isn't this the essence of The American Dream? There were no interior designers. American Black women had so little to work with and created magic by their very presence. When Aretha Franklin sings, "You Make Me Feel Like A Natural Woman," all Black men understand the statement, even those who "go white."

American Black women face the present and future with beauty, honesty, and courage. With natural grace and love. I salute them; they are my women and make me feel absolutely like a natural man. ■

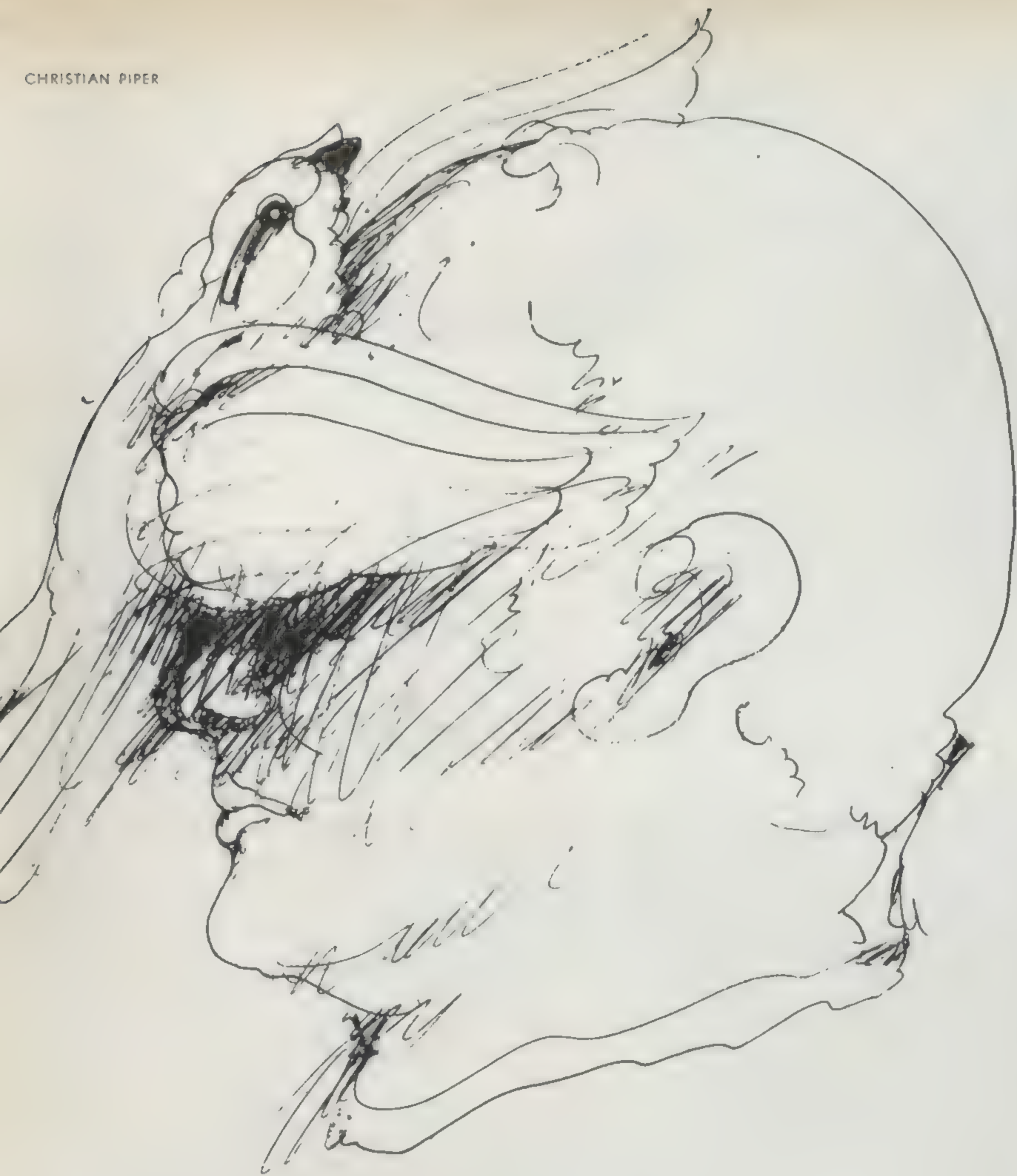
EDITOR'S NOTE: A wizard reporter for The New Yorker magazine, John McPhee can tell everything you never wanted to know about a subject—enthralingly. His eight books on eight subjects have all been fascinations; his next, *The Deltoid Pumpkin Seed* (published this month by Farrar, Straus & Giroux), sounds like wild science fiction, is absolutely true. Here, McPhee tackles bird watching, with predictably unpredictable results.

Sitting in a boat on a small, wild lake in the northernmost part of New Hampshire, I saw a bird leave the shore. I could not tell what it was, but from a distance it seemed to have the configuration of a gull. It was flying low over the water, and directly toward me, like a Grumman Avenger making a run. It had no more than two feet of altitude. Without swerving, it came steadily on, with an obvious sense of target. The distance closed to a hundred yards. Fifty. Twenty-five. God knows what the creature thought the boat was, or what I was, but a collision was now imminent and I raised my arms in self-defense. Suddenly the bird lifted its head, spread its wings, and, with its body straight up, stopped dead in the air. A huge pair of eyes. In them, a look of miscalculation. An owl. We stared at each other, faces a foot apart. With a whip of wings, it was overhead and gone.

As soon as I could, I got to a telephone and called my bird watcher. He said it was too bad that the owl had chosen someone who might not sufficiently appreciate the encounter. That was true enough, for I suffer from a kind of congenital opacity to birds. My wife knows and loves birds. I have many friends who know birds. I have long felt somewhat guilty that I lack not only knowledge but also understanding of birds—and of what draws people to them. My bird watcher is a business associate of mine whose name is Robert Bingham. I have never understood him, either. I began, some time ago, to try to draw out of him, in a series of private conversations, the essence of what makes him watch.

I will describe him: He is a tall, rufous man with unsuspicious eyes. He has the ample sort of moustache that all creation, even a bird, would trust. Here are some of what he has called "Bingham's General Remarks on the Pleasures and Advantages of Bird Watching":

"One might as well be blunt about it and concede that the entire enterprise is redolent of sexuality," he said once. "The voyeurism is embarrassingly obvious. I mean your stealth, your luck, and a couple of ground lenses can bring you into a secret intimacy with some of the most beautiful, graceful, and sensual beings in nature. The perspective is unreal—it's as if you were up there on a branch among the leaves with them, and you cease to be your earth-bound self entirely for a bright, timeless flight as you strain to catch one more glimpse of the golden-crowned-kinglet darting through the conifers. Did I really see that crimson streak running through the yellow cap, or did I imagine it? The excitement can be compared only to that I experienced as a fourteen-year-old gulping my way through *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, looking for the dirty parts. And yet the fantasy is of an exquisitely purer in-



Thrilling Sights: Love Games of Birds

By John McPhee

A man who never watched a bird in his life discovers the magic that draws humans to intimacy with nature's most sensual beings

tensity—the eroticism of angels, not of thrashing animals on the ground.

"If I were to become a bird in some re-incarnation, I would choose to be a cardinal. The cardinal is a rather common fellow, actually—a run-of-the-mill suburban-commuter type, despite the bright red suit. But have you ever looked closely at his wife? Damnably attractive, to my way of thinking. Just my type. A simple but superbly tailored dress in a kind of bronze color with a warmth that grows on you the more you look at it. A stylish long tail, with which she lets you know that, while she comes from an old family and went to the best schools, there's plenty of spirit to her. And those lips! A luscious orange you can scarcely believe is

natural. They have a nice pouting fullness to them, without the exaggerated clownishness of her cousins the grosbeaks. Cardinals are very uxorious, you know. Stay together all winter, not just in the breeding season. I can see why. A few weeks ago, I saw a couple giving each other pumpkin seeds at one of my feeders. Sexiest performance I've ever seen."

Mr. Bingham insists that he is "a more or less average bird watcher" and that a review of his motivations might go far toward explaining what makes people in general stand around in the woods with field glasses, trying to add to their life lists. There are more than 600 bird species known on the North American continent. With "accidentals" and subspecies, 702 are

listed in Roger Tory Peterson's *Field Guide to the Birds*—a standard text that, for many, has been supplanted by the Golden Press's *Birds of North America*. Fanatics, the sort who go out at the height of the migration to do a "century run" (one hundred birds in a day), have been able to do six hundred or more in one year.

I once asked Mr. Bingham how long his life list was.

He said, "I will not say. I deplore competitiveness."

"In what sense, then, are you an average bird watcher?"

"Well, for example, with a field guide at hand, I can probably differentiate half a dozen of the warblers when they are in full breeding plumage in the spring. To me, they are the most glorious objects of the hunt. The black and white has a natty salt-and-pepper top coat, for instance; the magnolia has black spots down a splendid yellow vest. But I am completely lost among what even the guidebooks call 'confusing fall warblers,' who have suited up and shed their mating plumage and look all alike."

"How long have you been birding, Mr. Bingham?"

"I find the word 'birding' affected. It is used by new-style ecologically minded counter-culture participants in the sport who, being ashamed of the prissiness of all the little old ladies in tennis shoes who preceded them, feel they have to talk tough about what they are doing. They make me uncomfortable. I'm as determined as the next nature lover that our rivers shall be pure, our air uncontaminated, and our primeval forests preserved from brutish developers. But, somehow, the romantic escapism of bird watching has been driven out by all the new ecological zeal. The last time I went on a bird walk it was led by a perfectly wonderful young man who spent most of his time talking about solid-waste disposal."

"How long have you been bird watching, Mr. Bingham?"

"I came to it fairly late—that is, in my thirties—after a lifetime of ridiculing bird watchers. It was during a vacation on Martha's Vineyard, where the Chilmark Community Center sponsored bird walks every Monday morning. I had heard that the leader of the walks, Edward Chalif, could lead his groups past no-trespassing signs to parts of the island a casual visitor would never see. That first Monday morning I was completely entranced. I mean, it was as if I had discovered that a whole other world—of beautiful, sentient beings—was superimposed on the familiar world I had been living in for thirty-some years. I could suddenly see it, almost get into it—into another dimension of experience that I might otherwise have missed entirely. I was shown three warblers that I hadn't known existed."

"Chalif it was who taught me the devices by which I attract birds to come to me, instead of (Continued on page 109)

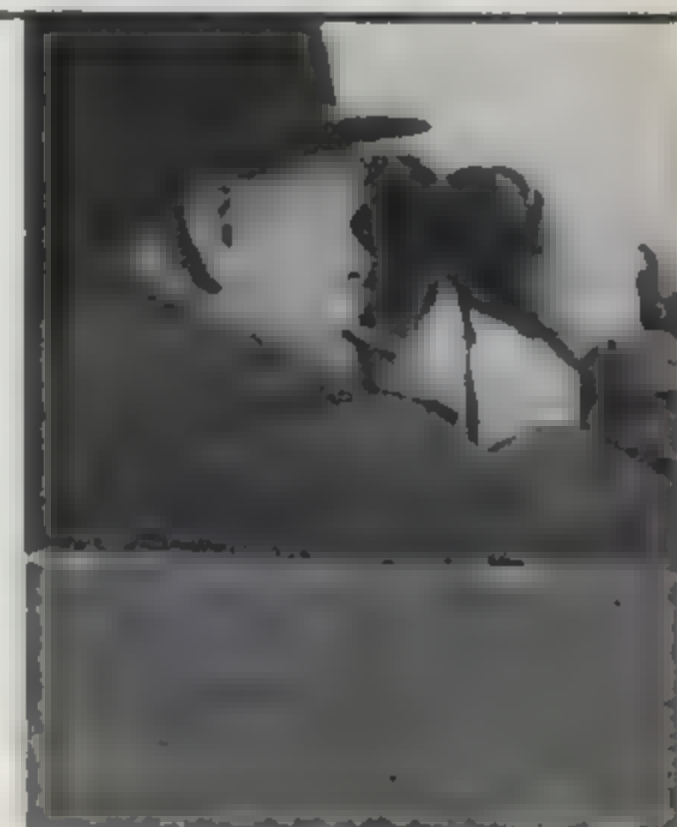
WHO WATCHES BIRDS? Royalty, heads-of-state, politicians, actors, critics, and (midway down the column of familiar faces, right) the head of our country's multi-museum complex the Smithsonian Institution. With so many bright-plumaged males involved, bird watching looks like a good way for smart women to watch men.



Senator James L. Buckley



Tom Ewell



Sir Winston Churchill



S. Dillon Ripley



H.R.H. Prince Bernhard



H.R.H. Prince Philip



Brooks Atkinson



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The Great Washington Quiz Game

By Sandra McElwaine

Life in Washington is a game and the rules are fairly complex. Rule number one is: don't take it seriously. If you do, you're finished before you've begun. Realize immediately that POWER is the root of it all: watch faces light up when a senator, cabinet member, or an ambassador enters the room. Finally, play it cool. Have fun. Remember that it's only temporary, until the next election at best. Make the most of what you've got while it lasts. If you ever have wondered how you would fare on the Washington scene, here's a quick way to find out without a major investment of time or money. Take this quiz and see how you would rate.

- | | | | | | |
|--|---------|--|--------|---|---------|
| 1. You arrive in Washington, you buy: | | 9. Your lawyer is: | | 16. You are invited to dine at: | |
| a. A house in Georgetown | 4 pts. | a. Clark Clifford | 3 pts. | a. The George Allens' | 5 pts. |
| b. A weekend place in Middleburg | 5 pts. | b. Ralph Nader | 1 pt. | b. The British Embassy | 3 pts. |
| c. An apartment at the Watergate | 0 pts. | c. John Wilson | 5 pts. | c. The Averell Harrimans' | 4 pts. |
| 2. Your job is: | | 10. You are the only person in Washington who knows: | | 17. Going to work, you: | |
| a. Clearing up the mess in the White House | 3 pts. | a. The true story of Chappaquiddick | 1 pt. | a. Ride in a White House limousine | 3 pts. |
| b. Lobbying for Vesco interests | 1 pt. | b. Who contributed what before April 7, 1972 | 3 pts. | b. Drive your own Mercedes-Benz | 1 pt. |
| c. Negotiating a new treaty for the American Indians | 5 pts. | c. What was in L. Patrick Gray's burn bag | 5 pts. | c. Jog with Senator William Proxmire | 5 pts. |
| 3. Your guest list includes: | | 11. You gave a dinner party, and: | | 18. Your pet is a relative of: | |
| a. Frank Sinatra | 1 pt. | a. Two senators and one cabinet member showed up | 3 pts. | a. Nixon's King Timahoe | 3 pts. |
| b. Barbara Marx | 1 pt. | b. You seated the Ambassador of Israel next to the Egyptian Ambassador | 0 pts. | b. Ethel Kennedy's Freckles | 2 pts. |
| c. H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman | -2 pts. | c. Everyone left the minute dinner was over: the President was on TV. | 1 pt. | c. Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing | 5 pts. |
| 4. Your political contribution was: | | 12. Your parties are prepared by: | | 19. The "extra man" at your party is: | |
| a. Deposited in a Mexican bank | 1 pt. | a. A local caterer | 1 pt. | a. Henry Kissinger | 5 pts. |
| b. Carried in a suitcase aboard a private jet | 3 pts. | b. Your super Chinese chef | 3 pts. | b. Ambassador Zahedi | 4 pts. |
| c. Returned | 4 pts. | c. Yourself | 4 pts. | c. True Davis | 1 pt. |
| 5. You are interviewed by: | | 13. For sports you: | | 20. The "extra woman" is: | |
| a. Maxine Cheshire | 1 pt. | a. Play tennis with Ed Brooke | 3 pts. | a. Katharine Graham | 5 pts. |
| b. Kandy Stroud | 3 pts. | b. Golf with William Rogers | 4 pts. | b. Nancy Hanks | 4 pts. |
| c. Art Buchwald | 5 pts. | c. Help Barbara Howar research her next book | 1 pt. | c. Gwen Cafritz | 1 pt. |
| 6. You are invited to lunch: | | 14. You announce that you are joining: | | 21. Your doctor: | |
| a. With Henry Kissinger at the Sans Souci | 5 pts. | a. The Metropolitan Club | 1 pt. | a. Also treats Richard Nixon | 2 pts. |
| b. With J. Willard Marriot at the Hot Shoppe | 1 pt. | b. The Middleburg Hunt | 2 pts. | b. Makes house calls | 3 pts. |
| c. At the White House Mess with whoever is left | 3 pts. | c. The Republican Party | 0 pts. | c. Has had his files burgled | 5 pts. |
| 7. Your telephone rings: it's: | | 15. Parties in your honor are given by: | | 22. You go to the White House to hear: | |
| a. John Connally | 5 pts. | a. Perle Mesta | 1 pt. | a. Frank Sinatra croon | 3 pts. |
| b. James McCord | 3 pts. | b. The Ted Kennedys | 3 pts. | b. Billy Graham pray | 2 pts. |
| c. The FBI | 1 pt. | c. Alice Roosevelt Longworth | 5 pts. | c. John Dean sing | 5 pts. |
| 8. Your best friend is: | | | | 23. Your best government contacts are: | |
| a. Peter Flanigan | 1 pt. | | | a. In the SEC | 3 pts. |
| b. Anna Chennault | 2 pts. | | | b. At the Pentagon | 4 pts. |
| c. Bebe Rebozo | 5 pts. | | | c. In jail | 0 pts. |
| | | | | 24. You are asked to join the '76 Presidential campaign committee of: | |
| | | | | a. Spiro Agnew | 3 pts. |
| | | | | b. Walter Mondale | 3 pts. |
| | | | | c. Vance Hartke | 0 pts. |
| | | | | 25. You were NOT invited to: | |
| | | | | a. The Spanish Embassy Dance for the Duke and Duchess of Cadiz | -2 pts. |
| | | | | b. The Queen's birthday celebration at the British Embassy | -3 pts. |
| | | | | c. Testify before the Grand Jury | 5 pts. |

100 or more points
You are probably the next candidate for President.

75-100 points
You are one of Washington's big movers and shakers.

50-75 points
You will have to expend more time, effort, and money on your capital career.

Less than 50 points
Maybe you should have stayed in Grand Rapids.

H.R.H. Princess Anne with her fiancé, Lt. Mark Phillips The blond Princess and the dashing dragoon

It was an equestrian courtship: they met at the Olympic horse events in Mexico, tested each other's mettle in jumping competitions all over England, almost joined conquest in the Munich Olympics last year when the Lieutenant's team won a gold medal, and some Royalty-watchers maintain he proposed at the Badminton Horse Trials. Others report that lace-makers in the North country have been working for months on a very mysterious assignment that now seems related to what will surely be a wedding of pomp and circumstance in Westminster Abbey or at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, probably in November. . . . Everyone in court circles had denied everything, of course—even when the Princess, fourth in line to the throne, was seen frequently with her six-foot-one-inch Lieutenant (son of a director of Wall's, a big food manufacturing company) in the local taverns of Great Somerford in Wiltshire, where his family lives, and they were spotted driving the country lanes in his blue Porsche (she loves fast cars). Finally, when Lt. Phillips, a rather

shy, engaging man, was received by H.M. Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh as a houseguest at Sandringham New Year's weekend, it seemed that a marriage was in the making, and the betrothal took place secretly at Easter. Twenty-four-year-old Lt. Phillips, like his father and grandfather before him, serves in the Queen's Dragoon Guards. Rumored to be firm but calm, he is said to be the perfect complement for Princess Anne's quick wit, sometimes imperious temperament which she supposedly inherited from her father—or, just possibly, from her great great great grandmother, Queen Victoria, who was capable of being "not amused." . . . Anne is the first of Queen Elizabeth's four children to marry, and is almost certainly the first English Princess to have been glimpsed by reporters kissing her beau good-bye at a harbor wall. Now she wears an engagement ring—"You see," she said, "it's pretty simple, a sapphire in the middle and a diamond on each side." . . . He said, "We selected it together the end of April."

What such a gorgeous kid like **Suzy Says...** about gossip, seduction, and herself

"I STICK IN THE NEEDLE, pull it out fast, and then rub the wound"

What's a little girl from El Paso, Texas, doing in a pad like this? "Loving it," says Suzy whose syndicated column, "Suzy Says," says it daily in some ninety newspapers to an estimated thirty million glamour-avid readers—now an all-time gold-capped pinnacle in "people columns," which is how Suzy, Mrs. Aileen Mehle in civilian life, defines her bonanza. "Glamour," says this petite, cat-eyed, toughly fragile, craftily tousle-topped blonde who has the unexpected look of a second-Empire coquette expensively on the town and getting the most out of it: "Glamour will never die. It is the whipped cream on top of everything. It's the fun and spice of life that everyone wants to read about. Gossip—that's all anyone ever does anyhow, morning, noon, and night. I got a letter from some nuns who read me because I provide them with a slice of life every day!"

For twelve years Mrs. Mehle's been talking about royals and commoners—the people who make the international social scene. "They tell me everything," she says, her prom-queen grin widening into a high-summer front-porch smile, "but I don't tell everything I hear. I don't want to make myself into a Little Saint Suzy, but it is much easier to be liked than disliked. I write about people who can't fight back, therefore

there's no point to ripping them to shreds. I stick in the needle, pull it out fast, and then rub the wound." All of which she does deliciously, frequently tongue-in-cheek—anybody's.

When we asked Suzy about seduction, she laughed gravely and said. "Oh, darling, seduction's still rampant: it's just that you don't have to work so hard. You don't have to be beautiful to be seductive, but it never hurts. Beauty, in all forms, *is* seductive. Power is seductive. Money is seductive. Material possessions are seductive; they *help* to make a man seductive. Seduction, darling, springs from the brain, the imagination. . . . You have to like yourself or else you'll NEVER EVER be seductive—the hostility shows. . . . If seduction is a fabulous invalid, it's because women have made it so. How do I get rid of undesirable seducers? I push them out the door. Then I get the full two dozen long-stemmed yellow roses and the card that says, 'I love you anyway.'" Two dozen yellow roses stand in front of Mrs. Mehle's long, sumptuously draped windows almost constantly. Last time I visited, three dozen tall pink blushers stood very near the baronial fireplace. . . . "I smile a lot," said Suzy. "It gets me through the night. Geminis are that way."

—LEO LERMAN

Suzy (Mrs. Aileen Mehle) nests in the lower floors of a just-off-Fifth Avenue mansion. Her drawing room, right, is enormous, suffused with a kind of beigey-rosy-green cozy splendor: floral tributes, flotillas of satiny cushions, crystal chandelier, golden play-pretties; low music at all times—always the current beat; gold-framed photographs, especially of her son, Roger W. Mehle, a going-up young banker. "He tells me he doesn't have time to get married, and you know something—I don't either."







Above: Lanford Wilson, Ed Bullins, Ronald Ribman, David Rabe

DUANE MICHALS

Playwrights: The Inner Four

By Martin Gottfried

How to recognize names, and faces, of four major American writers of plays now known only to the inmost circles

The American theater has four major playwrights who should be nationally celebrated: David Rabe, Ronald Ribman, Lanford Wilson, and Ed Bullins. An eager public on both sides of the Atlantic ought to be looking forward each season to their next work, but who has heard of them? The critics? The hardy subscribers at The New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre, The American Place Theatre, The Vivian Beaumont Theater—The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, and The New Lafayette Theatre and Workshop, Inc.? These audiences are the final, inner core of what was once an avid and enthusiastic public for drama; and, like it or not, Broadway success is necessary to recognition. Much of the reason for these playwrights' anonymity lies in the decline of newspapers and magazines and a lessening of theater interest in those that remain. *Time*, which once would put a new-found playwright on its cover, has cut theater reviews to a minimum. America has forgotten how to celebrate the playwright and our theater is suffering for it.

David Rabe is the author of *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, *Sticks and Bones*, and *The Orphan*. I would add "of course," but I am not that sure you have heard of him. This, to me, is frightening. Rabe's plays are among the best written, the most original and artistic and truly theatrical in American theater history. Yet, though his work won prizes as the best of the last season, the country is hardly as aware of him as it once was of Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams at similar stages of their careers. In fact, *Sticks and Bones*'s main claim to national fame was its cancellation just days before a network telecast.

Rabe's style is midway between naturalism and surrealism, his mythic treatment of the American experience is in the mainstream of modern playwriting. He is comparable in these respects to Ribman, Bullins, and Wilson, not to mention such other artistic playwrights as Howard Sackler, Sam Shepard, and Murray Schisgal. Otherwise, he is himself. *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* is unique in its lean epic style, in the treatment of its hero as a forsaken soul who must not be forsaken, in its mastery of a complex time warp. Rabe—like Wilson, Bullins, and Ribman—is both innovative and craftsman-like, the rarest of combinations. These writers aren't fashionable cynics but classical humanists. Even as they challenge and mock the veneer values of Nixon America, they do so from the wellspring of this country's fundamentals—decency, privacy, dignity.

Rabe's success is not unmarred. *The Orphan*, his newest play, is a pretentious retelling of Aeschylus' *Oresteia*. But at least he has won his prizes. Ronald Ribman hasn't even come close. In fact, no play of his has received even a set of reviews that might be called "glittering." Yet, as far as I am concerned, two of his plays are already classics—*Harry, Noon and Night* and *Journal of the Fifth Horse*.

There is just no way to account for Ribman's relative oblivion except to say that he is too good for the critics (as were Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter, among others). Like Bullins', Rabe's, and Wilson's, his writing is consciously poetic, his form classical, his use of metaphor confident. In themselves, such literary devices are simply too esoteric for those who review and yet they aren't too esoteric for those who see the plays, which, in fact, are very accessible—funny, emotional, and imaginative.

Four of Ribman's plays were presented by The American Place Theatre. The first, *Harry, Noon and Night*, starred the then unknown Dustin Hoffman and Joel Grey. The play is a fantasy

about a talentless artist who tries to escape his conventional American past in a postwar Germany of still-smoldering gas ovens. Mad at the start, he collapses at the end, the two insanities separated by three acts of brutal comedy.

Journey of the Fifth Horse (in which Hoffman also starred) is based on a Turgenev novella and is a cry from the heart of a man too insecure to admit his loneliness. Not as savage as *Harry*, it is shorter on drive but longer on technique and imbued with a heartbreaking humanity. The two plays are magnificent; yet, who knows of them?

Of all the playwrights touted by the Off-Off-Broadway movement, only Sam Shepard and Lanford Wilson really come through; and Wilson already has matured. But he has been even less visible than Rabe and Ribman. True, he has had a play on Broadway, but that—*The Gingham Dog*—was apparently designed to be commercial (and so, inevitably, wasn't). The best of Wilson—*This Is the Rill Speaking*, *The Rimers of Eldritch*, *Lemon Sky*, and *The Hot L Baltimore*—had to almost sneak into town. Wilson is a resident playwright of The Circle Theatre Company, which produced *Baltimore*, his best play. If these playwrights had depended on the judgment of commercial producers, they would by now be writing doctoral theses rather than plays. This, to me, is shocking and disgusting.

Lanford Wilson's plays, like Rabe's and Rib-

man's, are love songs for the individual. But he thinks in terms of many people and seems to be trying to get all of them into his plays. Writing for so many characters is not only a prodigious feat of craftsmanship, it is also commercial suicide. Given today's costs, who will produce a fourteen-character play (which *The Hot L Baltimore* is)? It was only after the Off-Off-Broadway production received unanimous rave reviews that a producer dared transfer it to a regular house (Circle in the Square).

Ed Bullins also faces the conflict between the art and commerce of American theater. His plays are about Black characters. What chance would they have on an essentially white Broadway? His solution, prodded by current Black separatism, was to become a company playwright for a small Harlem theater. This was The New Lafayette Theatre, an earnest but inexperienced group. There, I think, Bullins was frustrated by the fallacy of *Black theater*. Drama is not social work and Bullins is no more a Black playwright than Arthur Miller is a Jewish playwright or Tennessee Williams, a homosexual one. He is a playwright, period, and he must work, be judged and respected as a playwright, period.

Bullins has had some of his plays produced in white New York, but his most important work has been done in Harlem. From them, it is abundantly clear that he is already a master, bursting

with a vision and capable of realizing it. He is in the midst of nothing less than a 20-play cycle, and on the basis of such finished segments as *Goin' A Buffalo* and *The Fabulous Miss Marie*, it will be as significant as it is ambitious. For though Bullins writes about Black people, he isn't simply a militant or a chauvinist or an ethnic artist or a polemicist. He is a universal poet.

So, here are four masters; and, were our theater healthy, they would be recognized as such. *Celebrated*. One might argue that national celebration has nothing to do with the theater; that this is an elitist art; that those who appreciate fine plays can only support a few institutional theaters. I don't like that idea and I don't agree with it. A playwright grows with his sense of sharing his country's life. A country grows when its artists are involved with its life. A theater grows when it is part of a national identity. For all of this to happen, the playwright must have a national platform; and, for better or worse, that was Broadway. America was aware of the theater there and knew what was happening, even if a visit seemed faraway and unlikely. This is why Joseph Papp is so interested in, so committed to Broadway and to the idea of a national theater. Playwrights of the stature of Bullins, Rabe, Wilson, and Ribman will surely be appreciated by a vast public long after they have died. It will not do to have them ignored while still alive. ■

Art To See Now: On show in France, first time in the West, ancient treasures unearthed in the People's Republic of China

Splendors of China's Past

By Barbara Rose

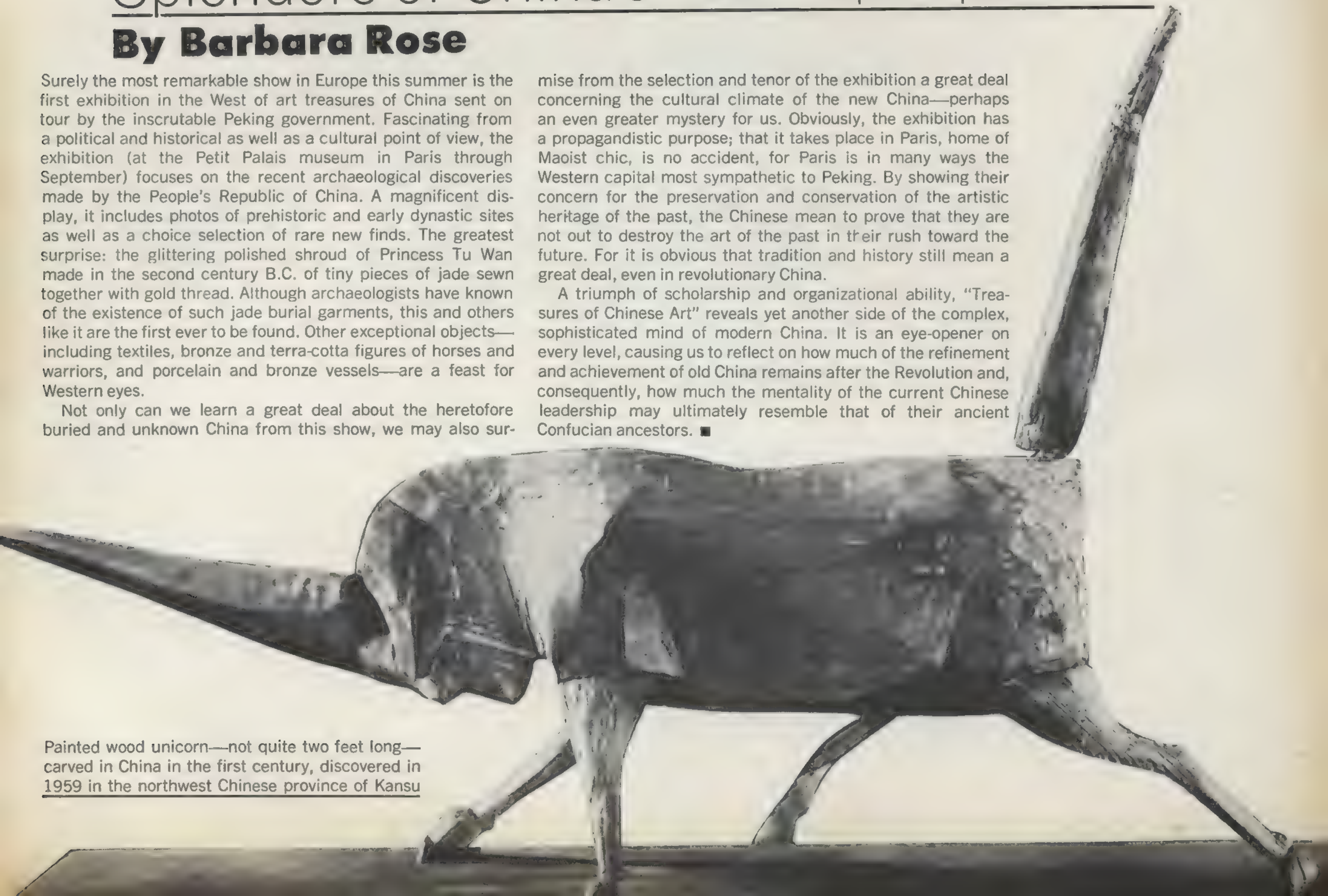
Surely the most remarkable show in Europe this summer is the first exhibition in the West of art treasures of China sent on tour by the inscrutable Peking government. Fascinating from a political and historical as well as a cultural point of view, the exhibition (at the Petit Palais museum in Paris through September) focuses on the recent archaeological discoveries made by the People's Republic of China. A magnificent display, it includes photos of prehistoric and early dynastic sites as well as a choice selection of rare new finds. The greatest surprise: the glittering polished shroud of Princess Tu Wan made in the second century B.C. of tiny pieces of jade sewn together with gold thread. Although archaeologists have known of the existence of such jade burial garments, this and others like it are the first ever to be found. Other exceptional objects—including textiles, bronze and terra-cotta figures of horses and warriors, and porcelain and bronze vessels—are a feast for Western eyes.

Not only can we learn a great deal about the heretofore buried and unknown China from this show, we may also sur-

mise from the selection and tenor of the exhibition a great deal concerning the cultural climate of the new China—perhaps an even greater mystery for us. Obviously, the exhibition has a propagandistic purpose; that it takes place in Paris, home of Maoist chic, is no accident, for Paris is in many ways the Western capital most sympathetic to Peking. By showing their concern for the preservation and conservation of the artistic heritage of the past, the Chinese mean to prove that they are not out to destroy the art of the past in their rush toward the future. For it is obvious that tradition and history still mean a great deal, even in revolutionary China.

A triumph of scholarship and organizational ability, "Treasures of Chinese Art" reveals yet another side of the complex, sophisticated mind of modern China. It is an eye-opener on every level, causing us to reflect on how much of the refinement and achievement of old China remains after the Revolution and, consequently, how much the mentality of the current Chinese leadership may ultimately resemble that of their ancient Confucian ancestors. ■

Painted wood unicorn—not quite two feet long—carved in China in the first century, discovered in 1959 in the northwest Chinese province of Kansu



The lavish use of color
is the sign of a beginner.
A bad garden reflects its proprietor's wealth;
a good one, his personality. . .
Love and passion are involved,
and also a good deal of perseverance.
"Plants make you modest."



CHARLES DE NOAILLES: MASTER OF GARDENS, LIFE AND ART



The Vicomte Charles de Noailles, at Pompadour, above, carries gardening to the level of art that this enchanting pavilion deserves. This house, the Hôtel de Pompadour—in the forest of Fontainebleau—was commissioned by Louis XV and designed for the Marquise de Pompadour by Gabriel in 1748-49.

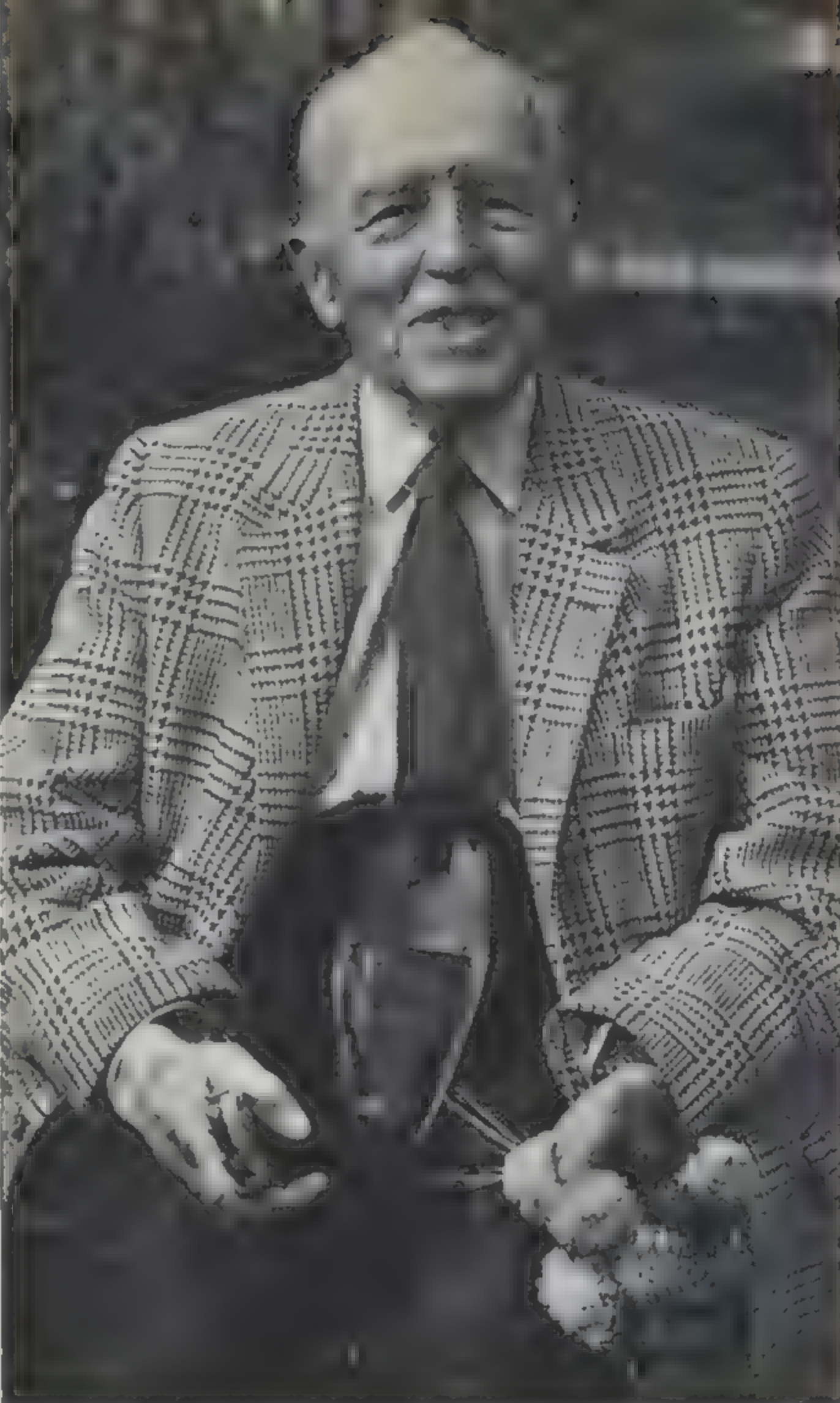
Charles de Noailles is not only a witty, erudite man and a famous patron of art but the supreme gardener of France, one of the foremost in the world. On these six pages he tells the secrets, and the freely broken rules, that shape his remarkable gardens in Fontainebleau.

BY PIERRE SCHNEIDER

Charles de Noailles: "You might ask how a garden that you know well can still surprise....Yet there it is: my garden still surprises me."

A crossroads in the forest of Fontainebleau, droning with heavy traffic. On one side, against a wall, some barracks and the customary arsenal of highway police headquarters: motorcycles, ambulances, sirens, antennae—inferno. Yet paradise is around the corner. Follow the wall; some fifty yards farther, you come to a portal. Step in: before you, one of the subtlest façades in France, that of the country residence built by the architect Gabriel at the request of Louis XV for the latter's mistress, the Marquise de Pompadour.

It is a revolutionary building, if such a term may be applied to a royal edifice. Here, in the very midst of Louis XV's rococo age, were born some of the chief characteristics of the neoclassic style that was to triumph under his successor Louis XVI: simplicity, informality—the Marquise called it a hermitage, not a château—reliance on straight rather than curved lines. The Ermitage de Pompadour—or Pompadour, as its inhabitants call it—is the first idea of a plan that Gabriel was to use again at the Petit Trianon of Versailles. Pompadour is a historical monument; it is perfect and it is, as the orange trees neatly lined up on both sides of the court of honor remind us, based on symmetry. Hence, as you walk towards the door of this exquisite embodiment of mid-eighteenth-century civilization, the last thing you expect is a surprise. Yet look to the left and you have it: framed in an arbor, a huge abstract (but vaguely anthropomorphic) stone sculpture by Alberto Giacometti.



"People are always planting rose trees. Frankly, they make a nasty sight"

the mediocre imitators who insist on rigid symmetry."

Through the centuries, the name of Noailles has been illustrated by courtiers, generals, archbishops, men of state, even poets: the Vicomte Charles is a gardener, president of the Société des Amateurs des Jardins, and a vice-president of the Royal Horticultural Society of Great Britain. Nor is it the only surprising thing about him. That he should be one of France's foremost connoisseurs of seventeenth-century art is almost a matter of

—or at least the English garden?"

"Not quite," he replied. "I like patterns strongly stated by means of neatly kept low hedges or borders: they constitute the architecture of the garden. But, within this formal framework, I like the plants and flowers to grow freely, as they please. Over there, for instance, the rugosa spill over a grey border, but I see no reason for cropping them to restore the alignment. If a flower wants to hop over a hedge, let it."

The arbor in which we now converse is a striking example of the Vicomte's theory. Rectilinear paths converge on a square defined by precise hedges and borders. Inside, wild luxuriance. So wild, in fact, that one forgets that this jungle is but the size of a handkerchief. Surprise is expectation foiled: the measured grace of Pompadour sets off Monsieur de Noailles's creative fancies, as a wall of foliage does a statue.

There are many statues in the garden of Pompadour—the already mentioned Giacometti, a fountain by the Cubist Henri Laurens, several Italian baroque sculptures, a kitsch Venus by the nineteenth-century sculptor Clésinger, and a pair of *termes* which Monsieur de Noailles spotted on a heap of rubbish in an antiques-dealer's backyard and bought for a few francs (his perspicacity was recompensed: they turned out to be rare works by Nicolas Poussin). "Statues are an excellent thing in the garden," he said. "They are halfway between man and matter, a perfect intermediary between nature and humanity."

Monsieur de Noailles's philosophy consists precisely in weaving a delicate shuttle between nature and humanity, between geometry and anarchy. His art lies in harmonizing the seemingly incompatible aims of the English garden and the *jardin à la française* and of creating tranquillity with elements that, in less skillful hands, would lead to tensions.

Tranquillity is another key to the Vicomte's way of gardening. "To me, a good garden is a place where one finds peace, a shelter from the hardships of life. That is why it shouldn't display too much violent color."

"Am I to understand that you disapprove of flowers?"

"If they are used with discretion, I am for them. There are flowers for the garden, however, and flowers for the vases in one's house. They have little in common. People are always planting rose trees. Well, frankly, they make a nasty sight. If you want them to thrive, you must cover them with dung three-fourths of the year. Roses are ideal, but not in a garden where all they contribute is a crude blob of bright color. It is best to tuck them away in the vegetable garden."

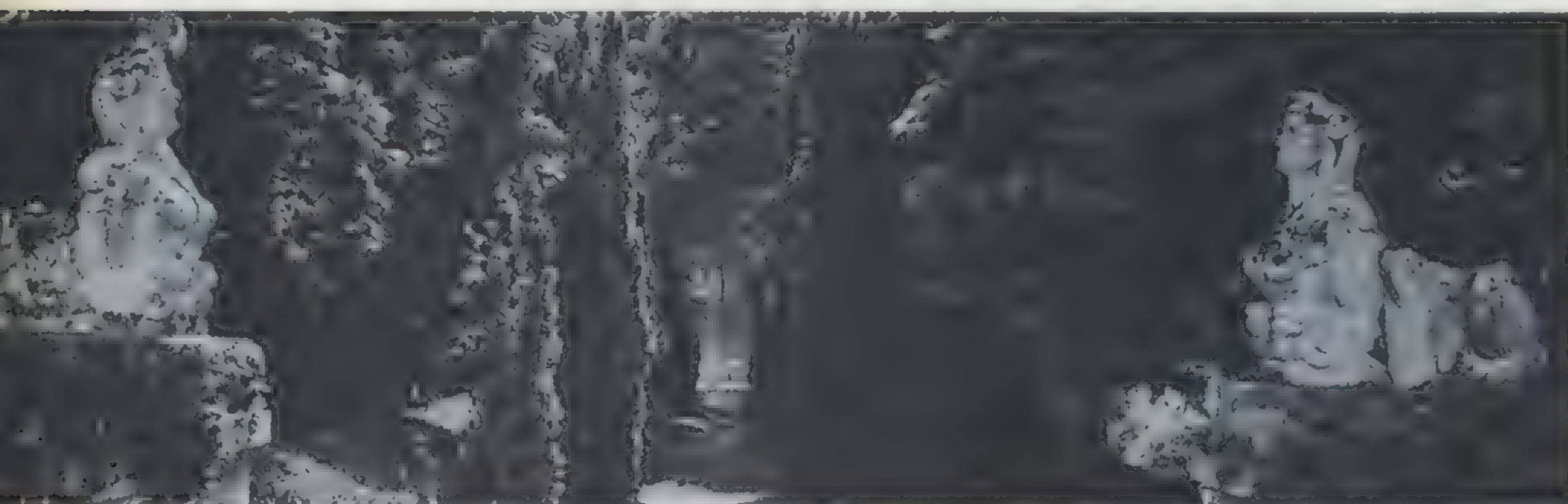
"A garden without the queen of flowers!"

"The rose wasn't always that. In the time of Louis XIV, the flower most admired was the peony. The Egyptians preferred the lotus; the Chinese, the water lily. Fashion exists even in the garden. But, to get back to color, the lavish use of it is the sign of a beginner. As a gardener grows older and more experienced, he diminishes the amount of color."

"And instead?"

"All shades of green and of grey. Grey is a marvelous hue. If you have two colors that are somewhat too violent, but you don't want to give them up, put some grey between them, and you will restore the tranquillity of your garden. Nature points the way. Look at practically all landscapes: they almost never look like bright patch-

The Vicomte's idea: one of two indoor ivory obelisks covered with his collection of cameos



An alley of Irish yews: "You must pass from narrow to wide, from dark to light"

At first glance, the rear façade is treated with more respect to the principle of regularity that is the basis of classicism: a velvet lawn unfolds impeccably along the axis from house to distant gate. But only at first glance. If, in a pinch, the tidy array of linden trees on the left still may be said to be paralleled by the high hedge on the right, the circular manege that brazenly occupies part of the lawn effectively destroys the formal pattern of a *jardin à la française* one expects at Pompadour.

Charles, Vicomte de Noailles, the master of the house, harbors no guilt feelings about this crime against symmetry.

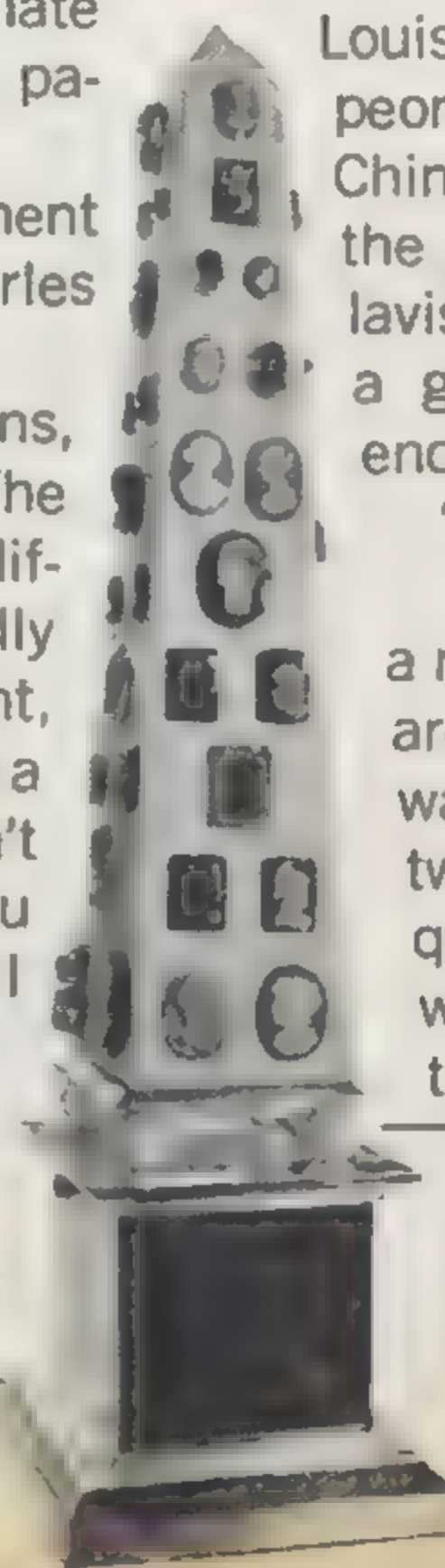
"If you look at the gardens created by Le Nôtre, the supreme authority on the French garden, you will see that what is on one side of an axis always balances what is on the other side, but that the two are never identical. It is

noblesse oblige; but who would have expected him to be, together with his wife, the late Marie-Laure de Noailles, one of the great patrons of Surrealism?

Surprises, in fact, are an essential element in the art of gardening as practiced by Charles de Noailles.

"They are a necessity in small gardens, and most gardens today tend to be that. The smaller your garden, the more you must differentiate it. The stroller must continually pass from narrow to wide, from dark to light, and so on. A garden that you can see as a whole from the windows of the house isn't a real garden: it holds no surprises. You might ask how a garden that you know well can surprise you, since a surprise only acts as a surprise the first time. Yet there it is: my garden still surprises me."

"In other words," I asked my host, "to the French garden you prefer the jungle



work; with distance, they taper off into brown, green, blue. There is nothing more pernicious for gardens than the fashion of that red tree called *Prunus pissardi*, after a certain Mister Pissard, a French cook, I believe, who brought it back from Turkey or some place like that. Associated with white negundos—for contrast—it makes for the most banal, not to say vulgar, gardens. Nature never produced a checkerboard.”

“If one were to carry this principle to its logical conclusion, one would make gardens without any color, i.e., without flowers, whatsoever?”

“The Japanese have done so. We Europeans, I confess, haven’t yet reached that degree of sophistication.”

“Would you deny, then, the beauty of some of our public gardens with dazzling flower beds?”



A rare stone sculpture by Alberto Giacometti, commissioned by the Vicomte in 1930

Far from it. There is a great difference between public and private gardens. What is pleasing in the one becomes too heady in the other. Just as pictures appropriate for museums are crushing in a home. Henry Bernstein, the playwright, had his portrait by Manet hanging in his salon. It was a superb picture—so superb that it made relaxed conversation impossible.”

“If you eliminate colors, flowers, aren’t you afraid of falling prey to what you dread most: monotony?”

“There are many things more interesting to play with than brutal contrasts of color. Light and shade, for instance. A hedge needn’t be flat. Or look at these paths through the lawn. Instead of using those uncomfortable pebbles you find in so many châteaux, I have employed the grass itself. I am sure Louis XIV would have done the same, had the lawn mower existed. As it was, cutting down the grass with a blade was a costly operation that had frequently to be repeated. Here, the same grass makes up both the lawn and the alleys; but on the latter it is kept very short, whereas on the former it is allowed to grow freely. A true gardener is a sculptor as much as a painter. Anyway, the real painter, the real colorist, is not he who relies on colors that are considered beautiful per se but he who creates beautiful relations between colors that, in themselves, may be quite banal. In the same way, the gardener disposes his plants in accordance with those that surround it. Dark backgrounds are convenient, they enable him to display lighter shades to full advantage. He must think of his vegetal palette in terms of space. In terms of time, too: some trees look better in the winter, when they have lost their leaves; others look worse. One must remember that the garden should have a pleasing appearance all year.

“Nor should one be obsessed by one’s eyes at the expense of one’s other senses. Smell, for instance. It isn’t as easy as it seems. The point of a scent is to be smelled. The trouble is that you cannot remain aware of it more than a few seconds. Hence the whole art consists in placing nice-smelling plants at strategic points, where they take you by surprise. But if you pause and sit down, the effect wears off. With a little planning, you can have three or four spots in your garden the year round where you suddenly exclaim: ‘Heavens, what a nice smell!’ But, of course, the planning mustn’t be noticeable.

“Sound is by no means a negligible factor, either. Much of the charm of fountains stems from the water’s rustle. Trees, too, make different sounds. A friend of mine planted some aspens along his house because they shiver audibly even when no wind is blowing. People should always put a chatty tree in their garden. Here, all this is wasted, because of the traffic outside.”

Our walk had brought us back to the pocket-jungle I have already mentioned. I then noticed that it was filled with thistles. “Aren’t you going to tear them out?” I asked my companion.

“I sowed them,” he replied. “To be sure, it isn’t the most common of thistles, but *Onopordum arabicum*. Yet even if it were, if it looks lovely, I don’t see why I should deprive myself of the pleasure of having it. I would put orchids in there, too, but they don’t grow in our country.”

“You make no distinction between noble and common species?”

“What counts is the ensemble, the effect. There is no reason for not mixing flowers and vegetables. That is how it was in the Middle Ages, and that is how it has continued to be in modest gardens. It was the Second Empire, with its heavy-handed luxury, that introduced prejudice by decreeing that vegetables should be hidden from sight. Yet some are very beautiful. I see no reason to hide my corn, and I find certain curly cabbages so handsome that I have used them in my borders. They are halfway between vegetable and flower.”

Beauty is incompatible with laziness of spirit; it is not given but created. “A bad garden reflects its proprietor’s wealth; a good one, his personality,” said Monsieur de Noailles. “It is too much to expect people to be in a position to boast, as did a celebrated gardener named Lawrence Johnson: ‘All the plants in my garden were either given to me by friends or picked up along the roadside.’ But when I see a grown olive tree being transported by truck, I know the man who bought it is probably rich and certainly not a gardener.”

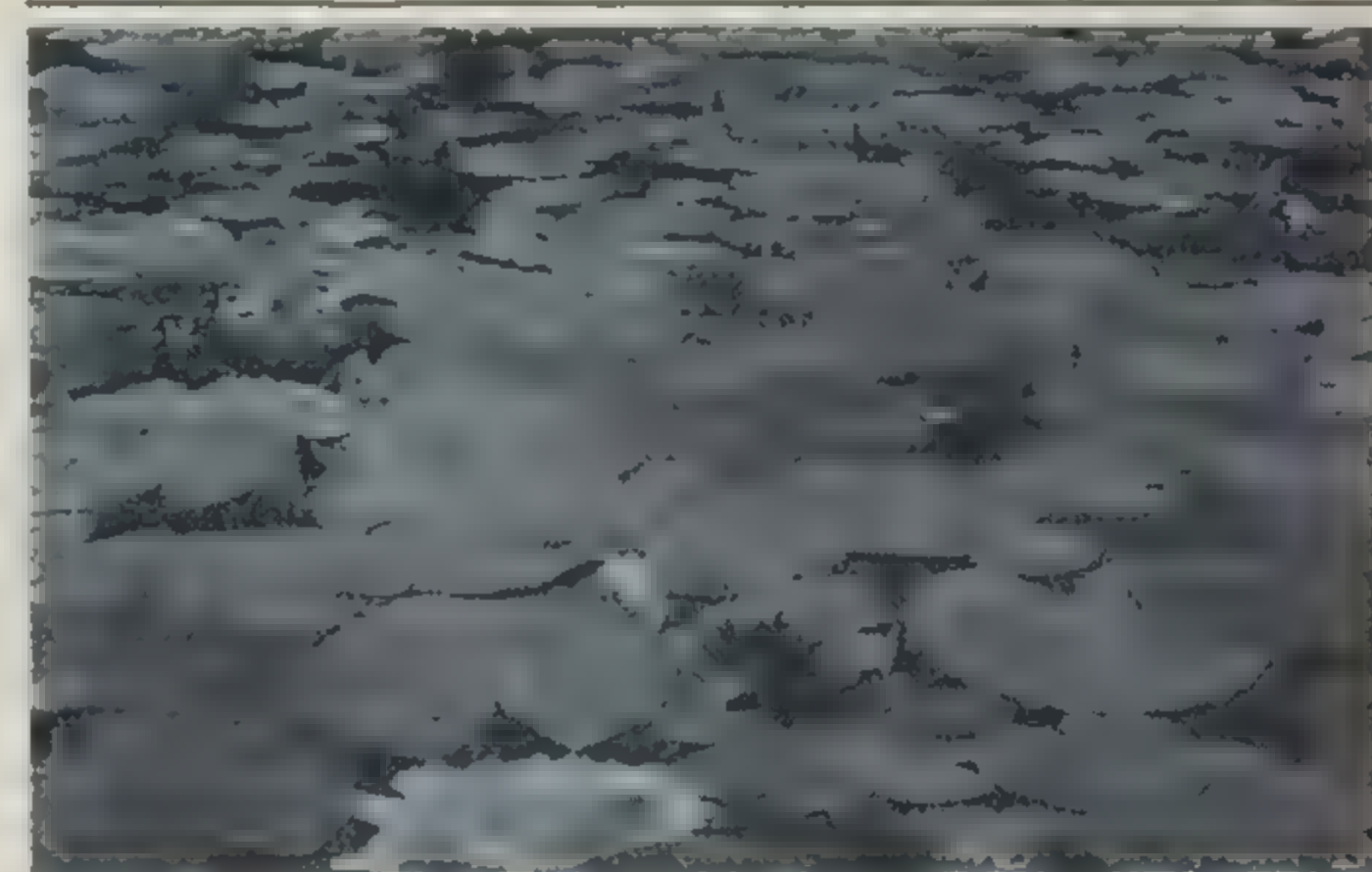
“But if a true gardener plants everything himself, there are some plants, certain trees, for instance, that he will never really see.”

“Strange as it may seem, no gardener ever feels frustrated by this. When I plant something ten inches tall, knowing it will eventually grow to be ten feet high, I really see it in its full height. Besides, one does witness some growth. Then I tell myself: ‘I have lost a few hairs, but it has gained a few branches.’ Considerable pleasures, these. And I assure you that I am not in the least upset by the knowledge that my garden will really be seen in its full glory only by my great-grandchildren. In my garden at Grasse, I planted a *Magnolia campbellii*. I rejoice at the thought of its blossoming. To see it in flower, I calculated that I would have to live to be about 115 years old. Yet it is as if I did see it.”

“You are saying, in a way, that an egotist can’t be a gardener?”

“Gardeners are generous. They have to be. To give some of your plants to others is mere prudence. If you have developed a new, beautiful plant and have given it to friends and then some calamity befalls your garden, you can always ask

“The rose wasn’t always queen of flowers. . . . The Egyptians preferred the lotus; the Chinese, the water lily”



it back from your friends. But if you have hoarded it, it is lost for everybody, including yourself. There was a Frenchman named Latour-Marliac who developed water lilies at least as fine as those of the imperial gardens in Peking, but he died without being able to transmit his secret to his descendants, and so the Chinese are now again without rivals. I once went to visit a distinguished old British gardener, Mr. Bowles. The moment he saw me, he said: ‘What, young man, you’ve come without a basket!’ Do you think that I shall let you leave without a plant?”

“You just used the word ‘secret.’ Are gardeners alchemists?”

It is certainly a gift, like cooking. Certain people, with the same plants and the same conditions, obtain results that others don’t. And they are by no means the most scientific. Perhaps they are closer to nature. Having the green thumb, as the English say, may simply consist in sensing what plants desire. It is hard to explain, but I know that plants don’t forgive you if you are not present when they are going through the labor of breaking into blossom. When I am not in my garden at the time a plant I like is about to blossom, I feel very uneasy. I think I am being unfair to it.”

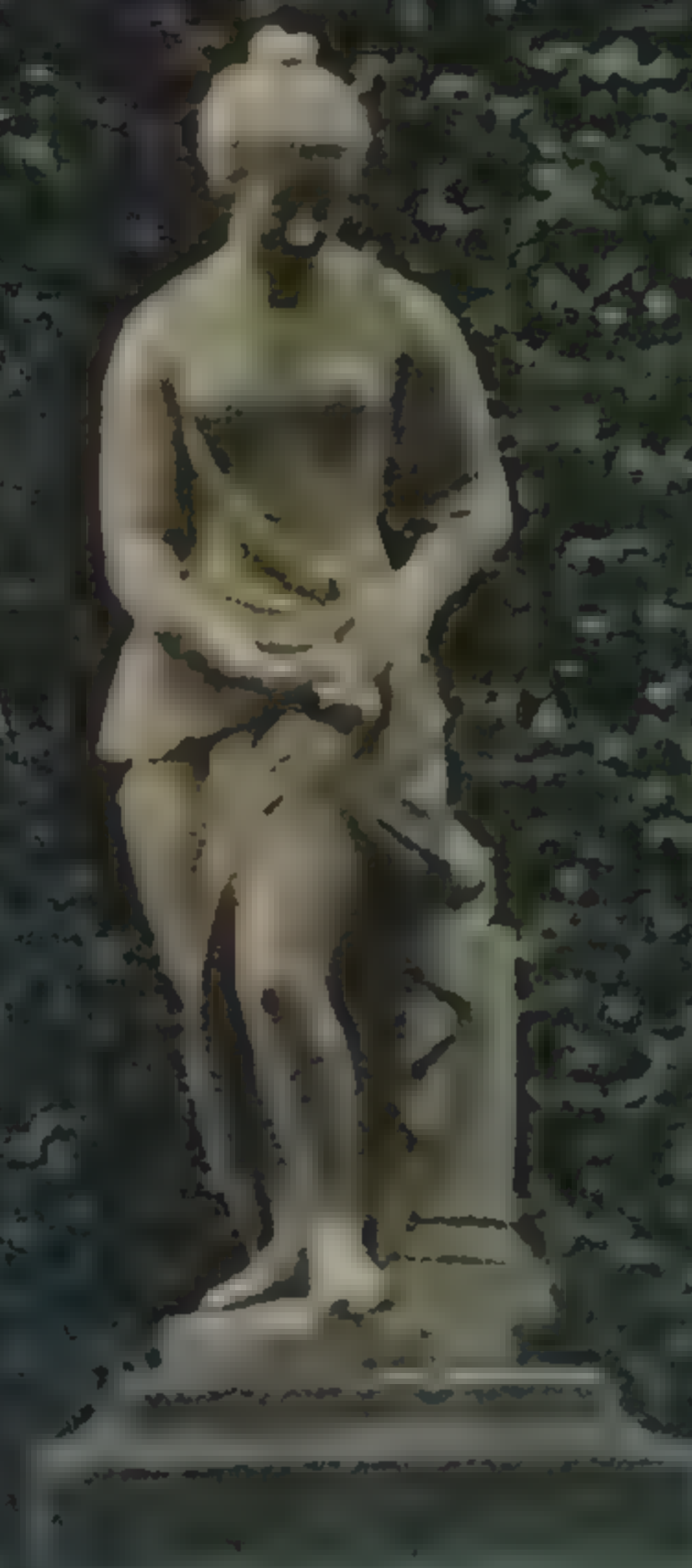
“Sounds like plant psychology.”

“Well, love and passion are involved, and also a good deal of perseverance. Take these lilies: they are called Green Dragon—a beautiful name—but they derive from a lily called simply *Aureli-anense*, which was created by a marvelous old postman in Orleans, Monsieur Debras. He fell in love with lilies in his childhood. He once told me that he had seen the garden of his father, who was a country schoolteacher, filled with white lilies. One day, when he was ten, he saw a red lily and this gave him the idea to hybridize them to create a pink lily. Of course, he failed, but he went on trying. Some years later, he discovered that what he had taken (Continued on page 106)

The Vicomte’s garden room at Pompadour—with rubber boots, shovels, pruning gear



Light and shade:
a hedge needn't be flat...
here, the same grass makes up both
the lawns and the alleys. I'm sure
Louis XIV would have done the same
had the lawn mower existed."





History freezes
the creative impulse. . . . At Pompadour,
the only places where I have been able to amuse
myself are the corridors; they didn't
exist in the distinguished Marquise's time.
I have tried to fill them with surprises. . . ."

On this page, one of Charles de Noailles's amusing corridors, hung with "quaint pictures," opening into the large workmanlike kitchen. At Pompadour, the room the Vicomte likes least: the grand salon, "the only one that has come down to us in its original state. Hence, there is nothing to be done with it." As well as a connoisseur of seventeenth-century art, Charles de Noailles has been, with his late wife, Marie-Laure de Noailles, a great patron of twentieth-century French art.

WORKING WITH THE NEW SWEATER

On these four
pages,
CALVIN KLEIN
tells you how

LOOKS

The key to everything this season is a sweater. And the key to the sweater is: Fit—no matter how big the stitch, how bulky the knit, the look has got to be lean, small, soft.... Caveat: It's not a piece of cake; knits have a mind of their own—they unravel, they stretch. They take real expertise. Which is why the next voice you hear belongs to super-designer Calvin Klein, who's done some of the best knits you're going to see all year: "Don't use a lining and/or underlining; the excess weight will defeat the whole purpose of sweater-dressing. The only exception: those areas where you do not want give, such as pockets, the seat of a skirt—use a China silk lining for these; inside a collar, for shape, a Ciao polyester lining is best. Both are light as a feather and will keep the silhouette soft and supple."

Left, a long, lean, shawl-collared sweater-jacket in khaki-green knit over khaki-green worsted pleats. Calvin says: "To get the soft roll of the collar—lay the collar on a tailor's ham and, working with steam (a hot, dry iron will distort both the look and feel of the knit), use your hands to mold the collar into shape." We added a long mohair sweater, cashmere muffler, a knitted cap. Vogue Pattern 2924, by Fabiani. Sweater-jacket, of Jasco wool, knitted in America. Pleated skirt, of Arthur Zeiler wool loomed in America. Both fabrics at Altman's; Sakowitz.

Right, the sweater as an overblouse and skirt in reversible knit—heathered pink faced in brown—worn with a loosely tied muffler of the same fabric and a thin silvery belt. Calvin: "Be sure to line the skirt to avoid getting a 'seat' in back." (We used a stretchable seam binding for give at the hem.) Suit: Vogue Pattern 2913; wool, nylon, and angora (Yves Gonnet fabric). At Altman's; Sakowitz. Pattern details, page 110. These four pages, hair by François of Kenneth. Accessories, next to last page.



Vogue Patterns
**WORKING TIPS ON
THE NEW
SWEATER LOOKS**





Calvin's Klein's rule of thumb for all knits: "To keep the seams from unraveling, overcast by hand.... Use a ballpoint needle, not a sharp one.... Allow knits to hang overnight on a dress form—not on a hanger—before hemming. This hanging-out process applies to the hemming of sleeves as well, and before cuffs are put on."

Left, the bulky-knit black sweater-coat—all the ease and room you could want—and a good lean line. Calvin says: "When working with bulky knit, cut the pattern a size smaller than you would a tightly woven fabric [such as the ribbed collar and binding we've used here]; make sure you cut the trim on an absolutely straight grain because the body of the garment will stretch more than the trim—cut the trim a bit longer to allow for this difference in length."

Coat: Vogue Pattern 8687. Acrylic fabric by Knits, Inc. Altman's; Sakowitz. *Right, the shawl-collared sweater-jacket in camel-and-black knit to wrap over black wool pants. Calvin: "To keep the dropped shoulder from drooping: use a seam tape, which will hold the shoulder in place and keep it from stretching."* Both cut from Vogue Pattern 8695. Sweater, of acrylic and Durene cotton (Knits, Inc.). Altman's; Sakowitz. Pants, of Hamburger Woolen fabric. At Altman's; Sakowitz. Pattern details, page 110. Accessories, next to last page.

Paris gets it from New York

What is new in fashion? Where is it coming from? Who is making it? This month, Vogue starts a new feature to bring you reports from major fashion events as they occur. Here: the European Fall Ready-to-Wear Collections.

That all-American star—sportswear—took over the European Fall Ready-to-Wear Collections in April and made them a resounding success. The shirts, pants, sweaters, and skirts that were born on Seventh Avenue swept right through the collections.

But the French are not just borrowers—they give sportswear their own special touch. They do it by elongation.

Instead of the trim, tailored look of a blazer, they like a skinny sweater or cardigan that curves with the body right to the thigh.

Instead of an all-around-pleated snappy skirt, they do a straight one that skims sexily over the hips.

Instead of flared or full pants, they take to the trouser that falls in a dead-straight line from the waistband.

Their jackets and coats are longer, leaner, thinner. The two newest lengths: three-quarters and seven-eighths. The Europeans also love the newness of the V-silhouette . . . the look of width across the shoulders. But it's not that old hard, straight line of the 'forties, it's soft and round. To sum up the daytime look: it's the elegance and throw-away chic of spectator sportswear rather than the trim snap of active sportswear.

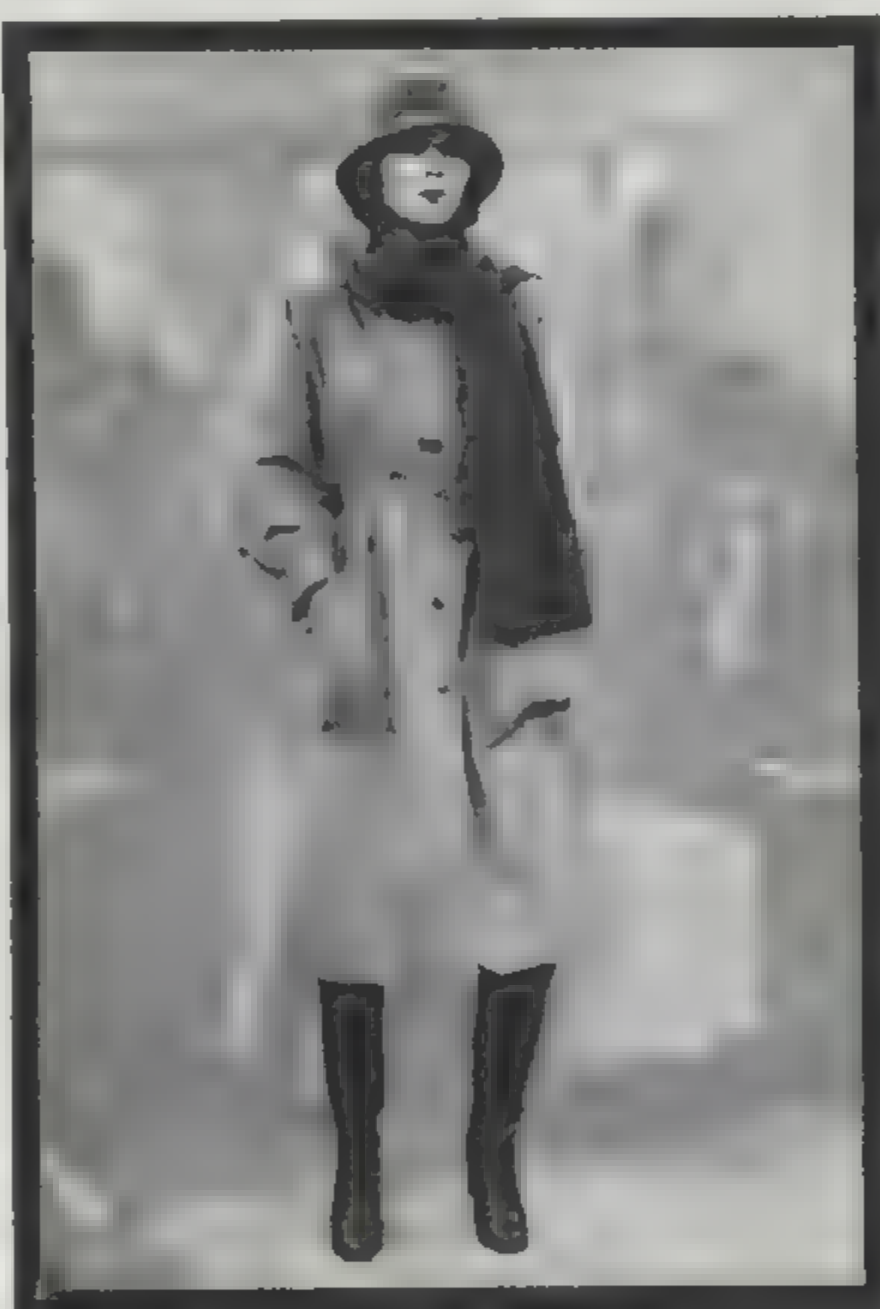
At night, the Europeans did some of the most sexy, feminine clothes we've seen in years. If you want it summed up in one word—it's LINGERIE.

They love the clinginess of pyjamas in light fabrics, the flirt of lace or a fluff of marabou on a dress that's cut as

slinkily as a slip, or on jerseys cut as softly and as prettily as bed jackets.

The best color is black. It's back and it looks great.

YVES SAINT LAURENT



"It's a fluid collection. I feel that women want more and more fluid clothes—lighter structure," says Yves Saint Laurent about the fall collection that is the best he has done so far.

The first big message to

come through in his collection is **THE CAPE—HE DOES IT MID-CALF FOR BOTH DAY AND NIGHT** and, always, it moves easily with the body. For day, he likes the cape in double-faced fleece. For night, he does capes in black or garnet velours and dark-brown chenille.

For day, Yves continues his classic shapes—shirts, pleated skirts, and trousers. He continues the cardigan, but makes it longer to cover the fanny and, on some, adds waist insets to bring them closer to the body.

A typical and a great look is the long heather-green cardigan over a crêpe de Chine bow-necked print shirt and green tweed skirt that reaches to the bottom of the kneecap.

The leg is always natural and the shoe is a leather high-heeled pump. His gloves are multicolored knit Argyles that blend with every outfit. His big brown leather tote bag is the best you ever saw.

Saint Laurent's evening looks are so fluid, undetailed, and against the body, they have the look of lingerie. One is always aware of the body.

When he does pyjamas for evening in black satin, they are as classic as a man's. He does a black jersey knee-length wrap dress, with long skinny sleeves, and completely edges it in marabou. He also does a seven-eighths coat like a dressing gown in black see-through coupe de velours and puts it over pants. It's understated and sensationally sexy.

Yves also does a group of bare dresses that are as soft and easy as a slip—and are two inches above the knee.

"ALL LENGTHS AND SHAPES ARE HERE," he says. "Today, there is no real fashion because there is everything. What is important is a style, a way of life, a way of being, a way of understanding one's epoch."

KENZO



The oversized sweaters and mid-calf skirts that Kenzo

Takada did for fall caused the big furor of the Paris collections. While buyers were passing off the looks as suitable only for the very young, he disagreed: **"AGE IS A QUESTION OF THE SPIRIT.** I don't see my clothes that way at all. It's the woman's attitude toward herself that counts."

He was right. For his oversized clothes have an allure that suits women of all ages. Under all bulk, one becomes very conscious of the movement of a lithe, supple body. It's sexy and it's a point to remember when you consider buying a bulky sweater.

Kenzo's outsized clothes in his enormous collection ranged from sweaters, skirts, and pants in classic tweeds and cables to peasant florals and Tibetan costume looks.

We liked the classics best. Consider a heavy big-cable cardigan over an oversized turtleneck sweater, with a teal-blue flannel mid-calf skirt and brown leather flat-heeled boots. A great new approach to country dressing.

DOROTHÉE BIS



Jacqueline Jacobson is a whiz at knits; the ones she did at Dorothée Bis are no letdown.

They are either sexily skinny or so outsize they look as if they were done on a giant's knitting needles.

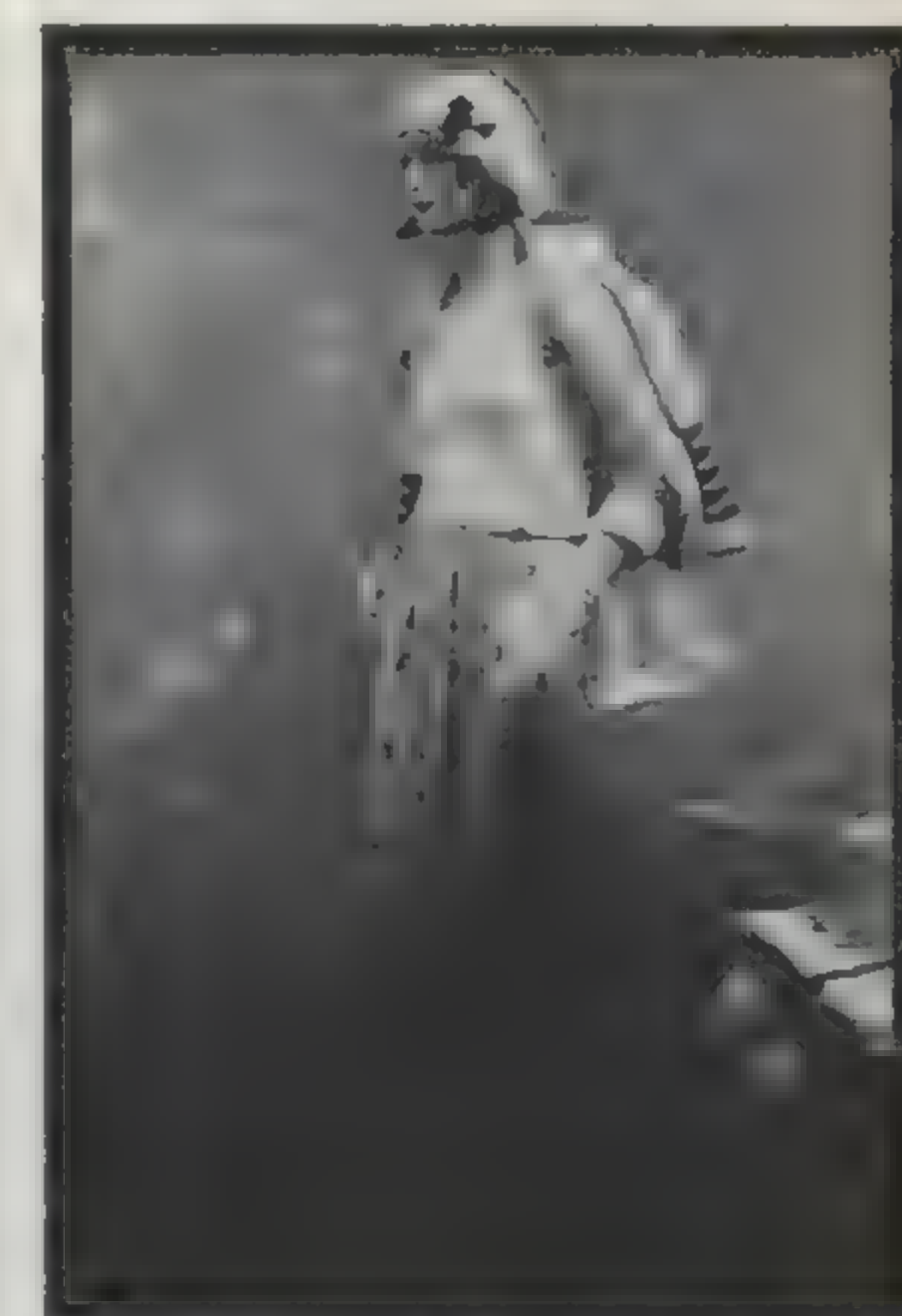
Her best skinny looks are the bias-cut dresses that cling to the body and have skirts which flip down to below the knee. Jacqueline puts them with four-inch-heeled shoes and pantyhose in the same color so there is no real sense of length. "I'm tired of bits and pieces—dresses look so new," she says.

Apart from dresses, it's a cardigan story: cardigans over practically every dress, skirt, and pants. The greatest are the rough-textured ones—they replace a fur.

Most were in shades of taupe, porridge, and string, and wrapped around the body at about seven-eighths length over little breezy skirts that

flipped as the models walked.

SONIA RYKIEL



Sonia Rykiel's collection turned out to be one of her best. "It's a man-catching collection, as sexy by day as it is by night. The mohairs and knits are so soft you want to touch them," she said. But the really unique thing about the collection was Sonia's sense of proportion. She put a cardigan over a sweater that was four inches longer than it, and a below-the-knee coat over a soft, fluid mid-calf skirt. And it worked.

Sonia's skirts were all long—below the knee or mid-calf. She says, "But I am not a dictator; length is a question of a woman's proportions and of her personality."

Her skirts were some of the newest-looking in Paris—some softly flared, some pleated, some wrapped, and some with creases pressed in.

With them, Sonia put her **BODY-HUGGING SWEATERS**, many longer than ever, skimming over the hips and fanny to four inches down the thigh. She put one with a button-front skirt, unbuttoned right up to the sweater. Very sexy.

Sonia did a new sweater shape—a blouson that had a wide flat band over the hips—and beautiful seven-eighths knit coats, wrong side out.

Her colors were marvelous—pastels that were really white with a drop of apricot, peach, or yellow; **HER NEWEST COLOR IS A SOFT, DUSTY TEAL**, always mixed with black.

Her legs are always black with the sheen of a subtle metallic. Shoes are black calf with heels about four inches high. **THE HIGH HEEL IS EXTREMELY IMPORTANT FOR THE LONGER LENGTHS;** it gives the right gait for these clothes.

Finally, if you feel like buying one very sexy thing for fall, look for her sweater with the scooped neckline, banded in mohair, that has two buttons to do up the band. Wear it with the buttons undone.

Or try her V-neck wrap dress in nosegay-printed black challis, one of the prettiest in Paris.

CHLOË



"With each collection, I try to crystalize the mood of the moment," says Karl Lagerfeld, the monocled young man who does the collection for Chloë.

And if Karl's on the right track, **THE WOMAN OF THE MOMENT IS SENSUAL, SEDUCTIVE, AND SEXY.** For instance, he gives a new sensational life to the shirtdress. He takes a geometric print crêpe de Chine and makes a beautiful, luxurious shirtdress. He puts it over a matching bias slip cut low on the bosom and banded in lace. He leaves a few buttons undone to give a seductive glimpse of lace and the print of the slip. The result—dynamite.

Karl's two other big looks are the seventh-eighths tube coats he does in checked wools and puts over slim skirts and his BIG coats, very roomy on top with raglan sleeves, and belted. You are always aware of the body underneath.

His accessory message is long cashmere challis scarves worn three at a time, twisted together, and wrapped under the collar of the coat. He mixes the colors—black, green, tomato; purple, gray, teal; orange, taupe, turquoise.

MISSONI



"I built the whole collection around the shawl. I love the roominess of a shawl, the way one feels enveloped in it," says Rosita Missoni about the collection she designed with her handsome husband, Ottavio.

Rosita is talking about her cardigans in outsize ribs and mohair. All have shawl collars that often roll down to hidden slit pockets sensuously lined with silk. Rosita sees her cardigans taking the place of jackets, puts them over straight pleated pants, short pleated skirts, and her gossamer print pleated Lurex evening dresses.

"I love the mix of textures, a silky knit contrasted with **THE LUXURIOUSLY THICK LOOK OF BOUCLE OR MOHAIR.** Mohair is beautiful. It is rough looking and yet it is soft to the touch."

She carries out this mix of textures right through the collection. And it's a trend to watch—not just in knits but in wovens, also.

Rosita hasn't forsaken the patterns and their mix that made her famous. The best-looking this time are the herringbones with raised small gold dots, tiny multicolored checks outlined in red, raised pin stripes, and big blanket plaids. Her colors are muted but never dull. She also uses red in a silk jersey with a broken zig-zag of yellow and black.

Her skirt lengths are just at the knee—and ankle length for a small group of pleated plaid skirts. But she doesn't take the longer length too seriously. "I see my ankle-length skirts with flat shoes and a short wrap cardigan, worn during the day by young girls. It is their look—pretty and fresh."

JEAN MUIR



Jean Muir is very much her own woman. Her collections always reflect her own strong style. For fall it was strong enough to bring her a standing ovation in Paris after the buyers and press had sat on

hard wooden seats through four other collections, as well as tightrope and other juggling acts.

JEAN'S BIG NEW SHAPE FOR FALL IS THE TUNIC DRESS. The tunic is cut like a poncho and Jean lets it fall softly and prettily in black jersey over an above-the-knee slim skirt. She does a new tenty wrap bias coat in taupe that just skims the knees and closes with a casual tie at the neck.

At night, she's sexy. For instance, she does a navy silk jersey poncho, cuts it ankle length, and then slits it at the side to reveal the body. No! Jean is never that obvious: the model wears matched pantyhose to give a bewitching glimpse of leg and hip.

MIC MAC



The long, hand-knitted, and yet sophisticated sweater-coats were the stars of the collection Tan Giudicelli did for Mic Mac. Tan put them over pants and a very new-looking mid-calf skirt that looks right because it goes with **ARGYLE STOCKINGS AND FRINGED-TONGUE BROGUES.** The reed-thin Frenchman says this collection marks a big change for him. "Before, I designed popular sportswear for everyone. This collection is more soignée, more refined, more sophisticated."

"My style is now Anglo-Saxon. It is for the real woman in an Anglo-Saxon democracy. Every designer has a woman for whom he designs. Mine is tall, slim, active, decisive; she copes with her home and children the way her husband does with his business."

Two other great Mic Mac looks: the oversized sweaters and the thigh-length sweaters. Tan does them both with pants and with mid-calf skirts.

Tan believes emphatically in the longer skirt. "I believe the mid-calf skirt is the only one that will replace pants. Shorter skirts are definitely a dressier look," he says.

EMMANUELLE KHANH



Color as soft and melting as the misty heathers of Scotland is the big news from Emmanuelle Khanh.

"I tried to mix the colors so there is really no color at all," she says about the body-hugging jacquard sweaters she did in soft blue, peach, and green and put with flannel shirts and tweed trousers or pleated skirts.

It's **THE SOFTEST LOOK TO COME OUT OF PARIS.** And it's a complete knockout look for a blonde.

Her trousers, skirts, shirts, and pullovers are some of the best coordinated and best tailored we've seen.

The real collector's items in Emmanuelle Khanh's collection are her shirts and her trench coats. The best shirts: the faggoted white crêpe de Chine blouse and the white batiste with white peasant embroidery.

VALENTINO



Valentino's shapes are as clear and clean as the palm fronds outlined against the walls of his salon in Rome.

For while Valentino, like so many other European designers, has **GONE ALL OUT FOR SWEATERS,** he does his one way only—neatly wrapped or belted close to the body.

He likes them in rib knits and tweeds shot with Lurex, and he always adds a huge fox collar in the same color as the

sweater-coat or cardigan. It's neat, pretty, and glamorous.

For daytime, his best color combination is yellow and gray. Some great looks: yellow three-quarters coat over white-on-gray windowpane-checked flannel; bright yellow trench coat lined with gray sweater knit; yellow raincoat over gray-and-white-striped crêpe de Chine.

His prints include a Klimt-inspired series that look best on crêpe de Chine shirts for daytime and mixed as separates for evening.

His **KNOCK-OUT EVENING LOOKS—THOSE WITH A LINGERIE MOOD.** He does long and short dresses in silk chiffon and charmeuse, cuts them very bare, softens them with little ruffles—as pretty and feminine as nightdresses.

His other super evening look is the silver pinchecked long shirtdress with a floor-length sweater-coat in black wool and silver. The coat is a great buy: looks right for both big and little evenings.

Valentino keeps his skirt lengths at the top of the knee-cap for day, and puts his pantyhose and low-heeled (1¼") shoes in exactly the same shade as the skirts.

ZANDRA RHODES



Zandra Rhodes dyes her hair green and pastes purple sequins on her eyebrows, and some clothes she showed in London are as extravagant and extraordinary as she is.

But others are beautiful. **SO BEAUTIFUL THEY MAKE YOU WANT TO WEAR THEM** for their own sake and the mood they create. These dream dresses are the group she did in Chiffon and net.

The two that are guaranteed to make you feel as feminine as a Southern belle are the one in blue-and-white chiffon, with long kimono sleeves and the hem edged in ruffles of white net, and the long wrap of white chiffon printed in three shades of grey that looks like a peignoir. ■

JULY-FORTH FINDS

The now and future things



WHO'S SHE? **U**SCHI.

DELECTABLE

NEW GIRL IN TOWN—

FROM **M**UNICH

TO **V**OGUE, VIA THESE FOUR PAGES



Top find,

right—a white silky knit sweater/shirt/overblouse you could put on this second and stay in forever. It's irresistible—perfect—anytime, anywhere, with anything, over bare skin and chains, or put a sweater underneath (Missoni—wouldn't you know this was theirs?—showed it over its own twin, but in navy to match the pants). Of rayon. Late July, Bloomingdale's.

A terrific lace body stocking,

left—in a year of body-touching clothes, when you want to be rounded in all the right places and feel pretty in the sweeteriest sweaters, this does it all (it's even cut low so you can unbutton as many buttons as you like). By Warner's; buff stretch lace of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. \$12. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Accessories, next to last page. Hair, Ara Gallant.





Two sexy numbers in black...
three, counting the frivol of black
net and sparklers on Uschi

**Long, clingy
glamour-girl black,**

right—a real number in stretch jersey,
with sunburst shirring that practically glues it
to your midriff. By Robert David Morton
(matching stole, not shown); Jupiter jersey,
of Antron nylon and Lycra. About \$145.
Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.;
Lillie Rubin—South and West; I. Magnin.
Hair, Ara Galant.
Accessories, next to last page.



Dieting

by Neil Solomon, M.D., Ph.D.

A famous doctor—noted for his research in the fields of obesity, endocrinology, and metabolism—tells you why you may not shed pounds even though you are on a diet

How To Lose Weight Permanently

You're fat because you eat more calories than your body burns. Anyone who tells you differently isn't telling you The Truth About Weight Control.

The real question is—does your body allow you to burn up a normal amount of calories? Or, to put it another way, do you have a metabolic defect that prevents you from burning up adequate calories? If this is true, you could eat the same amount of food as your spouse, or friend, and you would gain weight while he or she wouldn't. If you related this to your physician, he probably would say that you were cheating. The truth is that you probably are not cheating but indeed do have a defect in the way you break down food and convert it to energy—a defect that can be found through biochemical and enzymatic testing and then medically corrected so that, once and for all, you can take weight off and keep it off, permanently.

To this end, I initiated a study in 1961, during my internship and residency training on the Metabolic Research Ward of the Osler Medical Service of Johns Hopkins Hospital. This study has continued through the present time as I continue to follow many of these private-research patients. Over 1,000 people to date have been studied.

During this decade, these patients collectively lost—and kept off—over two tons of body fat; and they all had one thing in common—they were metabolically different—that is, they were each unique in the way they burned their food, converted it to energy, and used this energy for daily functions—living, working, reproducing. The study data showed that there was a difference between those people who had just gained their excess weight and those who had maintained an excess weight gain for more than six months. The longer the excess poundage had been kept on their bodies, the harder it was to get it off and keep it off permanently.

For those who had become obese within the past six months—that means they weighed 10 percent or more above their ideal weight—the following was true: 9 percent had a bona fide medical problem causing the original weight gain. These problems included thyroid disease, adrenal-gland abnormalities, pituitary problems, sex-hormone aberrations, hypoglycemia, diabetes, and even brain tumors. These problems were

the basis for their obesity. In order for them to lose weight, these medical problems had to be corrected.

On the other hand, 74 percent had no medical problems whatsoever, but had gained the excess weight because, for some psychological reason, they ate too much. Their reasons for overeating varied from unhappy or unfulfilled relationships with a spouse or lover to boredom, frustration, anger, fear, guilt, or stress. The remaining 17 percent had both physical and psychological problems as the bases for their excessive weight gain.

One thing was certain: if these people retained their excess poundage for more than six months, then the percentages changed. Of the original number with solely medical problems, 8 percent later acquired additional psychological overeating problems to aggravate their overweight condition. Of the 74 percent that got fat originally because they just ate too much, 51 percent developed, in addition to the overeating problem, secondary medical problems to aggravate the obesity. This means that if you are overweight for more than six months, the chances are good (76 percent) that you have both psychological problems that cause you to overeat and secondary physical problems that do not allow you to burn up your calories properly.

This group in the 76th percentile, with both physical and emotional problems as causes of their obesity, had one thing in common. They all had gone on diets—lost weight for a while—then had gone off their diets, only to regain the lost weight. This repeated up-and-down pattern is what I term the Yo-Yo Syndrome.

The reason that these people did not keep their fat off was that their physical problems remained uncorrected, so they were not able to burn up a normal number of calories. Therefore, eating what for them should have been normal amounts, then caused them to gain weight. Once the problem was determined and corrected, then eating a normal number of calories could keep their weight off permanently.

In a recent study of 100 people who were fat and showed evidence of the Yo-Yo Syndrome—over half (59 percent) had exacerbated their medical problems because they had gone on some popular, crash, fad diet without the advice and consent of their physicians. These crash, fad diets—such as the Stillman Water Diet or the so-called “revolutionary,” high-calorie low-car-

bohydrate diet—all have one thing in common. They are nutritionally unsound and lack some basic nutrient that the body needs for health and normal functioning. These unfortunately popular but unhealthy diets have done far more harm than good and have turned more people into Yo-Yo's today than ever before.

It is possible for you to learn if you are a victim of the Yo-Yo Syndrome, providing you engage in normal everyday physical activity. The test diet on the opposite page is a one-week, well-balanced plan of 1,800 calories a day. If you follow it precisely and still gain weight at the end of the week, you can be fairly certain that you are in the Yo-Yo Syndrome category and you should consult your physician so that he can diagnose and correct any physical problem. (Note: Women should not go on the diet during their menstrual period.) If you don't have the Yo-Yo Syndrome and, therefore, lose weight on the diet, it is perfectly acceptable to stay on the diet until you reach your ideal weight. *Your doctor should check the diet for any individual modifications he chooses to make.*

All meals may include unsweetened tea with lemon or coffee with skim milk. You may have black coffee or tea anytime and up to 24 ounces a day of diet soda. Salt may be used in the preparation of food, but do not add more at the table. Trim fat before cooking meats; if you wish, substitute margarine for butter; use lemon juice as salad dressing (except as noted).

I will try to shed some light on the importance of heredity and genetic facts as a basis for becoming fat. The facts are: If you have one fat parent, your chances of becoming fat are 30 percent. If you have two fat parents, your chances of becoming fat are 80 percent. If you have no fat parents, your chances of becoming fat are 10 percent. These tendencies could be due to genes or to the poor examples set by fat parents—children watch fat parents eat too much and the children, by imitation, then eat too much and they become fat and have fat babies. A fat baby becomes a fat adolescent, then a fat parent whose eating habits are passed on to his children.

I believe that both heredity as well as bad eating habits are responsible for over 90 percent of all obesity today. You may have a genetic predisposition to be fat but whether or not you actually will be fat is determined to some extent by your fat cells.

One of the most recent breakthroughs in the determination of body-fat content has been made by Dr. Jules Hirsch and his associates at Rockefeller University. By using very technical and highly complicated scientific methods, this research team has demonstrated its ability to make an actual count of the number of fat cells in the human body. By taking human fat-cell counts at various stages of growth development, the team have concluded from their results that the actual number of fat cells is determined in the first few months of life.

Consider this in connection with the two major different genetic groups—those born with a predisposition to be fat and those born without a predisposition to be fat.

If you are born with a predisposition to be fat, it will depend on how much your mother feeds you during your first year of life as to whether or not you will end up with an increased number of fat cells. If your mother overfeeds you during your first year of life, you will end up with more fat cells in your body than your thin counterpart. If you continue to eat more calories than you burn up, you will not only have more but also larger fat cells in which to store fat and you will more easily become obese through-

Some people have both a physical and a psychological problem causing weight gain

out your life. If, on the other hand, your mother does not overfeed you, you will not end up with an increased number of fat cells. The only way you will be fat later in life is simply by overeating.

The second group are those born *without* a predisposition to be fat. If you are in this group and your mother overfeeds you, you will not end up with an increased number of fat cells—only an increased amount of fat in each cell. If not overfed, you will have the normal amount of fat cells and the normal amount of fat in each cell. . . . If those members of the first group (with more fat cells) remain thin throughout their entire lives, they will still end up with an increased number of fat cells, but not with an increased amount of fat in each cell. . . . Members of the second group, if they do not remain thin, will end up not with more fat cells but only with more fat in each cell.

Dr. Jerome L. Knittle, a physician and nutritionist at the National Institute of Health, has substantiated Dr. Hirsch's work by showing that obese people "have a higher number of fat cells than the non-obese, and the fat cells are generally bigger than in non-obese persons. . . ."

Sims and Horton of the University of Vermont did a study with volunteer prisoners from the state penitentiary in which they deliberately overfed the men and made careful observations of the results during the time they were gaining weight and, also, as they lost the enforced weight gain. One of the things they observed was that those volunteers who were originally of leaner body type and who had no history of diabetes or obesity lost the forced weight gain with less effort than those whose family histories did show these variances.

Sims and Horton's (Continued on page 106)

One Week Test Diet to Get You Going

	BREAKFAST	LUNCH	DINNER	SNACK
MONDAY	1 cup orange juice Large poached egg 1 strip bacon 1 slice whole-wheat bread ½ tbsp. butter	8 oz. broiled hamburger 6 spears asparagus Large baked potato (about 5 oz.)	2 5-oz. broiled lamb chops ¾ cup peas, carrots 1 slice white bread ½ cup canned fruit cocktail (drained of syrup)	½ cup skim milk
TUESDAY	1 orange (about 3" diameter) Large soft-cooked egg 1 slice rye bread ½ tbsp. butter	¾ cup canned fruit cocktail (drained of syrup) or 1 cup pea or mushroom soup ½ portion 9" apple pie	8 oz. lean roast beef ¾ cup rice 1 cup green beans 4 large lettuce leaves 1 medium tomato 1 banana (about 6" long)	½ cup skim milk 1 oz. Swiss cheese 2 Saltines
WEDNESDAY	¾ cup unsweetened grapefruit juice 2 pancakes (about 4" diameter) prepared in Teflon pan 1 tbsp. maple syrup ½ tbsp. butter	¾ cup tomato juice 2 boiled frank-furters 1 cup sauerkraut 1 fresh medium apricot	1 cup Manhattan clam chowder 2 5-oz. veal chops 1 cup mashed-with-milk potatoes 6 large lettuce leaves 1/12 portion of 8" diameter angel cake	1 cup skim milk 1 fresh medium pear (about 2½" diameter)
THURSDAY	½ grapefruit (about 4½" diameter) with 1 tsp. sugar Omelette of large egg, with ½ tbsp. butter 1 slice whole-wheat bread	2 slices white bread and 4 oz. turkey or 2 tbsp. peanut butter 6 large lettuce leaves ½ medium tomato 1 cup applesauce	8 oz. lean broiled ham 1 cup noodles with 1 tbsp. butter, 1 tbsp. grated cheese ½ cup boiled cabbage 1 medium tomato 1 fresh medium apricot	1 cup skim milk
FRIDAY	1 cup apple juice 1 cup corn flakes with 1 cup skim milk, 1 tsp. sugar	1 cup consommé or bouillon 3 oz. canned salmon, 1 tbsp. mayonnaise 3 large lettuce leaves 1 medium tomato 2-oz. hard roll ½ cup canned fruit cocktail	½ large avocado 8 oz. broiled scallops Large baked potato (about 5 oz.) 1 cup cooked diced beets 1 slice white bread 1-oz. slice plain pound cake	1 cup skim milk 1 cup fresh strawberries
SATURDAY	1 orange (about 3" diameter) 2 pancakes (about 4" diameter) prepared in Teflon pan ½ tbsp. butter 1 tbsp. maple syrup	2 slices white bread and 3 oz. lean ham or 3 oz. chicken, 1 tbsp. mayonnaise, large lettuce leaf ½ cantaloupe	6 oz. sautéed calf's liver 1 cup mashed-with-milk potatoes 1 cup snap beans, ½ tbsp. butter 10 large lettuce leaves ½ portion 9" strawberry pie	1 cup skim milk
SUNDAY	BRUNCH 1 cup orange juice 2 large poached eggs 2 strips bacon 2-oz. slice coffee cake with icing	DINNER 8-oz. lean broiled sirloin steak 8 French-fried potatoes (about 2" long x ½" x ½") 10 large lettuce leaves ½ medium green pepper, sliced,	and ½ medium tomato with 1 tbsp. French, Russian, or blue-cheese dressing 12-oz. can beer or 1½ cups skim milk 1 5-oz. apple	1 cup skim milk 1/12 portion of 8" diameter angel cake

NOTE: If you have wine with your dinner, it displaces 75 to 110 calories; a cocktail before displaces 100 to 150 calories. Therefore you must eat smaller portions of the food listed on the diet. Dropping one vegetable won't do it—get a calorie counter and concentrate!





INSTANT SUMMER

BY SHIRLEY LORD

Go shelf-hopping this summer . . . and find in your local store everything to make summer more available, desirable, believable. For some, summer means a Mimosa beside the Med . . . a good book on a breezy deck . . . a Sunday afternoon stroll in Central Park. But, whatever and wherever, summer can be as instant as coffee. Transport yourself without the ticket at the store, where summer can become a reality . . . even if it's raining outside. Summer is a state of mind.

July 1 SHOPPING LIST

1 golden tan (tube or plastic bottle)
Sun oil or moisturizer
2 or 3 colorfast colors for eyes
(golds and browns)
2 or 3 colorfast colors for lips
(apricots and bronzes)
Lip gloss
Brow lightener
Hair shine (third packet on
the left-hand shelf)
Shampoo
Sugar substitute
Exercise sandals
New bikini
Frozen diet shake for my lunch
Beach tote for his lunch
Scent like tuberose
Instant makeup remover

Left: A great way to summer shop in 1973—in Eckerd's Miami Beach drugstore. Navy bikini by Gottex of Israel, of nylon and Lycra. About \$24. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page.

BEACH

NOW

SUDDENLY

this summer you can go gold all the way, head to toe with a puff—several puffs—of a foam that, uniquely, while adding color on top, starts to darken natural color beneath. Later, under the shower, top color goes, real tan emerges—to last a few days, depending on how many puffs you use. The more Sudden Tan (that's its self-explicit name), you apply, the deeper and more lasting the color, moisturizing, too.

DIVE

into water—bodily if you can, facially if you can't—before applying any moisturizer. Dermatologists say the ideal way to hydrate the skin—especially when hot and dry from the sun—is to immerse it in water for fifteen minutes or so (coming up for air, of course) and *then* liberally apply moisturizer while still damp. The protective film of moisturizer helps prevent evaporation of the water you've just soaked up, which means—instantly—a prettier moisturized, plus protected, skin.

FLYING STARTS

look prettier when you look cool, composed, on time . . . however tight your schedule. One effective and simple route to the cool face: baby powder toe to top—inside your stockings, dusted over your palms, between your fingers, behind your ears. The tiny smooth-edged platelets of the special talc in baby powder glide over each other, so creating a calm feeling for your body. Baby oil has a place in your summer, too. After the beach, give a tan a treatment of its own. Apply your own mix all over—baby oil, spiked with a drop of fragrance or fresh lemon or lime juice (keep it in the refrigerator). Then, buff lightly with a towel to leave a sheer sheen—a wonderful way to promote the day's tan at night under artificial light.

IN HIGH GEAR

. . . Nicholas of Charles of the Ritz uses color the best way for summer—stating that a peach base, glow, or highlight looks better on a tan than a bronze one, for peach turns tan to copper, whereas bronze on bronze tends to give a flat, dull look. The best gloss for parched lips? He uses an eye-oil stick, no color needed. To light up a tan at night, he mixes rouge with a golden gel, touching base only on cheekbones, forehead (near hairline), and chin. For a dry face, he uses—surprise—powder to give a slightly moist look . . . a special encapsulated kind by Charles of the Ritz called Frosted Revenescence Powder Glow. Look for the word “encapsulated.” It means something extra good is inside the product—in this case, minute beads of moisture.

INSTANT

coffee or tea, spiked, if you must, with sugar substitute, is better for you than frozen banana Daiquiris. If this doesn't inspire you, try instead a glass of red wine with one tablespoon of pure honey and a few drops of lemon juice . . . offered by Professor Sbarra, top gymnastic teacher in Rome, to his pupils at “coffee break” time. Eat for extra energy: red cabbage, beans with almonds, grape mousse, yogurt, shrimps. . . .

The no-fuss face

Golden as a peach by day, to gold after dark—at the sound of a swizzle stick . . . the drop of an eye crayon

This is the best season for skin. It acts younger because, unless you're living a totally air-conditioned life, summer's heat means surface blood flow is increased with every rise in temperature. More oxygen and nutrients are brought to all growing cells, while cellular rubbish is collected and discarded faster. Summer skin can literally be in the “pink,” providing it's properly cleansed, moisturized, protected. Summer is a time for light masks, frequent washings, long-lasting deodorants, and forever-and-ever fragrances. Add to summer pink summer tan, and you have the basis for perfect 'round-the-clock makeup, devised here by Rick Gillette in such a colorful way it would impress even Mr. Land, inventor of that fast developer, Polaroid. At night, Rick adds touches of gold in all its many variants—light honey to deep bronze—easily but unequivocally changing a day face into a night face. Instant hair, too, with Elegant Page, a Fashion Tress wig—undetected, immune to the usual summer hazards for hair—frizzing and drooping—combed by Rick Gillette.

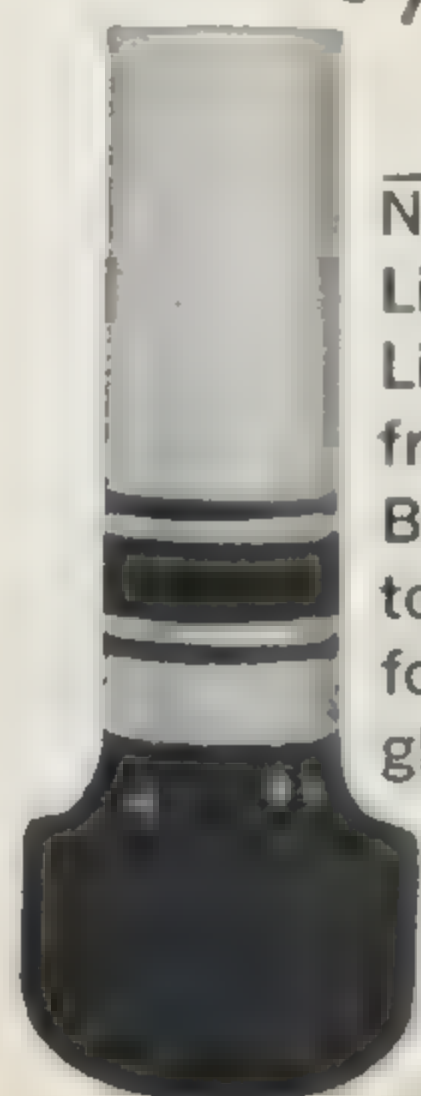


An essential for summer: shine with great shine from Ultima II by Charles Revson: Shining Eyeshadow In-A-Pot



Summer in a shell, breathtaking Aliage by Estée Lauder

THE GOLD BOOTY

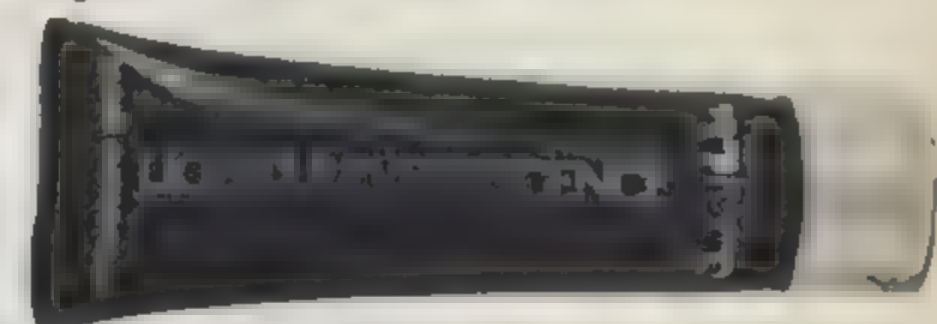


Nude Earth Lipstick and Lip Gloss from Bonne Bell, color togetherness for moist glitter. . . .

Love's Honey for the hair; wigs benefit from good shampoos, too



Liquid gold in tube, imparting vital moisture via Revenescence, by Charles of the Ritz.

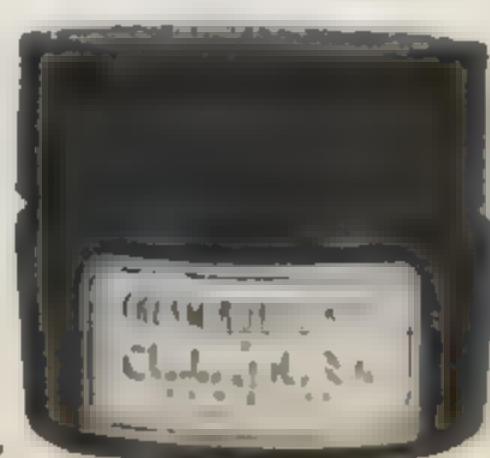


OUT OF IT, WITH THE

Right: To match the glow, Saint Laurent's crêpe de Chine shirt in bronzy cocoa. About \$100. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, N.Y.; Joseph Horne; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page.

AS THE MINUTES TICK BY, THE

Vital rouge, which used to be directed to cheeks alone, now spotlights entire face: Cream Rouge Ritz



PALE FACE DEEPENS IN SUN—AND



The golden girl of summer

AT NIGHT WITH GOLD AND MORE GOLD - ON EYES, LIPS, CHEEKS AND...

RIGHT CHOICE OF MAKEUP - SPREADING ITS WINGS



SO THE DAY FACE DEVELOPS INTO THE NIGHT FACE.
GOLD CHANGES EVERYTHING



after dark, all lights on

CLOSE-UP, far left, shows how makeup maestro Rick Gillette uses a subtle blending of vibrant colors to give a lively lift to bare skin late P.M. On a gently tanned canvas, he highlights haunting cheekbones with a bronze powder blusher, brushing diagonally upwards and outwards from the chin line to leave natural summer bloom showing through on the cheeks.

CLOSE-UP, above, shows the perfect eye for after dark, an evening buttercup not lost in bad lighting, reflecting plenty of summer gold. To accomplish this, Rick uses a combination of three colors, two textures on eyelids: a yellow-and-earth-brown tint, a gold-on-the-bronze-side powder blusher, plus a rich application of black mascara. To create important lips, he uses a super-gloss lipstick with only a hint of bronze color, again letting the natural color break through. Late-night summer fragrance: Givenchy III. Late-night hair: the same Fashion Tress wig shown on the preceding page, washed, combed into a controlled pageboy.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



Black—a fashion statement for tan—more emphatic than ever when gold is added

One beautiful way to be in black at night, above—a silky little crêpe pyjama with all-over tucks—wide pants and a matching shirt-jacket to wear closed when you want to be covered, unbuttoned when you want to show tanned skin in its best possible light. By Leonard Fashion; polyester and rayon. About \$300. Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. All makeup, these pages, from Frances Denney. Coif and makeup, Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page.

stop

watch your sun schedule as carefully as if you were timing a race...and beat the burning rays by preparing for your sunbath the right way...

Sun is the mixed blessing of summer, not by any means only the bugaboo dermatologists warn against. Sun actually can be one of the best friends skin can have—if taken in properly measured doses. Time is the all-important factor, for stopwatch precision is vital if the sun is to help the skin grow stronger—which it can—not weaker, which it also can. When the skin is exposed to the sun's rays, it produces melanin as a protective action—this is the “tan” you see. Combined with your own protein, this makes a complex more resistant not only to the elements but to man-made hazards, such as pollution. If the melanin isn't formed slowly (and nourished each night with lashings of moisturizer), skin flakes off—peels—reversing good work to bad, leaving skin more vulnerable, not less. Our girl on the beach is smart. She is moisturized from head to toe, using a moisturized sun cream with filtering agents to screen out a good many harmful rays. She also has created her own little oasis of light and shade, switching positions every ten minutes, for forty minutes, until her whole body has had an evenly distributed quota of sunshine. When the alarm goes off, she packs up her tent and steals away into the cool. *Alert:* Sun rays can creep into the shade, too, burning you just when you think you're safe... shade must be checked out for sun leaks.

In the shade

Ultima II Super Luscious Lip Conditioner by Charles Revson
After Tan by Alo-Cosmetics (helps prevent flaking and peeling, keeps skin moist, soothed)
Elizabeth Arden's After-Sun Cooling Cream
Ultima II Ultra-Color Gelstick to even up color, neatly hide “sunglass-white” patches

Gradual tanning

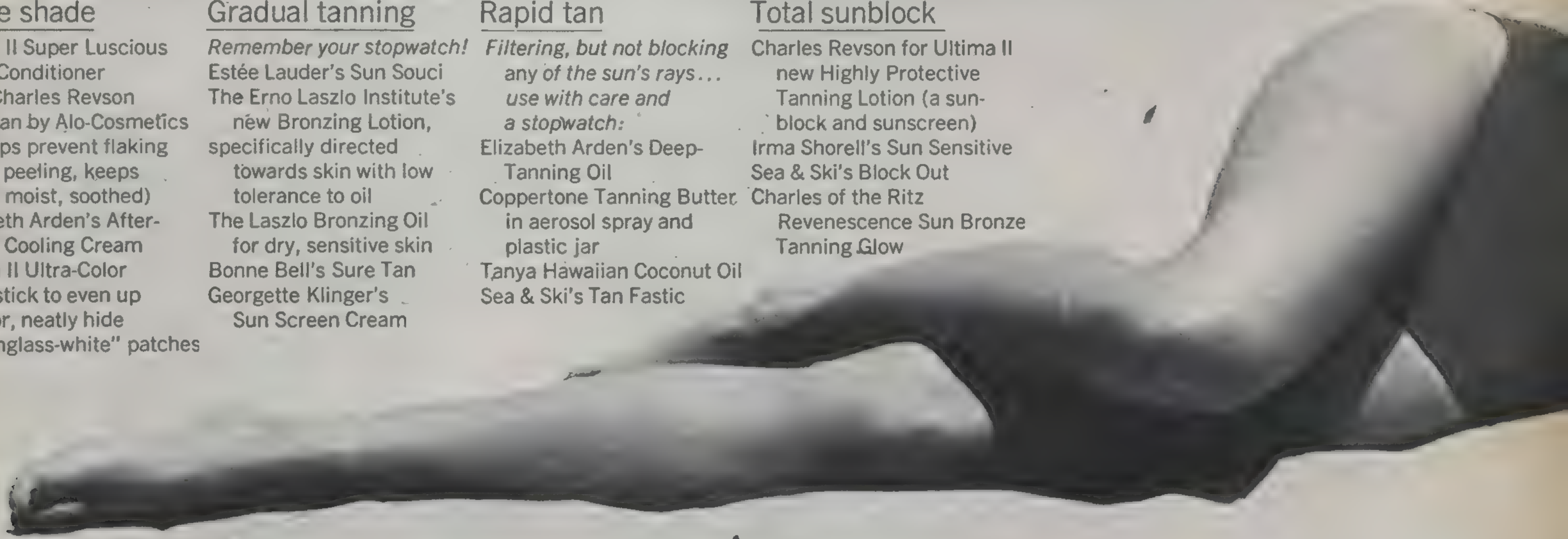
Remember your stopwatch!
Estée Lauder's Sun Souci
The Erno Laszlo Institute's new Bronzing Lotion, specifically directed towards skin with low tolerance to oil
The Laszlo Bronzing Oil for dry, sensitive skin
Bonne Bell's Sure Tan
Georgette Klinger's Sun Screen Cream

Rapid tan

Filtering, but not blocking any of the sun's rays... use with care and a stopwatch:
Elizabeth Arden's Deep-Tanning Oil
Coppertone Tanning Butter in aerosol spray and plastic jar
Tanya Hawaiian Coconut Oil
Sea & Ski's Tan Fastic

Total sunblock

Charles Revson for Ultima II new Highly Protective Tanning Lotion (a sun-block and sunscreen)
Irma Shorell's Sun Sensitive
Sea & Ski's Block Out
Charles of the Ritz
Revenescence Sun Bronze
Tanning Glow



watch

out for the ultraviolet, soak up the infrared—learn to make the sun your skin's best friend this summer, and benefit all year long



INSTANT SUMMER

BEAUTY

NOW

**Look—fresh
bathing suits in July!**

Used to be the hardest thing to find in midsummer—when you needed it most—was a good bathing suit. Not this summer—and to prove it, two of them: The strapless maillot, above, for strapless tanning. A thin stretch of red cut out in the middle—about as bare as a one-piece suit can get. Monika for Elon; Antron nylon and Lycra (Deering Milliken fabric). \$29. Mid-July, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . A tiny white bikini, below—the best accessory a tan ever had. This, wrapped like a sarong, by Cole of California. Of Antron nylon and Lycra (Charbert fabrics). \$20. Lord & Taylor. Accessories, next to last page.

INSTANT SUMMER/BEAUTY NOW


Limber up, and requisition nature's own equipment for a gym...a palm tree makes a great wall bar to balance against. Whether you're lucky enough to be in the Bahamas at the Tamboo Club on Great Harbour Cay or by the Mediterranean at Paleokastritsa on the island of Corfu, use that buoyant Technicolor ocean for the exercise experts concur is the best—swimming. If you can't swim, take lessons—good exercise, too. Not only does swimming use most of the muscles of the body, it's the perfect way for the nonathletic to build up endurance against illness and expand lung capacity. If you breathe better, you look better—from the natural glow in your eyes to an altogether livelier, upright posture. Go barefoot to the beach in Antibes or Acapulco—you won't be in the minority. More quick ways to leg shape: Remember to make one walk daily on tiptoe—it helps shape up legs and ankles. Pick up a pebble from a stony Maine beach, but use your toes to do it. After the bath, smooth on an emollient body lotion, using long firm strokes, always in the direction of the heart—up on arms and legs. This is one way to improve blood circulation which, in turn, pep up skin tone—also, you gain the toning benefit of what amounts to a daily massage...just like being at the spa.

spa—wherever you are...on the beach, at the bar, in the bath, in the Andes or the Antilles. USE your surroundings for your body's sake and for exercise



For better bathing-suit curves, eat spa-like, not necessarily spa-tan-like. At home, make Penny Turtle's Slimming Chowder* (found at Chubb Cay in the Bahamas, where Penny Turtle's tasty food is famous to all great sportsmen and women, who sail in for some of the best fishing in the world). Away, stick to seafood on alternating days—delicious protein, best for slimmers, and regularly on top spa menus...also on the menu at the new and delightful Fan Club on the rocky coast of Ogunquit, Maine. Where else would you look for a lobster? ... Burn up calories faster by rowing (an hour takes care of 400 calories), skating (400 again), tennis (the energetic kind works off 450 calories an hour), while an hour's concentrated jog jogs off an estimated 600 calories. You're allowed to watch the box—if you exercise, too: sitting in a straight-backed chair, clasp hands behind your back, try to "climb" your backbone with your fingers. You'll feel what it's doing—and where... firming and shaping bosom (Elizabeth Arden's own exercise). For a fast glow, use the shower head to pour tepid water over your face, gently massaging each area. After that, cover cheeks with damp cotton, and rub ice over them. Never put ice directly onto skin—the shock can cause enlarged blood vessels.

*See recipe on page 110.



More sun sanity: protect your hair, too

Sun is a sneaky bleacher . . . if hair is left uncovered for any length of time. Sun not only drains natural color, it causes chemical changes to artificial color. Above all, too much sun makes hair and scalp over-dry. New way to cover up, right: wrap your hair in a large cotton scarf, ends tied in back, the front pulled down low on the forehead. For the rest: a white cotton knit T-shirt goes over big. Blue-and-white-scarf by Yves Saint Laurent. About \$12. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Tiffany earrings. Ship 'n Shore shirt, about \$6. Abraham & Straus; Joseph Horne. . . . Makeup by Rick Gillette. The best way to be uncovered, left—if you can take the exposure—a nifty little bikini striped in pink, green, black, and white. By Jantzen; Antron nylon and Lycra. About \$18. At Burdine's; L. S. Ayres; Bullock's. Accessories, next to last page.

sparkle

A.M. and P.M., with your sun-sanity program: a timed, moisturized, filtered sunbath; protected or once-a-day-shampooed hair

THE NEW NOW





ONE LENGTH, FOUR WAYS

Take one yard of hair (which means a length that just about clears the shoulderline). Place it into the persuasive hands of master craftsman Ara Gallant and—hey presto—he designs four ways to wear it (two on these pages, two more following). Hair this length is perfect for any woman who likes versatility, and Ara chose to do four styles to emphasize his belief that “hair is the most valuable accessory a woman can have today. Increasingly, hair gives a woman the romantic and sexy aura which used to come from her clothes alone.” Here, on the left, for A.M. Ara gives Karen Graham a soft tumble of pushable big waves. On the right, P.M., he extracts curl and wave, to leave a precise schoolgirl frond of heavy straight hair, moving naturally this way or that—“slightly flirtatious” is how Ara describes it. The other side he firmly tucks back, curls under.

The soft-tie blouses. . . . **Left:** ivory silk crêpe de Chine—the tie held by a black onyx clip with coral and gold; onyx-and-gold earrings. Blouse, at De Noyer; \$55. Jewelry, Aldo Cipullo for Cartier. . . . **At night, above:** black chiffon with silver Lurex stripes. Rhinestones!—earrings, thin chains, glitter-and-enamel cloverleaves. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche blouse. About \$165. At Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.; Hutzler's; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Eisenberg Ice earrings: Henri Bendel. Yves Saint Laurent chains: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, N.Y.

Hair must be the right length to swing
into many styles—either curly or **straight**



Sweater for a new wave of hair, **above**—tweedy grey patch-pocket cardigan with a white crêpe shirt. And lights on: gold-and-diamond bangles, jade beads, gold ball earrings. Blassport cardigan and shirt (full-length, page 38). Tiffany jewelry. . . . With curls, **right**, a shawl-collared cable-stitch ivory pullover—all it needs is all it gets—silvery and golden chains. Bagatelle International sweater; acrylic and wool. Top necklace, Bruce Keiser: Amulets & Talismans. K.J.L. chains: Bonwit Teller.

More “honest hair,” as Ara Gallant describes the look of today. Honest because “it is hair that can live its own life—is not tricked up.” Honest because . . . both shape and style depend on meticulous conditioning to create a lush, beautiful product. Again, Ara devises two styles from the same length—easy just-above-shoulderline. Because Karen has ultra-fine, difficult-to-set-hair, she prefers to wear it as simply as possible—usually in a straight pageboy. Ara decided it was time she had waves, more waves, and curls. He set Karen’s hair, while damp, on a myriad of small rollers, then let the curl take hold under the dryer—“far better than making curls on hot rollers, which definitely can break fine hair.” Karen loved her curly look, decided to wear it to a party that night, and found, to her surprise, to live up to a “curly” personality, she chose an entirely different dress and fragrance for the occasion. Stop-press hair news: Cinandre, another arbiter of great cutting, moves this month to a larger salon at 11 E. 57th St., New York, where not only will thirty-six cut-and-blow-dry experts operate but a conditioning corner will help on the hair-health front, using special shampoos and conditioners made in Paris to owner Andre’s specifications. On the first floor, Mary Napolitano will give special makeups to match face to hair.

AVEDON

curly hair for Karen Graham for the first time, just one of four looks devised by Ara Gallant for one length of hair



"Wealth can be an obstacle to gardening . . . Plants must be loved by their owners"

CHARLES DE NOAILLES

(Continued from page 77)

for a red lily wasn't a lily at all, but an amaryllis. Well, he became an expert on lilies, and around 1953 he succeeded. And incidentally, this illustrates another aspect of the gardener's psychology: I asked Monsieur Debras why he didn't call his invention *Lilium debrase*, as he had every right to. 'You would have passed on to posterity,' I told him. He replied: 'No, no. I have always lived in Orleans.' Plants make you modest. The first botanist to classify plants, Linnaeus, gave his name to a most unspectacular little thing, the *Linnara borealis*. And yet he could have annexed something sumptuous, like the magnolia; instead, he named it after the late director of the Botanical Garden of Montpellier, Magnol."

"I see gardening has its saints."

"Even its martyrs, like the Abbé Souillet, who was vicar of a small village, Milly, near Angers. Whatever time he did not devote to his parishioners, he gave to his little garden—he had no money at all. He, too, was mad about lilies. He created hybrids which interested the English. That is how, around 1935, he received a

letter from the Royal Society inviting him to take part in an international congress on lilies. He replied that it was out of the question, that he had never left his province, that his bishop would not approve, and that he had no money. At once, the RHS wrote to the bishop, who readily agreed to the request. Next, Thomas Cook and Co. were mandated to collect Abbé Souillet in Milly and to deliver him safely in London. And so he arrived with an old traveling bag, made of tapestry, and all his precious information about his hybridizations. Alas, a truck crashed into the ambulance in which he was escorting one of his parishioners to the hospital and he died, hardly fifty. All his bulbs, except one or two, were lost."

"Modesty of means doesn't seem to be an obstacle to gardening?"

"Wealth can be a much greater one. The keeper of a railway junction, a parish priest, a postman create gardens in which personality expresses itself more easily than in a park made by a professional gardener. Plants must be loved by their owners. For a man who has a very beautiful garden tended by ten gardeners, plants are things he sees in passing: they are not friends. I

would rather be one of those begonias so beautifully nursed by a chambermaid or a secretary on the windowsill of her garret."

Opulence often puts the imagination asleep. There are, however, other factors detrimental to the expression of personality. History is one.

"It freezes the creative impulse. Why should there be only Louis XIV works in a Louis XIV interior, or park? In Louis XIV's own time, they used things that weren't Louis XIV—antiques or copies of antiques, for instance. The 'period piece,' which came to us from America, I believe, is a heresy.

"You have no respect for history, it seems."

"No excess of it, I confess. It makes life too difficult. The room I like least, at Pompadour, is the grand salon, because it is the only one that has come down to us in its original state. Hence there is nothing to be done with it. It is far more stimulating to have a house where you can begin from scratch. Here, the only places where I have been able to amuse myself are the corridors: they didn't exist in the Marquise's time. I have avoided those monotonous alignments of eighteenth-century etchings or of hunting prints; instead, I have

tried to fill the corridors with surprises—quaint pictures, cupboards filled with curiosa, stuffed birds, ceramics, books of every kind. . . ."

"I suppose you have remained loyal to Pompadour because it is an old family residence?"

"Not at all. My mother owned a château that was destroyed during the First World War. One day, toward the close of hostilities, she was informed that 270 crates filled with pictures, furniture, and other objects were waiting for her there, under the rain, to be picked up at once. So she looked around for a place to store them temporarily. Pompadour was for sale and she bought it. Still, it was no common warehouse, and she decided to make it her home."

The home was historical (save for the corridors). The garden, fortunately, was not. "The owner had filled it with little tunnelnettes, little rockworks, little rose trees," the Vicomte recalled. "I did away with it all and made my own garden. It isn't really a very good place: all sand and poor soil. Only lilies thrive on it. Still, here it is."

"It is closing time in the gardens of the West," wrote Cyril Connolly some twenty-five years ago. Not yet. ■

Fat cells remain present in gross quantities ready to absorb any fat . . .

DIETING

(Continued from page 91)

results confirm my research regarding the Yo-Yo Syndrome as well as the research of Dr. Jules Hirsch concerning the number of fat cells we develop in the first months of life.

Drs. Sims and Horton, using the Hirsch methods of cell-count and cell-size determination, found that the fat cells of the overfed men increased in size as they gained weight but that the number of fat cells remained the same. After the men had reached the excessive weight desired by the researchers, they gradually were reduced to their normal weight and the fat-cell size gradually decreased, although the initial count remained the same. This is similar to the action of a sponge and, for this reason, I coined the term "sponge theory."

Think of two sponges. One has twice as many cells as the other; therefore, it can absorb twice as

much fluid. Just as a sponge with numerous cells will soak up more water and hence become heavier than one with fewer cells, so, if your number of fat cells is greater than average, each of your multitudinous fat cells will absorb fat and you ultimately will increase your weight above the norm. One can squeeze water out of the sponge and, even though it then weighs less, the same number of cells remain, with the same propensity to reabsorb liquid. Similarly, the fat cells in a reduced individual are still there. There is no way in which you can rid your body of them. Unfortunately, they remain present in gross quantities ready to absorb fat.

You can actually tell the number of cells and the amount of fat in each cell by a biopsy of fat tissue. If patients fall into the category of those who have increased numbers of fat cells, it behooves the doctor to have them lose their excess fat and keep it off permanently. Unfortunately, for the rest of their lives it will

be easier for them to be fat, harder to lose weight, and easier to regain weight than it is for their thin counterparts with the normal number of fat cells. The only thing they can do is to avoid an excessive amount of calorie intake throughout and to exercise.

When people who have a normal number of fat cells but who have taken in more calories than they have burned and have, as a result, an increased amount of fat in each cell, it means that sugar can't readily get into those cells and be broken down into CO₂, water, and energy. This represents an abnormal metabolism. They don't burn up the number of calories they would otherwise burn up. They not only become fat but they do so by eating less than their thin counterparts. The answer is to eat a well-balanced diet that is deficient only in calories and to exercise regularly. As a result, they will lose the excess fat.

Advice to mothers: don't overfeed your babies. Only feed them

when they are hungry; don't force-feed them.

Although our knowledge in this area is in the early stages, it does suggest that infant diets might be devised to control the formation of fat cells. It will be some time before mother can take Suzie or Johnny to the doctor for a fat-cell count to determine whether or not they will be disposed to obesity in later life. Before such analysis will attain practical application, much more must be learned about hereditary and environmental influences. But this important research breakthrough is one more piece in the difficult jigsaw puzzle of the causes of obesity and the understanding of your complicated physiology. ■

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Neil Solomon, the State of Maryland's chief health officer, is the author—with Sally Sheppard—of *The Truth About Weight Control: How to Lose Excess Pounds Permanently*, which is now available in paperback.

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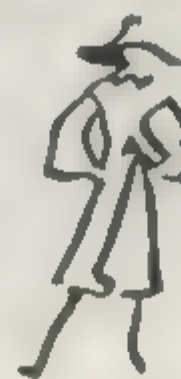
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Why risk your contract on tricks that you don't need: play it safe

You've heard bridge players—and bridge writers—talk about “safety plays.” The safety-play family is a large one. There are dozens of them. The safety play is a play made to insure the fulfilling of your contract, even if in making it you deliberately sacrifice any chance of an overtrick or two.

For example, you're in six spades and there are no outside-suit losers. Here's your trump holding: in the dummy—8, 4, 2; in your hand—A, Q, 7, 6, 5, 3. Having absolutely no interest in making seven—this is rubber bridge—you want to give yourself the best chance of making six. Therefore, you should play the ace of spades first. If nothing startling happens, you then enter dummy and lead up to your queen. This makes the slam for you whenever the king is on your right (except if all four missing trumps are in that hand). But, also, every so often the earlier ace play will gobble up the singleton king on your left! It wouldn't be too much fun to have to chalk up “down one” by losing a first round finesse of the queen to the king and then find out you still have another trump trick to concede to your right-hand opponent.

Here's our favorite safety play. Call it the *reductio ad absurdum* of safety plays; call its perpetrator an obvious subject for extensive psychoanalysis; or accuse us point-blank of having made up the whole thing. Anyhow, here it is:

		NORTH	
		♠	8 6 4
		♥	K 4 3 2
		♦	A Q 5 2
		♣	J 3
WEST		EAST	
♠	K Q J 9 5	♠	10 3 2
♥	Q 10 8	♥	J 9 6
♦	J 9 7	♦	K 10 8
♣	9 7	♣	8 6 5 4
		SOUTH	
		♠	A 7
		♥	A 7 5
		♦	6 4 3
		♣	A K Q 10 2

Our candidate for the bridge hall of fame sat South and he wound up as declarer at three no trump. West opened the king of spades; and, after holding up once, South perforce won the next spade lead with the ace. Without using calculus, South saw he had nine sure tricks to guarantee his contract. South also saw, with somewhat of a sinking feeling, that he could take a diamond finesse and that, if it were successful, he would make four no trump. The sinking feeling was caused by South's realization of his own great yen for taking finesses to make overtricks and that, if this particular finesse lost, he could easily go down at three.

South, however, rose to the occasion. After winning the spade ace, he started running his good clubs. On the third round he had to discard from dummy. Without a moment's hesitation, before he could change his mind, he discarded the queen of diamonds from dummy. In one master blow he had successfully removed all temptation to take the diamond finesse and thus insured his contract. This is definitely our type of safety play! ■

“Berlin is filled with exciting people—social life is hectic”

FAST TALK

(Continued from page 4)

lery of Mirrors” (except they'll never ask him).

Let's go back to music, which is, after all, the main element of artistic life in Berlin. Three hundred and forty operatic performances per year—of eighty different operas! It's the most diversified repertory in the world, both classic and avant-garde. The best voices are to be found here, such as Fischer-Dieskau, Gundula Janowitz, Patricia Johnson; and loads of Americans: Evelyn Lear, Thomas Stewart, James King, Barry McDaniel, Catherine Gayer, Loren Driscoll, and more. . . . Lorin Maazel (music director of the Cleveland Orchestra) is also director of the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra and has really developed his career here.

It's a funny town; at first glance, Berlin seems infinite—rather sad and drowned in the sickly green color so peculiar to German architecture—although it's fast becoming the most beautiful *truly modern* city in Europe. It's beautifully planned with immense tree-lined avenues. Glass buildings galore—the famous Europa-Center, the aforementioned Philharmonic Hall (the interior is a marvel), the Congress hall; also the Le Corbusier complex—in the midst of green parks.

There are as many things going on in East Berlin. For instance, on the same night we went to see *Prince Igor* in West Berlin, there was in East Berlin a performance of SHOSTAKOVICH's two operas, *Katerina Ismallova* and *Die Nase* (The Nose) at the Staats Oper. Shostakovich himself was there. In Philharmonic Hall, one of SHCHEDRIN's works was performed by the Radio Symphony Orchestra of Leningrad. Director FALSENSTEIN (*Kömisches Oper*) also had a performance; and there were dozens of plays (the most famous theater is, of course, Brecht's Berliner Ensemble). There's a great deal of construction going on in East Berlin—especially hotels—with a view to tourists who will soon be pouring in, now that political accord between East and West has been reached.

—TRANSLATED BY MARTINE LATOUR

ROME-MILAN: by MARINA ROVERA

At the moment, Italian cinema seems to have turned back to the years before, during, and after the Second World War. The ac-

tion in the new MAURO BOLOGNINI film, *Libero, amore mio*, takes place over a span of years, 1935-45; it concerns a girl—beautiful, gay, untamable—who throws herself into the anti-Fascist struggle being waged in the hot-blooded, passionate world of Emilia (a region of Italy that may be—unfortunately—unfamiliar to the foreign tourist).

Another film now in production is placed in the years 1930-52. The scenario for *Paolo il caldo* has been drawn from a novel by that subtly perceptive Sicilian writer VITALIANO BRANCATI, who died in 1954. The costume designer must have hugely enjoyed rummaging through that treasure trove that is UMBERTO TIRELLI's fashion house. Fashion house, yes, but also a kind of museum, for there is no period from the late eighteen hundreds to the nineteen-fifties that lacks documentation here. Crinolines, fichus, godets—everything is authentic, the clothes having been picked up here and there, in London's Portobello Road, in the Paris Flea Market, or in Rome's Porta Portese.

The lead, Paolo il Caldo, is played by GIANCARLO GIANINI, a young actor whom Franco Zeffirelli launched in the theater as an impetuous, overpowering Romeo and who now is enjoying a most successful season in films. One important dramatic episode in the film is a ball given in a Roman mansion during the 'fifties—a “congress of *haute couture*,” say those who saw it filmed. Like painters, dress designers have “periods”; and the ball offers Balenciagas from his violet, citrus-green period, Faths from his embroidered organdie period, and Diors from his “balloon” period. All these costumes are authentic, having been discovered in the attic wardrobes of houses belonging to the Aldobrandinis, Volpis, Odescalchis. Discovered by Tirelli, of course, who might well be called the archaeologist of fashion.

Are Italian filmmakers afraid of the present, then? Or do they make use of the past to polemicize against the present? BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI will also be turning backward in time, as the title of his next film makes clear: *1900*. Its subject? “The death throes of earth's culture, suffocated by technology.” Its leading characters? Two children from different social backgrounds “whom we watch as they move forward in time and whom we follow up today, perhaps up to (Continued on page 110)

ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 36: On Lauren: Willie Woo earrings at Lord & Taylor; Echo scarf. On Karen: Michael Danyon earrings; Gucci watch.

Page 38: Stephan-Adrian earrings. K.J.L. necklace. Bob Schwinger clips. Van Raalte tights. Shoes by Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 39: Hat by Don Marshall. Napier earrings. Trifari chain. Bob Schwinger clips. Envelope by Morris Moskowitz. Roman Stripe tights. Shoes by Silvia B. for Fiorentina.

Page 41: On Lauren: K.J.L. earrings; chains by Jules van Rouge for Hattie Carnegie; Stanley Hagler bracelet. On Karen: all jewelry, by Jules van Rouge for Hattie Carnegie; pants by Ann Tjian for Tjian Sport, at Macy's.

Page 44 (left): Earrings by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Belle-Sharmeer tights of Monsanto nylon, at Lord & Taylor. David Evins shoes.

Page 44 (right): William de Lillo earrings. Fine chain, Aurea Jewelry Creations. Link chain, Georg Jensen. Stanley Hagler bangles. Bottega Veneta bag. Margaret Jerrold shoes. Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel.

Page 45: Hat by Lipp, at Henri Bendel. Napier earrings. Short chain, Christopher Walling. Link chain, Aurea Jewelry Creations. Chain in hand, K.J.L. Amulets & Talismans bracelets. Morris Moskowitz belt, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bottega Veneta bag. Vanity Fair tights.

Page 46: Veil by Lipp. Michael Danyon earrings. Franck Olivier shirt. Doro scarf. Chains by Monet, K.J.L. Belt, Morris Moskowitz. Bottega Veneta bag.

Page 47 (left): Trifari earrings. Hansen gloves. Chains: Georg Jensen, Aurea Jewelry Creations. Arlene Seitchik pendant, at Henri Bendel. Sweater, Bonnie Cashin for the Knitery. Jaeger pants.

Page 47 (right): Arlene Seitchik pendant. Hadley sweater. Pippo Pierez watch. Franck Olivier pants. Bottega Veneta bag.

Page 48 (left): Don Kline hat, Henri Bendel. Chester Now shirt. Skirt by Cacharel Division of Mallory. Gucci watch. Burlington tights. David Evins shoes.

Page 48 (right): Veumont hat. Trifari earrings. Aurea Jewelry Creations chains. Pendant by Arlene Seitchik. Morris Moskowitz belt. Herbert Levine shoes.

Page 49: Bobbie Kaplan hat, at Henri Bendel. Necklace, Michael Sklar for Childstar, at Henri Bendel. Hansen gloves. Louis Bartholomew bracelet. Polly Mellen's shirt, Saint Clair Paris for Crissa; her bracelet, Neptune Cultured Pearl Syndicate.

Page 50: Donald Stannard chains, at Saks Fifth Avenue. William de Lillo clip, Bonwit Teller. Vanity Fair tights. Polly Mellen's bracelet, Neptune Cultured Pearl Syndicate.

Page 52: Hat and veil by Lipp. Eisenberg Ice earrings. Donald Stannard chains, Saks Fifth Avenue. Michael Danyon bangles.

Page 53: Eisenberg Ice earrings. Silver fox boa by Blassport. Chains: Donald Stannard, Vendôme. Michael Danyon bangles. Round-the-Clock tights. Herbert Levine sandals, Bonwit Teller.

Page 54: Eisenberg Ice earrings.

Page 55: K.J.L. earrings. Clip by Peter and Peggy for P.C. Designs. David Evins sandals. Suitcase at Hunting World.

Page 56: Vendôme earrings. Donald Stannard chains. Belt by Elegant (belt that comes with dress, not shown). Michael Danyon bangles. Beauty Mist tights.

Page 57: K.J.L. earrings. Donald Stan-

nard chain. Michael Danyon bangles. Schiaparelli tights.

Page 80: Scarf, Saks Fifth Avenue (late August). Necklace, M & J Savitt. Crazy Horse sweater, Franklin Simon. Bracelets by Amulets & Talismans. Morris Moskowitz belt, Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 81: Bob Schwinger earrings. Morris Moskowitz belt, Saks Fifth Avenue. Pippo Pierez watch. Walter Katten bag, Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 82: Christopher Walling earrings. Handcraft scarf. Bagatelle International sweater. Gloves by Bonnie Cashin for Crescendo-Superb. Bottega Veneta bag.

Page 83: Alexis Kirk earrings. Trifari bangles. Belt by Yves Saint Laurent.

Page 86: Julianelli mules, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 87: Trifari chains.

Page 88 (left): Clip by Ruza Creations.

Page 88 (right): Net by Don Kline.

Page 89: Donald Stannard bracelets.

Page 92: Plaza sunglasses. Universal Geneve watch.

Page 95: Sunglasses by A.A. Sustain, Bergdorf Goodman. Aurea Jewelry Creations chain.

Pages 96 and 97: Napier earrings, at Lord & Taylor. Long chain by Donald Stannard, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Short chain, Aurea Jewelry Creations. **Page 97 only:** Black-and-golden bangle, Judith Leiber. Others, Danecraft. Shoes by Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 98 (bottom): Trifari earrings. Chains, Aurea Jewelry Creations. Universal Geneve watch.

Page 100: Bathing cap by Kleinert's. Chains by Aurea Jewelry Creations.

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GAMES OF BIRDS

(Continued from page 67)

footing it aimlessly through the woods after them. What I do is first make a noise like a hunting screech owl, then make a noise like a hurt baby robin. If done well and in a promising neighborhood, the act brings them flocking in by the dozens to find out what the hell is going on. The owl noise is made by getting a fair amount of spit collected in the mouth on top of the tongue, tilting the head back, and whistling low several times. The hurt-baby-robin noise is made by kissing the back of your own hand vigorously."

"Have there been triumphs in your bird-watching career, Mr. Bingham?"

"There is a large tree outside my kitchen windows in Dobbs Ferry. Into the bark, I press suet and other meat fat during the winter. One morning, as I walked into the kitchen to put the kettle on for coffee, an immense woodpecker—unmistakably the pileated—flapped its way across the yard and landed on the tree for breakfast. I did not dare cry out the news to my family for fear of scaring the bird away; but when I had quietly summoned my wife, three children, and a Newfoundland dog, the pileated woodpecker was still there.

"I once positively identified a razor-billed auk sporting in the waves off the inlet to Lake Tashmoo on Martha's Vineyard, the day before I was to leave the island. I called Eddie Chalif to tell him about it. A year later, I heard

Chalif tell a group that he had once been able to take thirty people to see a razor-billed auk off Lake Tashmoo—on the basis of a tip he had received the summer before from a man whose name he couldn't remember."

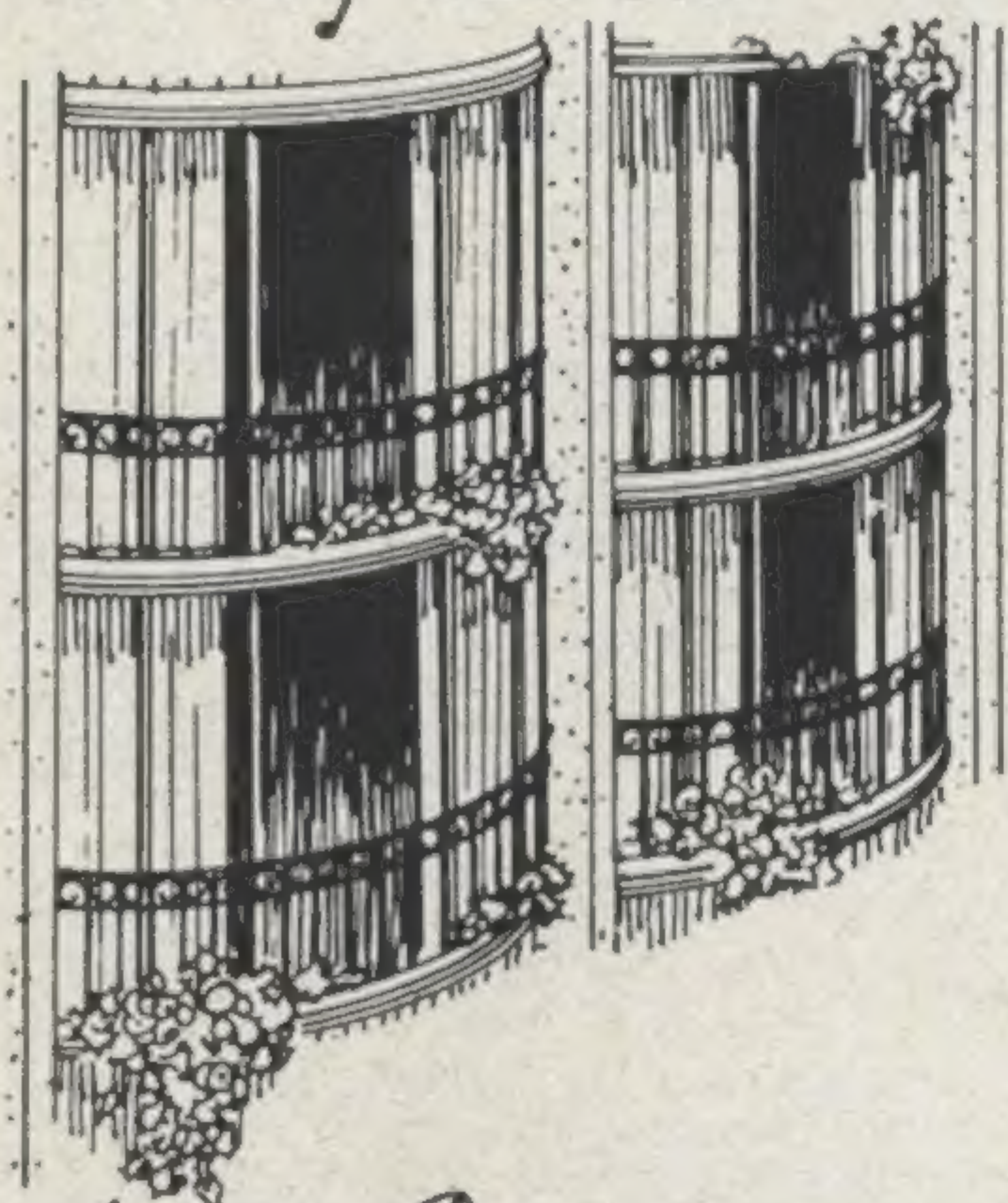
"What—if any—are your main handicaps as a bird watcher, Mr. Bingham?"

"I can't remember the names or the salient characteristics of the birds. I once had the difference between the least sandpiper and the semipalmated sandpiper down pat. The last least I saw I called a sanderling. The titmouse, which crawls downward on my tree eating suet, is a bird whose name I can never remember. 'What's the name of that upside-down bird?' I will ask my wife, who is not a bird watcher. 'Nuthatch, dummy,' is her reply." ■

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FAST TALK

(Continued from page 108)

tomorrow." Bertolucci doesn't know how or when his story will end. Without its being autobiographical, the film will contain much that is drawn from his childhood and from his early life in the provinces.

A return to early beginnings for Bertolucci and also for the sculptor PIETRO CONSAGRA: Bertolucci to Parma, Consagra to Gibellina, one of twenty villages in western Sicily that were severely damaged in the 1968 earthquakes. Consagra is one of the most potent and inventive people of recent decades; and to him, a Sicilian, Sicily has dedicated a large exhibit that includes his sculptures—in marble, bronze, iron, and wood—from the years 1947-72. The exhibit is being presented in several places: in Palermo, in the stables of the Palazzo dei Normanni and the Galleria dell'Arte Moderna; and in Gibellina. The work shown in Gibellina is the most interesting—the model of a theater, which will actually be constructed. It is a big, transparent "object," a development of the utopic frontal-construction sculptures Consagra exhibited in Milan in 1969 at the Galleria dell'Arte. Is it a theater? An object? A sculpture? Let's say that this "theater-object" will have several functions, and with no difficulty will accommodate various kinds of productions, from a Pirandello play to avant-garde experiments, from an orchestra concert to a sports competition. But that's not all. The "object" will also serve as a footbridge linking the two parts of the town—rather as does The Rialto Bridge, in Venice.

Forward-looking in terms of both time and space, Milan's LA SCALA—so its new general manager, PAOLO GRASSI, hopes—will be transformed into a theater "open" to developments in contemporary cultural life while also bringing back ancient glories. Several worldwide tours are planned: in May, a complete La Scala company, including or-

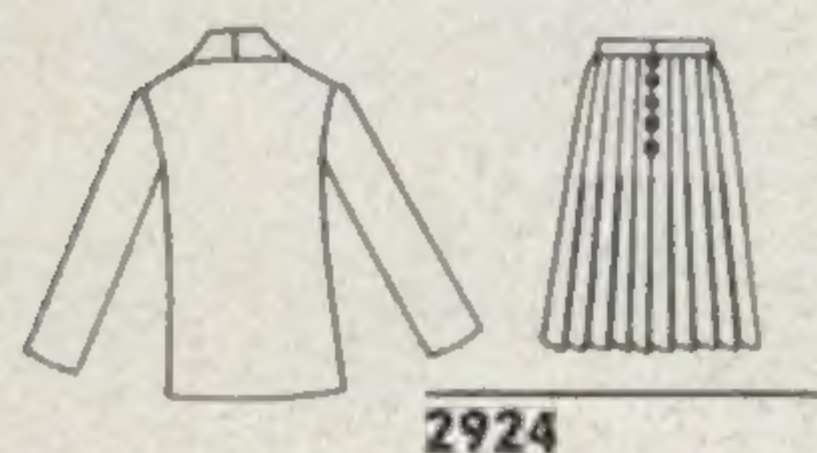
chestra, chorus, and technicians, presented Rossini's *La Cenerentola* at the Vienna Festival; in 1974, the company will travel to Russia to appear at the famous Bolshoi Theatre; in 1975, it may visit Washington, D.C., on the invitation of the American government; it is committed to appearances in London and Tokyo, although these are unscheduled.

Travel in time—i.e., from nineteenth century to contemporary music—seems less assured. The problem is this: the Milanese have a good eye but not a good ear. That is to say, they look appreciatively at modern painting and sculpture but are almost deaf to contemporary music. This explains why Milan, with its art dealers and its private collections of modern art (one must not forget that Milan is a very wealthy city and that modern painting and sculpture can constitute a sound investment), is the European capital of contemporary art. Also, Milan is the birthplace of the most significant trends in modern architecture, and it was from Milan that modern design embarked on its worldwide journey. Yet this city, which is so open to the new, still resists the new in music—resists it so firmly that for a magnificent performance of CLAUDE DEBUSSY'S *Pelléas et Mélisande* the theater was almost empty. (We're talking about a Debussy opera, not a work by Stockhausen!)

A diversified program of concerts, ballets, and films has been organized by the new management of La Scala to try to rescue the Milanese in the interests of modern music. Incredible as it may seem, PIERRE BOULEZ'S Sonata No. 2 for Pianoforte, played with lucid passion by Maurizio Pollini, still scares the Milanese to death. The composition is diabolic, granted; but it is by now common knowledge that Italians are afraid of neither the Devil nor the diabolic. This was confirmed once again by the general indifference which greeted POPE PAUL VI's recent proclamation that the Devil indeed exists and it behooves men to fear him. ■—TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE

VOGUE PATTERNS

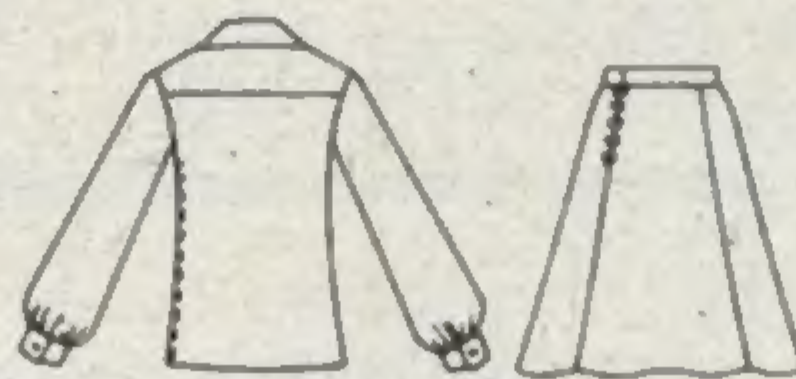
(Continued from pages 80-83; other views, yardages, details)



2924

VOGUE PATTERN 2924. Jacket, skirt (pattern also includes shirt, pants.) Size 10: Jacket, 2 7/8 yds. 48" fabric; skirt, 1 5/8 yds. 60" fabric. \$4; in Canada, \$4.40.

VOGUE PATTERN 2913. Two-piece suit (view A). Size 10: 3 1/8 yds. of 44"/45" fabric. \$2.50; in Canada, \$2.75.



2913



8687

VOGUE PATTERN 8687. Coat (pattern also includes a dress, jacket). Size 10: 1 3/4 yds. of 60" tubular knit; 1 1/4 yds. 44" or 60" contrasting trim. \$2.50; in Canada, \$2.75.

VOGUE PATTERN 8695: Jacket, pants (pattern also includes a skirt). Size 10: Jacket, 2 7/8 yds. of 44"/45" fabric; pants, 1 1/2 yds. of 60" fabric. \$2.50; in Canada, \$2.75.



8695

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PENNY TURTLE'S SLIMMING CHOWDER

(Continued from page 100)

Marinate, in fresh lemon juice, one good firm white fish—preferably grouper—cut into bite-size chunks.

Boil the fish's head and carcass with onion and celery to make a rich fish bouillon. Fry finely chopped salt pork or bacon; remove and brown one quarter of an onion in the remaining fat. To this, add one cup of fish bouillon,

diced onion, celery, green pepper, a can of tomatoes. Simmer slowly, adding more bouillon and some tomato paste to taste. Add salt, coarse pepper, Worcestershire sauce, soy sauce, thyme, oregano, basil. Bring this mixture to a boil and into it drop the chunks of marinated fish. Cover tightly, seal with tape, remove from heat, and let sit for at least six hours. To serve, reheat but do not boil.



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